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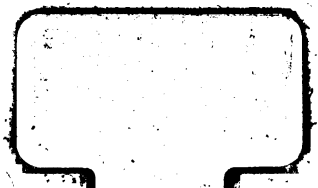

Scott
NAN

LESSON IN ELOCUTION

OR,

Miscellaneous Pieces

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORS,

FOR THE

PERUSAL OF PERSONS OF TASTE,

AND THE

IMPROVEMENT OF YOUTH

IN

READING AND SPEAKING:

BY

WILLIAM SCOTT, TEACHER IN EDINBURGH.

———Resistless Eloquence
Wielded at will the fierce Democracy,
Shook th' Arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' Throne. *Milton.*

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY C. TALBOT,
For Messrs. SLEATER, CHAMBERLAINE, WILKINSON, GILBERT, STEWART, BURNET, R. CROSS, WOGAN, WALKER, JENKIN, WHITE, MILLS, HIGLY, TALBOT, PARKER, BURTON, and BYRN.

M,DCC,LXXXI.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1927 L

PREFACE.

THE object, which the compiler of this work had principally in view, was—the improvement of youth in Reading, and Speaking. For this end, he has endeavoured to select examples in almost every species of composition, and such as may exercise all those feelings of the soul, and all that diversity of voice and gesture, upon which a just and graceful Elocution depends.—The arrangement adopted, is such as, he conceived, would be most agreeable and advantageous. The student will here find an entertaining variety; and, applying himself to the Lessons in Prose and Verse *alternately*, he will proceed, by a gentle gradation, from those which are simple and easy, to the most complex and difficult.*

* A plan of this nature, was thought more eligible, than that of classing the Lessons under separate heads according to their species (as *narrative*, *didactic*, &c.); such a disposition being by no means essential to improvement, and producing a tedious uniformity, of which the natural consequences is—to tire and disgust.

THE Appendix contains a conſiderable number of beautiful paſſages from *dramatic* writers. As the ſentiments they expreſs, are pointed out by ſuitable titles, and are, in general, pure and unmixed, they may, if duly attended to, be of ſingular utility, in ſtudying the modes of utterance peculiar to different movements of the mind.——To theſe are added, as proper concluding pieces, *The Paſſions*, by Collins; and, *Garrick*'s Ode on *Shakeſpeare*.

As the *Sacred Writings* are in every one's hands, no extracts have been made from them: neither have any *dialogues* from *Plays* been inſerted; becauſe a competent number of ſuch examples would have excluded more important matter, or, by conſiderably enlarging the work, have made it too bulky and expenſive for general uſe.

THE neceſſity of compriſing a great variety within the bounds of a moderate volume, and of rendering every piece as complete as poſſible, will, it is hoped, be a ſufficient apology for deviating, in ſeveral inſtances, from the originals.

A reader derives much advantage from correct punctuation. By marking out the true connection between the different parts of a ſentence, paragraph, or diſcourſe, he is enabled

enabled to diſcern more readily the preciſe meaning of the author; and, of conſequence, can expreſs his ideas and ſentiments with greater eaſe and juſtneſs. Particular regard has been, therefore, paid to this article.

THE compiler has only to add, that he does not wiſh this Selection ſhould be conſidered *merely* as a *School-book*. The ſources from which he has derived the materials, and his endeavours to render the performance in every reſpect deſerving notice, encourage him to hope, that it will not only prove an uſeful aſſiſtant in the ſtudy of Elocution, but contribute, alſo, to the amuſement of every Perſon of Taſte, who may give it a peruſal.

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PART I.

LESSONS

IN

PROSE.

A

SECTION I.

LESSON I.

GOOD-NATURED CREDULITY.

A CHALDEAN PEASANT was conducting a goat to the city of Bagdat. He was mounted on an aſs; and the goat followed him, with a bell ſuſpended from his neck. "I ſhall ſell theſe "animals, ſaid he to himſelf, for thirty pieces of "ſilver. With this money I can purchaſe a new "turban, and a rich veſtment of taffety, which I "will tie with a ſaſh of purple ſilk. The young "damſels will then ſmile more favourably upon me, "and I ſhall be the fineſt man at the Moſque."

WHILST the Peaſant was thus anticipating in idea his future enjoyments, three artful rogues concerted a ſtratagem to plunder him of his treaſures.—As he moved ſlowly along, one of them ſlipped off the bell from the neck of the goat; and, faſtening it, without being perceived, to the tail of the aſs, carried

away his booty. The man, riding upon the aſs, and hearing the ſound of the bell, continued to muſe, without the leaſt ſuſpicion of the loſs which he had ſuſtained. Happening, however, a ſhort while afterwards, to turn about his head, he diſcovered, with grief and aſtoniſhment, that the animal was gone, which conſtituted ſo conſiderable a part of his riches; and he inquired, with the utmoſt anxiety, after his goat, of every traveller whom he met.

THE ſecond rogue now accoſted him, and ſaid, "I have juſt ſeen, in yonder fields, a man in great "haſte, dragging along with him a goat." The peaſant diſmounted with precipitation, and requeſted the obliging ſtranger to hold his aſs, that he might loſe no time in overtaking the thief. He inſtantly began the purſuit; and, having traverſed, in vain, the courſe that was pointed out to him, he came back, fatigued and breathleſs, to the place from which he ſet out; where he found neither his aſs, nor the deceitful informer, to whoſe care he had entruſted him.

As he walked penſively onwards, overwhelmed with ſhame, vexation, and diſappointment, his attention was rouſed by the loud complaints and lamentations of a poor man, who ſat by the ſide of a well. He turned out of the way to ſympathize with a brother in affliction, recounted his own misfortunes, and inquired the cauſe of that violent ſorrow, which ſeemed to oppreſs him. "Alas!" ſaid the poor man, in a moſt piteous tone of voice, "as I was "reſting here to drink, I dropped into the water a "caſket full of diamonds, which I was employed to "carry to the Caliph at Bagdat; and I ſhall be put "to death, on the ſuſpicion of having ſecreted ſo "valuable a treaſure." "Why don't you jump in-

"to

" to the well, in ſearch of the caſket?" cried the peaſant, aſtoniſhed at the ſtupidity of his new acquaintance. " Becauſe it is deep," replied the man, " and I can neither dive nor ſwim. But will you " undertake this kind office for me, and I will re- " ward you with thirty pieces of ſilver?" The peaſant accepted the offer with exultation; and, whilſt he was putting off his caſſock, veſt, and ſlippers, poured out his ſoul in thankſgivings to the holy Prophet, for this providential ſuccour. But, the moment he plunged into the water, in ſearch of the pretended caſket, the man (who was one of the three rogues that had concerted the plan of robbing him) ſeized upon his garments, and bore them off in ſecurity to his comrades.

THUS, thro' inattention, ſimplicity, and credulity, was the unfortunate Chaldean duped of all his little poſſeſſions; and he haſtened back to his cottage, with no other covering for his nakedneſs, than a tattered garment, which he borrowed on the road.

II.

ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

ATHENS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, ſtill continued the ſeat of learning, politeneſs, and wiſdom. Theodoric, the Oſtrogoth, repaired the ſchools which barbarity was ſuffering to fall into decay; and continued thoſe penſions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized.

IN this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-ſtudents together. The one, the moſt ſubtle reaſoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the moſt eloquent ſpeaker in the Academic grove. Mutual admiration ſoon begot a friendſhip. Their fortunes were nearly equal; and they were natives of the two moſt celebrated cities in the world. Alcander was of Athens; Septimius came from Rome.

IN this ſtate of harmony they lived for ſome time together; when Alcander, after paſſing the firſt part of his youth in the indolence of philoſophy, thought at length of entering into the buſy world; and, as a ſtep previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquiſite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained, but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

ALCANDER's exultation in his own happineſs, or being unable to enjoy any ſatisfaction, without making his friend Septimus a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-ſtudent; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himſelf equally happy in friendſhip and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both. Septimius no ſooner ſaw her, than he was ſmitten with an unvoluntary paſſion: and, though he uſed every effort to ſuppreſs deſires, at once ſo imprudent and unjuſt, the emotions of his mind in a ſhort time, became ſo ſtrong, that they brought on a fever, which the phyſicians judged incurable.

DURIN

DURING this illneſs, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondneſs, and brought his miſtreſs to join in the amiable offices of friendſhip. The ſagacity of the phyſicians, by theſe means, ſoon diſcovered that the cauſe of their patient's diſorder was love; and Alcander, being apprized of their diſcovery, at length extorted a confeſſion from the reluctant dying lover.

IT would but delay the narrative to deſcribe the conflict between love and friendſhip, in the breaſt of Alcander, on this occaſion: it is enough to ſay, that the Athenians were, at this time, arrived at ſuch refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to exceſs. In ſhort, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were privately married, by his connivance; and this unlooked-for change of fortune, wrought as unexpected a change on the conſtitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days, he was perfectly recovered, and ſet out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of thoſe talents which he ſo eminently poſſeſſed, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the higheſt dignities of the ſtate, and was conſtituted the city-judge, or prætor.

IN the mean time, Alcander not only felt the pain of being ſeparated from his friend and his miſtreſs, but a proſecution was alſo commenced againſt him by the relations of Hypatia, for having baſely given up his bride, as was ſuggeſted, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withſtand the influence of a powerful party. He was caſt, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. Being unable to raiſe ſo large a ſum at the time appointed, his

poſſeſſions were confiſcated, he himſelf was ſtripped of the habit of freedom, expoſed as a ſlave in the market-place, and ſold to the higheſt bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaſer, Alcander, with ſome other companions of diſtreſs, was carried into that region of deſolation and ſterility. His ſtated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious maſter, and his ſucceſs in hunting was all that was allowed him to ſupply his precarious ſubſiſtence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil; and every change of ſeaſon, ſerved but to aggravate his unſheltered diſtreſs. After ſome years of bondage, however, an opportunity of eſcaping offered: he embraced it with ardour; ſo that, travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to ſhorten a long ſtory, he at laſt arrived in Rome.

THE ſame day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius ſat adminiſtering juſtice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be inſtantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he ſtood the whole day amongſt the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of: but he was ſo much altered by a long ſucceſſion of hardſhips, that he continued unnoted among the reſt; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulſed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for, night coming on, he now found himſelf under a neceſſity of ſeeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour ſo much wretchedneſs; and ſleeping in the ſtreets might be attended with interruption or danger: in ſhort, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without

without the city; the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat: but, happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. He was found next morning, dead, at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing an enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander was apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world, in which he had found only ingratitude, falshood, and cruelty: he was determined to make no defence; and, thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius.

As the circumstances against him were strong, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the spectators was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder; and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound, to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence, therefore, appeared; but the sullen rashness of his conduct, remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude. But their astonishment was still farther increased,

when they saw their judge start from his tribunal, to embrace the supposed criminal. Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

III.

THE TRUE ENJOYMENTS OF LIFE.

MAY he survive his relations and friends! was the imprecation of a Roman, on the person who should destroy the monument of his ancestors. A more dreadful curse could scarcely be denounced.

I remember to have seen it somewhere recorded, that an Emperor of China, on his accession to the throne, commanded a general release from the prisons, of all that were confined for debt. Amongst the number was an old man, who had been an early victim to adversity; and whose days of imprisonment, reckoned by the notches which he had cut on the door of his gloomy cell, expressed the annual revolution of more than fifty suns. With faultering steps, he departed from his mansion of sorrow: his eyes were dazzled with the splendor of light; and the face of nature presented to his view a perfect paradise. The gaol, in which he had been imprisoned, was at some distance from Pekin; and he directed his course to

to that city, impatient to enjoy the gratulations of his wife, his children, and his friends.

WITH difficulty he found his way to the ſtreet, in which formerly ſtood his decent habitation; and his heart became more and more elated at every ſtep which he advanced. He proceeded, and looked with earneſtneſs around; but ſaw few of thoſe objects with which he was formerly converſant. A magnificent edifice was erected on the ſite of the houſe which he had inhabited: the dwellings of his neighbours had aſſumed new forms; and he beheld not a ſingle face, of which he had the leaſt recollection. An aged pauper, who ſtood with trembling knees at the gate of a portico, from which he had been thruſt by the inſolent menial who guarded it, ſtruck his attention. He ſtopped, to give him a pittance out of the bounty with which he had been ſupplied by the Emperor's liberality; and received, in return, the ſad tidings, that his wife had fallen a lingering ſacrifice to penury and ſorrow; that his children were gone to ſeek their fortunes in unknown climes; and that the grave contained his neareſt and moſt valuable friends.

OVERWHELMED with anguiſh, he haſtened to the palace of his Sovereign, into whoſe preſence his hoary looks and mournful viſage ſoon obtained admiſſion; and caſting himſelf at the feet of the Emperor, "Great Prince," he cried, "remand me to "the priſon, from which miſtaken mercy hath deli-"vered me! I have ſurvived my family and friends; "and, in the midſt of this populous city, I find my-"ſelf in dreary ſolitude. The cell of my dungeon "protected me from the gazers at my wretchedneſs; "and, whilſt ſecluded from ſociety, I was leſs ſen-"ſible of the loſs of ſocial enjoyments. I am now "tortured

light to one another; and sometimes live in town, not so properly to enjoy it, as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves a relish of a country life. By these means, they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different from this is the life of Fulvia! She considers her husband as her steward; and looks upon discretion, and good housewifery, as little domestic virtues, unbecoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family; and fancies herself out of the world, when she is not in the ring, the play-house, or the drawing-room. She lives in a perpetual motion of body, and restlessness of thought; and is never easy in any one place, when she thinks there is more company in another. The missing of an opera, the first night, would be more afflicting to her, than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex, and calls every woman of a prudent retired life, a poor-spirited unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to Fulvia, if she knew, that her setting herself to view, is but exposing herself; and that she grows contemptible, by being conspicuous.

VI.

REMARKS ON CONVERSATION.

IF you wish to please in conversation, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own; but always with a design, either to divert or inform

inform the company. A man who only aims at one of theſe, is always eaſy in his diſcourſe. He is never out of humour, at being interrupted; becauſe he conſiders, that thoſe who hear him, are the beſt judges, whether what he was ſaying, could either divert, or inform them.

WE ſhould talk extremely little of ourſelves. Indeed, what can we ſay? It would be as imprudent to diſcover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private, and domeſtic affairs, are no leſs improper to be introduced in converſation. What does it concern the company, how many horſes you keep in your ſtables; or whether your ſervant is more knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engroſſing all the talk, or obſerving a contemptuous ſilence.

BEFORE you tell a ſtory, it may not be amiſs to give the company ſome idea of the principal perſons concerned in it; the beauty of moſt things conſiſting, not ſo much in their being ſaid or done, as in their being ſaid or done by ſuch a particular perſon, or on ſuch a particular occaſion.

NOTHING is more inſupportable to men of ſenſe, than an empty formal man, who ſpeaks in proverbs, and decides all controverſies with a ſhort ſentence. This piece of ſtupidity is the more inſufferable, as it puts on the air of wiſdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular ſcience, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, an handſomer thing ſaid of Mr. Cowley, in his whole life, than that none, but

but his intimate friends, ever diſcovered he was a great poet, by his diſcourſe. Beſides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to loſe. I might add, that he, who is ſometimes ſilent on a ſubject, where every one is ſatisfied he could ſpeak well, will often be thought no leſs knowing in other matters, where, perhaps, he is wholly ignorant.

WHENEVER you commend, add your reaſons for doing ſo: it is this, which diſtinguiſhes the approbation of a man of ſenſe, from the flattery of ſycophants, and the admiration of fools.

RAILLERY is no longer agreeable, than while the whole company is pleaſed with it. I would leaſt of all be underſtood to except the perſon rallied.

THOUGH good-humour, ſenſe, and diſcretion, can ſeldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy, ſometimes, to prepare yourſelf in a particular manner for converſation, by looking a little farther than your neighbours, into whatever is become a reigning ſubject. If our armies are beſieging a place of importance abroad, or our houſe of commons debating a bill of conſequence at home; you can hardly fail of being heard with pleaſure, if you have nicely informed yourſelf of the ſtrength, ſituation, and hiſtory of the former; or of the reaſons for, and againſt, the latter. It will have the ſame effect, if, when any perſon begins to make a noiſe in the world, you can learn ſome of the ſmalleſt incidents in his life or converſation; which, though they are too fine for the vulgar, give more ſatisfaction to men of ſenſe (as they are the beſt openings to a real character) than

than the recital of his moſt glaring actions. I know of but one ill conſequence to be feared from this method, namely, that, coming full-charged into company, you ſhould reſolve to unload, whether an handſome opportunity offers itſelf or not.

NOTHING is more ſilly, than the pleaſure ſome people take, in what they call *ſpeaking their minds*. A man of this humour, will ſay a rude thing, for the mere pleaſure of ſaying it; when an oppoſite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preſerved his friend, or made his fortune.

I ſhall only add, that, beſides what I have here ſaid, there is ſomething, which can never be learnt, but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching, as well as their vices; and your own obſervations, added to theſe, will ſoon diſcover, what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and diſpleaſed with the diſcourſe of another.

VII.

IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUALITY.

EVERY man has daily occaſion to remark, what vexations and inconveniencies ariſe from a diſregard of punctuality. Promiſes and appointments loſe their cogency; and both parties in an affair frequently neglect their ſtipulations, becauſe each concludes they will be broken by the other.

THIS

THIS laxity of honour would be more tolerable, if it could be restrained to the tavern, the ball-room, or the card-table; yet, even there, it is sufficiently troublesome, and darkens those moments with expectation, suspense, uncertainty, and resentment, which are set aside for the softer pleasures of life, and from which, we naturally hope for unmingled enjoyment, and total relaxation. But he who suffers the slightest breach in his morality, can seldom tell what shall enter it, or how wide it shall be made: when a passage is once opened, the influx of corruption, every moment, wears down opposition, and, by slow degrees, deluges the heart.

ALIGER entered the world a youth of a lively imagination, extensive views, and untainted principles. His curiosity incited him to range from place to place, and try all the varieties of conversation: his elegance of address, and fertility of ideas, gained him friends wherever he appeared; or, at least, he found the general kindness of reception, always shown to a young man, whose birth and fortune give him a claim to notice, and who has, neither by vice nor folly, destroyed his privileges. Aliger was pleased with this general smile of mankind; and, being naturally gentle and flexible, was industrious to preserve it, by compliance and officiousness: but did not suffer his desire of pleasing, to vitiate his integrity. It was his established maxim, that a promise is never to be broken; nor was it without much reluctance, that he once suffered himself to be drawn away, from a festal engagement, by the importunity of another company.

HE spent the evening, as is usual in the rudiments of vice, with perturbation, and imperfect enjoyment; and

and met his disappointed friends, in the morning, with confusion, and excuses. His companions, not accustomed to such scrupulous anxiety, laughed at his uneasiness, compounded the offence for a bottle, gave him courage to break his word again, and again levied the penalty. He ventured the same experiment upon another society, and found them equally ready to consider it as a venial fault, always incident to a man of quickness and gaiety; till, by degrees, he began to think himself at liberty to follow the last invitation, and was no longer shocked at the turpitude of falsehood. He made no difficulty to promise his presence at different places; and, if listlessness happened to creep in upon him, would sit at home with great tranquillity, and sink to sleep in a chair, while, perhaps, ten tables were held in continual expectation of his entrance.

HE found it so pleasant to live in perpetual vacancy, that he soon dismissed his attention as an useless incumbrance; and resigned himself to carelessness and dissipation, without any regard to the future or the past, or any other motive of action, than the impulse of a sudden desire, or the attraction of immediate pleasure. The absent were immediately forgotten; and the hopes or fears of others, had no influence upon his conduct. He was, in speculation, completely just; but never kept his promise to a creditor: he was benevolent; but always deceived those friends, whom he undertook to patronise or assist: he was prudent; but suffered his affairs to be embarrassed, for want of settling his accompts at stated times. He courted a young lady; and, when the settlements were drawn, took a ramble into the country, on the day appointed to sign them. He resolved to travel, and sent his chests on shipboard; but delayed to follow them, till he lost his passage. He

was

was ſummoned as an evidence in a cauſe of great importance; and loitered in the way, till the trial was paſt. It is ſaid, that when he had, with great expence, formed an intereſt in a borough, his opponent contrived, by ſome agents, who knew his temper, to lure him away on the day of election.

HIS benevolence draws him into the commiſſion of a thouſand crimes, which others, leſs kind or civil, would eſcape. His courteſy invites application; his promiſes produce dependence. He has his pockets filled with petitions, which he intends ſome time to deliver and enforce; and his table covered with letters of requeſt, with which he purpoſes to comply. But the time ſlips away imperceptibly: nothing is effected: his friends loſe their opportunities; and charge to his neglect, their miſcarriages and diſappointments.

THIS character, however contemptible, is not peculiar to Aliger. They whoſe activity of fancy is often ſhifting the ſcenes of expectation, are frequently ſubject to ſuch ſallies of caprice, as make all their actions fortuitous, deſtroy the value of their friendſhip, obſtruct the efficacy of their virtues, and ſet them below the meaneſt of thoſe that perſiſt in their reſolutions, execute what they deſign, and perform what they have promiſed.

VIII.

A NOBLE INSTANCE OF GENEROSITY.

THE Elizabeth, an Engliſh man of war, would infallibly have been loſt in the ſhoals on the coaſt of Florida, in 1746, had not Captain Edwards ventured

ventured into the Havannah. It was in time of war, and the port belonged to the enemy. "I come (ſaid the captain to the governor) "to deliver up my "ſhip, my ſailors, my ſoldiers, and myſelf, into "your hands: I only aſk the lives of my men." "No—" (ſaid the Spaniſh commander) "I will not "be guilty of ſo diſhonourable an action. Had we "taken you in fight, in open ſea, or upon our "coaſts, your ſhip would have been ours, and you "would be our priſoners. But, as you are driven "in by ſtreſs of weather, and are come hither for "fear of being caſt away, I do, and ought, to forget "that my nation is at war with yours. You are "men, and ſo are we: you are in diſtreſs, and have "a right to our pity. You are at liberty to unload "and refit your veſſel; and, if you want it, you "may trade in this port, to pay your charges: you "may then go away, and you will have a paſs to "carry you ſafe beyond the Bermudas. If, after "this, you are taken, you will be a lawful prize; "but, at this moment, I ſee in Engliſhmen, only "ſtrangers, for whom humanity claims our aſſiſt-"ance."

IX.

ON DISCRETION.

DISCRETION does not only ſhew itſelf in words, but in all the circumſtances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

THERE

THERE are many more ſhining qualities in the mind of man; but there is none ſo uſeful as diſcretion. It is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the reſt; which ſets them at work, in their proper times and places; and turns them to the advantage of the perſon who is poſſeſſed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itſelf looks like weakneſs; the beſt parts only qualify a man to be more ſprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

NOR does diſcretion only make a man the maſter of his own parts, but of other mens. The diſcreet man finds out the talents of thoſe he converſes with, and knows how to apply them to proper uſes. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and diviſions of men, we may obſerve, that it is the diſcreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the converſation, and gives meaſures to ſociety. A man with great talents, but void of diſcretion, is like Poliphemus in the fable; ſtrong and blind, endued with an irreſiſtible force, which, for want of ſight, is of no uſe to him.

AT the ſame time that I think diſcretion the moſt uſeful talent a man can be maſter of, I look upon cunning to be the accompliſhment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Diſcretion points out the nobleſt ends to us, and purſues the moſt proper and laudable methods of attaining them: cunning has only private ſelfiſh aims, and ſticks at nothing which may make them ſucceed. Diſcretion has large and extended views; and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: cunning is a kind of ſhort-ſightedneſs, that diſcovers the minuteſt objects which are near at hand, but is not able to diſcern things at a diſtance.

diſtance. Diſcretion, the more it is diſcovered, gives the greater authority to him who poſſeſſes it: cunning, when it is once detected, loſes its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even thoſe events which he might have done, had he paſſed only for a plain man. Diſcretion is the perfection of reaſon, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of inſtinct, that only looks out after our immediate intereſt and welfare. Diſcretion is only found in men of ſtrong ſenſe, and good underſtandings: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themſelves, and in perſons who are but the feweſt removes from them. In ſhort, cunning is only the mimic of diſcretion; and may paſs upon weak men, in the ſame manner as vivacity is often miſtaken for wit, and gravity for wiſdom.

THE caſt of mind which is natural to a diſcreet man, makes him look forward into futurity; and conſider what will be his condition, millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at preſent. He knows, that the miſery or happineſs which is reſerved for him in another world, loſes nothing of its reality, by being placed at ſo great a diſtance from him. Future objects do not appear little to him, becauſe they are remote. He conſiders, that thoſe pleaſures and pains, which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be preſent with him in their full weight and meaſure, as much as thoſe pains and pleaſures which he feels at this very inſtant. For this reaſon, he is careful to ſecure to himſelf, that which is the proper happineſs of his nature, and the ultimate deſign of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and conſiders the moſt diſtant, as well as the moſt immediate effects of it. He ſuperſedes every little proſpect of gain and advantage which offers itſelf here,

here, if he does not find it consistent with the views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality; his schemes are large and glorious; and his conduct suitable to one, who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

X.

A CHARACTER.

A DOG," says one of the English poets, "is an "honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs." Of all the beasts that graze the lawn, or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal, that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man. To man he looks, in all his necessities, with a speaking eye, for assistance; exerts, for him, all the little service in his power, with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him, bears famine and fatigue, with patience and resignation: no injuries can abate his fidelity; no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor: studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, stedfast dependent; and in him alone, fawning is not flattery. By him, the midnight robber is kept at a distance, and the insidious thief is often detected: the healthful chace repairs many a worn constitution; and the poor man finds, in his dog, a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution.—How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest, to claim the protection of man! How ungrateful a return to the trusty animal, for all its services!

XI.

XI.

DESCRIPTION OF GENTLENESS.

TRUE gentleneſs is founded on a ſenſe of what we owe to him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all ſhare. It ariſes from reflection on our own failings and wants; and from juſt views of the condition, and the duty of man. It is native feeling, heightened and improved by principle. It is the heart which eaſily relents; which feels for every thing that is human; and is backward and ſlow to inflict the leaſt wound. It is affable in its addreſs, and mild in its demeanour; ever ready to oblige, and willing to be obliged by others; breathing habitual kindneſs towards friends, courteſy to ſtrangers, long-ſuffering to enemies. It exerciſes authority with moderation; adminiſters reproof with tenderneſs; confers favours with eaſe and modeſty. It is unaſſuming in opinion, and temperate in zeal. It contends not eagerly about trifles; is ſlow to contradict, and ſtill ſlower to blame; but prompt to allay diſſention, and to reſtore peace. It neither intermeddles unneceſſarily with the affairs, nor pries inquiſitively into the ſecrets, of others. It delights, above all things, to alleviate diſtreſs; and, if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to ſoothe, at leaſt, the grieving heart. Where it has not the power of being uſeful, it is never burdenſome. It ſeeks to pleaſe, rather than to ſhine and dazzle; and conceals, with care, that ſuperiority, either of talents, or of rank, which is oppreſſive to thoſe who are beneath it. In a word, it is that ſpirit, and that tenour of manners, which the goſpel of Chriſt enjoins, when it com-

mands us " to bear one another's burdens; to rejoice " with thoſe who rejoice, and to weep with thoſe " who weep; to pleaſe every one his neighbour for " his good; to be kind and tender-hearted; to be " pitiful and courteous; to ſupport the weak, and " to be patient towards all men."

XII.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION EXEMPLIFIED.

OF all the pleaſures that endear human life, there are none more worthy the attention of a rational creature, than thoſe that flow from the mutual return of conjugal love.

WHEN two minds are thus engaged by the ties of reciprocal affection, each alternately receives and communicates a tranſport, inconceivable to all, but thoſe that are in this ſituation: whence ariſes, that heart-ennobling ſolicitude for one another's welfare; that tender ſympathy, which alleviates affliction; and that participated pleaſure, which heightens proſperity, and joy itſelf.

THE following is a beautiful inſtance of this exalted paſſion.

CYRUS, king of Perſia, had taken captive, the young prince of Armenia, together with his beautiful and blooming princeſs, whom he had lately married, and of whom he was paſſionately fond. When they, along with other priſoners, were brought before the tribunal

tribunal, Cyrus asked the prince, "What he would "give, to be reinstated in his kingdom?" He answered with an air of indifference, "That, as for "his crown, and his own liberty, he valued them at "a very low rate: but, if Cyrus would restore his "beloved princess to her native dignity, and hereditary possessions, he should infinitely rejoice; and "would pay (this he uttered with tenderness and "ardor) would willingly pay his life for the purchase."

WHEN all the prisoners were dismissed with freedom, it is impossible to express how much they were charmed with their royal benefactor. Some celebrated his martial abilities; some applauded his social virtues: all were prodigal of their praise, and lavish in grateful acknowledgments. "And you," said the prince, addressing himself to his bride; "What "think you of Cyrus?" "I did not observe him," said the princess. "Not observe him! Upon what "then was your attention fixed?"———Upon that "dear and generous man, who declared, that he "would purchase my liberty, at the expense of his "own life!"

XIII.

ON DISPUTATION.

AVOID disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easy and well-bred in conversation, you may assure yourself, that it requires more wit, as well as more good humour, to improve, than to contradict the notions of another: but, if you are at any

time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty; two things, which scarce ever fail of making an impression on the hearers. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor shew, either by your actions or words, that you are full of yourself, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace: you were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical way of reasoning, where, while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an absurdity; and, though possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to desire information from him.

In order to keep that temper, which is so difficult, and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another, because he is not of your opinion. The interests, education, and means, by which men attain their knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has at least as much reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes, in order to keep cool, it may be of service to ask yourself, fairly, What might have been your opinion, had you had all the biasses of education and interest your adversary may possibly have? But, if you contend for the honour of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, That you cannot make a more false step, or give your antagonist a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a passion. When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does a man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget!

IT is yet more abſurd, to be angry with a man, becauſe he does not apprehend the force of your reaſons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the eaſier: he is certainly, in all reſpects, an object of your pity, rather than anger; and, if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank nature for her favours, who has given you ſo much the clearer underſtanding. You may pleaſe to add this conſideration, That, among your equals, no one values your anger, which only preys upon its maſter; and, perhaps, you may find it not very conſiſtent, either with prudence or your eaſe, to puniſh yourſelf, whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

LASTLY; if you propoſe to yourſelf the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a ſeaſonable check to your paſſion; for, if you ſearch purely after truth, 'twill be almoſt indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot, in this place, omit an obſervation which I have often made, namely, That nothing procures a man, more eſteem, and leſs envy, from the whole company, than if he chuſes the part of moderator, without engaging directly on either ſide in a diſpute. This gives him the character of impartial, furniſhes him with an opportunity of ſifting things to the bottom, ſhewing his judgment, and of ſometimes making handſome compliments to each of the contending parties.

I ſhall cloſe this ſubject with giving you one caution. When you have gained a victory, do not puſh it too far: 'tis ſufficient to let the company, and your adverſary, ſee 'tis in your power; but that you are too generous to make uſe of it.

XIV.

EXTREMES IN BEHAVIOUR RIDICULOUS.

I AM an humble couſin to two ſiſters, who, though they are good-humoured, good ſort of people, and (all things conſidered) behave to me tolerably well, yet their manners and diſpoſitions are ſo extremely oppoſite, that the taſk of pleaſing them is rendered very difficult and troubleſome.

THE elder of my couſins is a very jolly, free-hearted girl; and ſo great an enemy to all kinds of form, that you ſeldom ſee her with ſo much as a pin in her gown: while the younger, who thinks in her heart that her ſiſter is no better than a ſlattern, runs into the contrary extreme; and is, in every thing ſhe does, an abſolute fidfad. She takes up almoſt as much time to put on her gown, as her ſiſter does to dirty one. The elder, is too thoughtleſs to remember what ſhe is to do; and the younger, is ſo tedious in doing it, that the time is always elapſed in which it was neceſſary for it to be done. If you lend any thing to the elder, you are ſure to have it loſt; or, if you would borrow any thing of the younger, it is odds but ſhe refuſes it, from an opinion that you will be leſs careful of it than herſelf. Whatever work is done by one ſiſter, is too ſlight to hang together for an hour's wear; and whatever is undertaken by the other, is generally too nice and curious to be finiſhed.

As they are conſtantly bed-fellows, the firſt ſleep of the elder is ſure to be broken by the younger, whoſe uſual time of undreſſing, and folding up her cloaths,

cloaths, is at leaſt an hour and a half, allowing a third part of that time for hindrances, occaſioned by her elder ſiſter's things, which lie ſcattered every where in her way.

IF they had lovers, I know exactly how it would be; the elder would loſe hers, by ſaying *Yes* too ſoon; and the younger, by ſaying *No* too often. If they were wives, the one would be too haſty, to do any thing right; and the other, too tedious, to do any thing pleaſing: or, were they mothers, the daughters of the elder, would be playing at taw with the boys; and the ſons of the younger, dreſſing dolls with the miſſes.

I wiſh, Sir, you would be ſo kind to theſe couſins of mine, as to favour them with your advice. I have ſaid already, that they are both good-humoured; and, if you can prevail upon the elder, to borrow from the younger, a little thought and neatneſs; and upon the younger, to add to her exactneſs, a little of the careleſs freedom of the elder; you would make them very amiable women, and me the happieſt of all humble couſins.

XV.

PITY, AN ALLEGORY.

IN the happy period of the golden age, when all the celeſtial inhabitants deſcended to the earth, and converſed familiarly with mortals, among the moſt cheriſhed of the heavenly powers, were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, LOVE and JOY. Wherever

they appeared, the flowers ſprung up beneath their feet, the ſun ſhone with a brighter radiance, and all nature ſeemed embelliſhed by their preſence.

THEY were inſeparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter; who had decreed, that a laſting union ſhould be ſolemnized between them, as ſoon as they were arrived at maturer years. But, in the mean time, the ſons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant ſtrides; and Aſtrea, with her train of celeſtial viſitants, forſook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained; having been ſtolen away by Hope, who was his nurſe, and conveyed by her to the foreſts of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the ſhepherds. But Jupiter aſſigned him a different partner, and commanded him to eſpouſe SORROW, the daughter of Atè. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harſh and diſagreeable, her eyes ſunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypreſs and wormwood.

FROM this union ſprung a virgin, in whom might be traced, a ſtrong reſemblance to both her parents; but the ſullen and unamiable features of her mother, were ſo mixed and blended with the ſweetneſs of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleaſing. The maids and ſhepherds of the neighbouring plains, gathered round, and called her PITY. A red-breaſt was obſerved to build in the cabin where ſhe was born; and, while ſhe was yet an infant, a dove, purſued by a hawk, flew into her boſom. This nymph had a dejected appearance; but ſo ſoft and gentle a mien, that ſhe was beloved to a degree of enthuſiaſm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpreſſibly ſweet; and ſhe loved to

lie,

lie, for hours together, on the banks of ſome wild and melancholy ſtream, ſinging to her lute. She taught men to weep, for ſhe took a ſtrange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were aſſembled at their evening ſpots, ſhe would ſteal in amongſt them, and captivate their hearts, by her tales, full of a charming ſadneſs. She wore on her head, a garland, compoſed of her father's myrtles, twiſted with her mother's cypreſs.

ONE day, as ſhe ſat muſing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever ſince, the Muſe's ſpring has retained a ſtrong taſte of the infuſion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the ſteps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds ſhe made, and binding up the hearts ſhe had broken. She follows, with her hair looſe, her boſom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughneſs of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is ſo; and when ſhe has fulfilled her deſtined courſe upon the earth, they ſhall both expire together, and LOVE be again united to JOY, his immortal and long betrothed bride.

XVI.

STUDY OF ASTRONOMY RECOMMENDED.

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of ſpirits which reſults from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful proſpect of nature, I regard myſelf as one placed by the hand of God, in the midſt of an ample theatre, in which

the ſun, moon, and ſtars, the fruits alſo, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their poſitions, or their aſpects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the underſtanding as well as to the eye.

THUNDER and lightening, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the ſable hemiſphere ſtudded with ſpangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as ſo many ſucceſſive ſcenes.

WHEN I conſider things in this light, methinks it is a ſort of impiety, to have no attention to the courſe of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardleſs of thoſe phænomena, that are placed within our view, and diſplay the wiſdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to Providence, of the ſame kind (I hope it is not impious to make ſuch a ſimile) as it would be to a good poet, to fit out his play, without minding the plot or beauties of it.

AND, yet, how many fox-hunters, and rural ſquires, are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant, that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the ſun is ſeveral thouſand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own. "Ay, but (ſays ſome illiterate fellow) "I enjoy the "world, and leave others to contemplate it." Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy it as a brute: but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it; to be ſenſible of its greatneſs and beauty; to be delighted with its harmony; and, by theſe reflections, to obtain juſt ſentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

XVII.

XVII.

TEMPERANCE.

THE great preſervative of health, is temperance; which has theſe particular advantages, above all other means, to attain it——that it may be practiſed by all ranks and conditions, at any ſeaſon, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen, into which every man may put himſelf, without interruption to buſineſs, expenſe of money, or loſs of time. If exerciſe throws off all ſuperfluities; temperance prevents them: if exerciſe clears the veſſels; temperance neither ſatiates, nor overſtrains them: if exerciſe raiſes proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood; temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herſelf in all her force and vigour: if exerciſe diſſipates a growing diſtemper; temperance ſtarves it.

IT is obſerved by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithſtanding he lived in Athens during the great plague, which has made ſo much noiſe throughout all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by ſuch eminent hands; notwithſtanding he lived in the time of this devouring peſtilence, he never caught the leaſt infection; which theſe writers unanimouſly aſcribe, to that uninterrupted temperance he always obſerved.

XVIII.

XVIII.

METHODS OF EMPLOYING TIME.

WE, all of us, complain of the ſhortneſs of time, ſaith Seneca; and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, ſays he, are ſpent, either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpoſe, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: we are always complaining our days are few; and acting, as tho' there would be no end of them. That noble philoſopher has deſcribed our inconſiſtency with ourſelves in this particular, by all thoſe various turns of expreſſion and thought, which are peculiar to his writings.

I often conſider mankind as wholly inconſiſtent with themſelves, in a point that bears ſome affinity to the former. Though we ſeem grieved at the ſhortneſs of life in general, we are wiſhing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of buſineſs; then to make up an eſtate; then to arrive at honours; then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be ſhort, the ſeveral diviſions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our ſpan in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is compoſed. The uſurer would be very well ſatisfied, to have all the time annihilated, that lays between the preſent moment and the next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to loſe three years in his life, could he place things in the poſture which he fancies they will ſtand in after ſuch a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to ſtrike out of his

his exiſtence, all the moments that are to paſs away before the happy meeting. Thus, as faſt as our time runs, we ſhould be very glad, in moſt parts of our lives, that it ran much faſter than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wiſh away whole years; and travel through time, as through a country filled with many wild and empty waſtes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at thoſe ſeveral little ſettlements, or imaginary points of reſt, which are diſperſed up and down in it.

IF we divide the life of moſt men into twenty parts, we ſhall find, that at leaſt nineteen of them are mere gaps and chaſms, which are neither filled up with pleaſure nor buſineſs. I do not, however, include in this calculation, the life of thoſe men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of thoſe only who are not always engaged in ſcenes of action; and I hope I ſhall not do an unacceptable piece of ſervice to theſe perſons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty ſpaces of life. The methods I ſhall propoſe to them, are as follow.

THE firſt is the exerciſe of virtue, in the moſt general acceptation of the word. That particular ſcheme which comprehends the ſocial virtues, may give employment to the moſt induſtrious temper, and find a man in buſineſs more than the moſt active ſtation of life. To adviſe the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way, almoſt every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities, of mitigating the fierceneſs of a party; of doing juſtice to the character of a deſerving man; of ſoftening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are, all of

of them, employments ſuited to a reaſonable nature, and bring great ſatisfaction to the perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with diſcretion.

THERE is another kind of virtue, that may find employment for thoſe retired hours, in which we are altogether left to ourſelves, and deſtitute of company and converſation; I mean that intercourſe and communication, which every reaſonable creature ought to maintain, with the great author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual ſenſe of the Divine preſence, keeps up a perpetual chearfulneſs of temper; and enjoys, every moment, the ſatisfaction of thinking himſelf in company with his deareſt and beſt of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impoſſible for him to be alone. His thoughts and paſſions are the moſt buſied, at ſuch hours, when thoſe of other men are the moſt unactive. He no ſooner ſteps out of the world, than his heart burns with devotion, ſwells with hope, and triumphs in the conſciouſneſs of that Preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its ſorrows, its apprehenſions, to the great Supporter of its exiſtence. But, becauſe the mind cannot be always in this fervour, nor ſtrained up to a pitch of virtue, it is neceſſary to find out proper employments for it, in its relaxations.

THE next method, therefore, that I would propoſe to fill up our time, ſhould be uſeful and innocent diverſions. I muſt confeſs, I think it is below reaſonable creatures, to be altogether converſant in ſuch diverſions as are merely innocent, and have nothing elſe to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to ſay for itſelf, I ſhall not determine: but I think it is very wonderful, to ſee people

ple of the beſt ſenſe, paſſing away hours together, in ſhuffling and dividing a pack of cards; with no converſation, but what is made up of a few game-phraſes; and no other ideas, but thoſe of black or red ſpots, ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh, to hear ſuch perſons complaining that life is ſhort?

THE ſtage might be made a perpetual ſource of the moſt noble and uſeful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

BUT the mind never unbends itſelf ſo agreeably, as in the converſation of a well-choſen friend. There is, indeed, no bleſſing of life, that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a diſcreet and virtuous friend. It eaſes and unloads the mind, clears and improves the underſtanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good reſolution, ſooths and allays the paſſions, and finds employment for moſt of the vacant hours of life.

NEXT to ſuch an intimacy with a particular perſon, one would endeavour after a more general converſation, with ſuch as are able to entertain and improve thoſe with whom they converſe; which are qualifications that ſeldom go aſunder.

THERE are many other uſeful amuſements of life; which one would endeavour to multiply; that one might, on all occaſions, have recourſe to ſomething, rather than ſuffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any paſſion that chances to riſe in it.

XIX.

XIX.

IMPERTINENCE IN DISCOURSE.

THIS kind of impertinence, is a habit of talking much, without thinking.

A man who has this diſtemper in his tongue, ſhall entertain you, though he never ſaw you before, with a long ſtory in praiſe of his own wife, give you the particulars of his laſt night's dream, or the deſcription of a feaſt he has been at, without letting a ſingle diſh eſcape him. When he is thus entered into converſation, he grows very wiſe; deſcants upon the corruption of the times, and the degeneracy of the age we live in; from which, as his tranſitions are ſomewhat ſudden, he falls upon the price of corn, and the number of ſtrangers that are in town. He undertakes to prove, that it is better putting to ſea in ſpring, than in winter; and that rain is neceſſary to produce a good crop of corn: telling you, in the ſame breath, that he intends to plough up ſuch a part of his eſtate next year; that the times are hard, and that a man has much ado to get through the world. His whole diſcourſe is nothing but hurry and incoherence. He acquaints you, that Demippus had the largeſt torch at the feaſt of Ceres; aſks you, if you remember how many pillars are in the muſic-theatre; tells you, that he took phyſic yeſterday; and deſires to know, what day of the month it is. If you have patience to hear him, he will inform you, what feſtivals are kept in Auguſt, what in October, and what in December.

WHEN

WHEN you ſee ſuch a fellow as this coming towards you, run for your life. A man had much better be viſited by a fever; ſo painful is it to be faſtened upon by one of this make, who takes it for granted, that you have nothing elſe to do, but to give him a hearing.

XX.

ART OF HAPPINESS.

ALMOST every object that attracts our notice, has its bright and its dark ſide. He who habituates himſelf to look at the diſpleaſing ſide, will ſour his diſpoſition, and, conſequently, impair his happineſs; while he who conſequently beholds it on the bright ſide, inſenſibly meliorates his temper, and, in conſequence of it, improves his own happineſs, and the happineſs of all about him.

ARACHNE and MELISSA are two friends. They are, both of them, women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accompliſhments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverſe of each other. Arachne has accuſtomed herſelf to look only on the dark ſide of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thouſand brilliancies, and but one or two blemiſhes, ſhe ſlightly ſkims over the paſſages that ſhould give her pleaſure, and dwells upon thoſe only that fill her with diſlike. If you ſhew her a very excellent portrait, ſhe looks at ſome part of the drapery which has been neglected,

ed, or to a hand or finger which had been left unfiniſhed. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatneſs and elegancy; but, if you take a walk with her in it, ſhe talks to you of nothing but blights and ſtorms, of ſnails and caterpillars, and how impoſſible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm caſts. If you ſit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful proſpect, ſhe obſerves to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too ſunny, or too gloomy; that it is ſultry or windy; and finiſhes with a long harangue upon the wretchedneſs of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little cheerful converſation, ſhe caſts a gloom over all, by giving you the hiſtory of her own bad health, or of ſome melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus ſhe inſenſibly ſinks her own ſpirits, and the ſpirits of all around her; and, at laſt, diſcovers, ſhe knows not why that her friends are grave.

MELISSA is the reverſe of all this. By conſtantly habituating herſelf to look only on the bright ſide of objects, ſhe preſerves a perpetual cheerfulneſs in herſelf, which by a kind of happy contagion, ſhe communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, ſhe conſiders it might have been worſe, and is thankful to Providence for an eſcape. She rejoices in ſolitude, as it gives an opportunity of knowing herſelf; and in ſociety, becauſe ſhe can communicate the happineſs ſhe enjoys. She oppoſes every man's virtues, to his failings; and can find out ſomething to cheriſh and applaud, in the very worſt of her acquaintance. She opens evey book with a deſire to be entertained or inſtructed, and therefore ſeldom miſſes what ſhe looks for.

for. Walk with her, though it be but on a heath or a common, and ſhe will diſcover numberleſs beauties, unobſerved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of ſeaſon, as bringing with it ſomething of health or convenience. In converſation, it is a rule with her, never to ſtart a ſubject that leads to any thing gloomy or diſagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or thoſe of her neighbours, or (what is worſt of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, ſhe has the addreſs to turn it into entertainment, by changing the moſt odious railing into a pleaſant raillery. Thus Meliſſa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the ſpider, ſucks poiſon from the faireſt flowers. The conſequence is, that, of two tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is ever ſour and diſſatisfied, the other always gay and chearful; the one ſpreads an univerſal gloom, the other a continual ſunſhine.

THERE is nothing more worthy of our attention, than this art of happineſs. In converſation as well as life, happineſs very often depends upon the ſlighteſt incidents. The taking notice of the badneſs of the weather, a north-eaſt wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumſtance of the diſagreeable kind, ſhall inſenſibly rob a whole company of its good-humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If, therefore we would be happy in ourſelves, and are deſirous of communicating that happineſs to all about us, theſe *minutiæ* of converſation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightneſs of the ſky, the lengthening of the days, the encreaſing verdure of the ſpring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever

ever carries with it the moſt diſtant glimpſe of joy, ſhall frequently be the parent of a ſocial and happy converſation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the ſunſhine that ripens the harveſt, becauſe his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleaſure from the thunder ſtorm to which he is expoſed, by remarking on the plenty and refreſhment, which may be expected from the ſucceeding ſhower.

THUS does politeneſs, as well as good ſenſe, direct us to look at every object on the bright ſide; and, by thus acting, we cheriſh and improve both. By this practice it is, that Meliſſa is become the wiſeſt and beſt bred woman living; and, by this practice, may every perſon arrive at that agreeableneſs of temper, of which the natural and never-failing fruit is Happineſs.

XXI.

REAL GREATNESS.

"NOTHING (ſays Longinus) can be great, "the contempt of which is great." The poſſeſſion of wealth and riches, cannot give a man a title to greatneſs; becauſe it is looked upon as a greatneſs of mind, to contemn theſe gifts of fortune, and to be above the deſire of them. I have been therefore inclined to think, that there are greater men who lie concealed among the ſpecies, than thoſe who come out and draw upon themſelves the eyes and

and admiration of mankind. Virgil would never have been heard of, had not his domeſtic misfortunes drawn him out of his obſcurity, and brought him to Rome.

IF we ſuppoſe, that there are ſuperior beings who look into the ways of men (as it is highly probable there are, both from reaſon and revelation) how different muſt be their notions of us, from thoſe which we are apt to form of one another!—We are dazzled with the pleaſure of titles, the oſtentation of learning, the noiſe of victories. They, on the contrary, ſee the philoſopher in the cottage, who poſſeſſes his ſoul in patience and thankfulneſs, under the preſſures of what little minds call poverty and diſtreſs. They do not look for great men, at the head of armies, or among the pomps of the court; but often find them out in ſhades and ſolitudes, in the private walks and by-ways of life. The evening walk of a wiſe man, is more illuſtrious, in their ſight, than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thouſand men. A contemplation of God's works, a voluntary act of juſtice to our own detriment, a generous concern for the good of mankind, tears ſhed in ſilence for the miſery of others, a private deſire of reſentment broken and ſubdued, an unfeigned exerciſe of humility, or any other virtue, are ſuch actions as are glorious in their ſight, and denominate men great and reputable. The moſt famous among us, are often looked upon with pity and contempt, or with indignation; while thoſe who are moſt obſcure, are regarded with love, with approbation and eſteem.

XXII.

XXII.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

THERE were two families, which, from the beginning of the world, were as oppoſite to each other as light and darkneſs. The one of them lived in heaven, and the other in hell. The youngeſt deſcendant of the firſt family, was Pleaſure; who was the daughter of Happineſs, who was the child of Virtue, who was the Offspring of the Gods. Theſe, as I ſaid before, had their habitation in Heaven. The youngeſt of the oppoſite family, was Pain; who was the ſon of Miſery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings, was in hell.

THE middle ſtation of nature, between theſe two oppoſite extremes, was the earth; which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind; neither ſo virtuous as the one, nor ſo vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of theſe two oppoſite families. Jupiter, conſidering that this ſpecies, commonly called man, was too virtuous to be miſerable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a diſtinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngeſt of the above-mentioned families (Pleaſure who was the daughter of Happineſs, and Pain who was the ſon of Miſery) to meet one another upon this part of nature; having promiſed to ſettle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the diviſion of it, ſo as to ſhare mankind between them.

PLEA-

PLEASURE and Pain were no ſooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point; that Pleaſure ſhould take poſſeſſion of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part, of that ſpecies which was given up to them. But, upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for, that, contrary to what they had ſeen in their old places of reſidence, there was no perſon ſo vicious who had not ſome good in him, nor any perſon ſo virtuous who had not in him ſome evil. The truth of it is, they generally found, upon ſearch, that, in the moſt vicious man, Pleaſure might lay a claim to an hundredth part; and that, in the moſt virtuous man, Pain might come in for at leaſt two-thirds. This, they ſaw, would occaſion endleſs diſputes between them, unleſs they could come to ſome accommodation. To this end, there was a marriage propoſed between them, and at length concluded. Hence it is, that we find Pleaſure and Pain are ſuch conſtant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their viſits together, or are never far aſunder. If Pain comes into a heart, he is quickly followed by Pleaſure; and, if Pleaſure enters, you may be ſure Pain is not far off.

BUT, notwithſtanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not ſeem to anſwer the intention of Jupiter, in ſending them among mankind. To remedy, therefore, this inconvenience, it was ſtipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the conſent of each family, that notwithſtanding they here poſſeſſed the ſpecies indifferently; upon the death of every perſon, if he were found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he ſhould be diſpatched into the infernal regions, by a paſſport from Pain; there to dwell with Miſery, Vice,

Vice, and the Furies: or, on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he ſhould be diſpatched into heaven, by a paſſport from Pleaſure; there to dwell with Happineſs, Virtue, and the Gods.

XXIII.

ON DRUNKENNESS.

NO vices are ſo incurable, as thoſe which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder, how drukenneſs ſhould have the good luck to be of this number. Anacharſis, being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, demanded the prize very humorouſly, becauſe he was drunk before the reſt of the company; for, ſays he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal firſt, is entitled to the reward. On the contrary, in this thirſty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greateſt quantity of liquor, and knocks down the reſt of the company.

I was, the other day, along with honeſt Will Funnell, the Weſt-Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had paſſed through him in the laſt twenty years of his life; which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogſheads of October, four tons of port, half a kilderkin of ſmall-beer, nineteen barrels of cyder, and three glaſſes of champagne: beſides which, he had aſſiſted at four hundred bowls of punch; not to mention ſips, drams, and whets, without number. I queſtion not, but every reader's memory will ſuggeſt to him ſeveral

several ambitious young men, who are as vain in this particular as Will Funnell, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

BUT however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster, than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; and, indeed, there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. Bonosus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon the tree before them, was not a man, but a bottle.

XXIV.

TRUTH AND INTEGRITY.

TRUTH and integrity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the shew of any thing, be good for any thing, I am sure the reality is better; for, why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? for, to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often

as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it; and then, all his labour, to seem to have it, is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for, where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed; and then, his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it; and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is much more, to God, who searcheth our hearts. So that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly, as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world: It hath less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it: it is the shortest and nearest way to our own end, carrying us thither in a straight line; and will hold out, and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning, continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to those that practise them: whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest confidence in him; which is an unspeakable advantage in business, and the affairs of life.

A dis-

A diſſembler muſt always be upon his guard, and watch himſelf carefully, that he do not contradict his own pretenſions: for he acts an unnatural part; and, therefore, muſt put a continual force and reſtraint upon himſelf. Whereas, he that acts ſincerely, hath the eaſieſt taſk in the world, becauſe he follows nature, and ſo is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions: he needs not invent any pretences beforehand, nor make excuſes afterwards, for any thing he hath ſaid or done.

BUT inſincerity is very troubleſome to manage. A hypocrite hath ſo many things to attend to, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, leſt he contradict, at one time, what he ſaid at another. But truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas, a lie is troubleſome, and needs a great many more to make it good.

ADD to all this, that ſincerity is the moſt compendious wiſdom, and an excellent inſtrument for the ſpeedy diſpatch of buſineſs. It creates confidence in thoſe we have to deal with, ſaves the labour of many enquiries, and brings things to an iſſue in a few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man ſooner to his journey's end, than by-ways, in which men often loſe themſelves. In a word, whatever convenience may be thought to be in falſehood and diſſimulation, it is ſoon over: but the inconvenience of it is perpetual; becauſe it brings a man under an everlaſting jealouſy and ſuſpicion; ſo that he is not believed, when he ſpeaks truth; nor truſted, when perhaps, he means honeſtly. When a man hath

once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then ſerve his turn, neither truth nor falſehood.

INDEED, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and ſhould never have occaſion to converſe more with mankind, never more need their good opinion, or good word, it were then no great matter (as far as reſpects the affairs of this world) if he ſpent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilſt he is in it, let him make uſe of ſincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts will fail; but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the laſt.

XXV.

ABSURD OR UNSEASONABLE BEHAVIOUR.

THIS kind of behaviour, is an ill-timing of a man's words and actions.

ONE of this character, when he ſees his friend in the hurry of buſineſs, faſtens upon him, communicates to him an affair of difficulty, and begs his advice in it. When his miſtreſs lies ſick of a fever, he ſends her word, that he will come and ſup with her. He deſires a man to be bound for him, who is but juſt come out of jail, for having been ſecurity for another. If he is witneſs in a cauſe, he comes to give his evidence, when the whole trial is over.

If

If he is invited to a wedding, he entertains the company all the while they are at dinner, with the happineſs of a ſingle life. He aſks a man, that is tired to death with a long journey, to go and take a walk with him. As ſoon as a thing is ſold, he finds you out a chapman, that would have given twice as much for it.

HE ſtarts up in the midſt of a company, and tells them a long ſtory, of what every one is better acquainted with than himſelf. He will needs be managing another man's affairs, who is forced to be under his direction, becauſe he does not know how to get rid of him. He is ſo much a friend to every one who makes a feaſt, that he comes and partakes of what he finds, without ſtanding upon the formality of an invitation.

IF the maſter of the houſe ſtrikes his ſervant before him, he tells a ſtory of a boy of his own, whom he had beaten for the ſame fault; upon which, ſays he the unlucky rogue went away and hanged himſelf.

WHEN he is choſen umpire by two perſons, who have both a mind to accommodate matters, he raiſes new difficulties; and, after having ſet them together by the ears, leaves them to end the buſineſs between themſelves. When he is at a feaſt, if he ſees a man who is more grave than ordinary, and has not yet taken a chearful glaſs, he ſingles him out from the whole company, and deſires he may have a dance with him.

XXVI.

HONOUR COMPARED WITH RELIGION.

TRUE honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the ſame effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the ſame point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man, fears; the man of honour ſcorns to do an ill action. The latter, conſiders vice as ſomething that is beneath him; the former, as ſomething that is offenſive to the Divine Being: the one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca ſpeaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares, that were there no God to ſee or puniſh vice, he would not commit it, becauſe it is of ſo mean, ſo baſe, and ſo vile a nature.

XXVII.

A WINTER EVENING'S CONVERSATION.

THE family of Euphronius had left their retirement at Hart-hill, where

"Dead the vegetable kingdom lay,
"And dumb the tuneful."

His fire-ſide, at Mancheſter, was ſurrounded by a young and ſmiling circle; and the various labours and

and incidents of the day, furniſhed topics of amuſing converſation for the evening. Each, in ſucceſſion, was the little hero of his own important tale; and Sophron cloſed the entertainment, by repeating the geographical leſſon which he had learned, and recounting his travels over the terraqueous globe.

ALL liſtened with eager attention to the wondrous narration. He told them of the orange groves, and ſpicy woods of Weſtern and Eaſtern India; deſcribed the gold and ſilver mines of Peru; the rich diamonds of Brazil and of Bengal; and the ivory tuſks of the elephant, found in the foreſts of Africa. In artleſs colours, he painted the dreary regions, and eternal ſnows, of the northern and ſouthern poles; and, when a general chill had ſeized his ſympathetic audience, he preſented to their aſtoniſhed view, the clouds of ſmoke, and torrents of liquid fire, diſcharged by Hecla, Veſuvius, and Ætna. Theſe impreſſions of horror, were for a while ſuſpended, when he diſplayed the vaſt expanſe of the ocean, unruffled by a breath of wind, reflecting every where the azure ſky, and crowded with myriads of ſportive fiſhes. But a ſtorm ſucceeds: the ſwelling billows mount into the ſky; the ſhattered bark is borne aloft on the ſummit of a wave, and then hurled into the gulph below, where ſhe is daſhed againſt a treacherous rock, or ſwallowed by the horrible abyſs.

SOPHRON proceeded to the hiſtory of animated nature. He pictured the lion, which inhabits the horrid deſarts of Zaara; pointed out the juſt proportions of his make, in which ſtrength is united with agility; his undaunted look; and tremendous roar, reſembling diſtant thunder. The peaceable rhinoceros, that provokes not to combat, yet diſdains to fly, even from the monarch of the foreſt; the fierce

tyger, the savage and untameable hyena, and the artful crocodile, were each described. Nor did he forget the camel, patient of hunger and thirst; the monstrous hippopotamus, found in the rivers Nile, Niger, and Zaara; and the ouranoutang, so near in its approaches to the human form. The scaly tribe of fishes he barely noticed; but dwelt longer on the structure, properties, and habitudes of the feathered race. He particularly enlarged on the songsters of the wood, who delight the eye, and charm the ear, by their varied plumage, and enchanting notes. These pleasing notes, he said, are not more innate, than human language; but depend on the imitation of such sounds, as the birds most frequently hear, and which their organs are adapted to perform. A young robin has been taught the song of the nightingale; and a linnet, which belonged to a gentleman at Kensington, almost articulated the words *pretty boy*. The common sparrow, taken from the nest when just fledged, and educated with the goldfinch and the linnet, acquires the music of each; and the powers of the mocking bird, are expressed by its very name.

HERE Sophron concluded the history of his travels, of which this is only a brief relation. Alexis, Lucy, Emilia, and Jacobus, continued in mute attention, expecting farther wonders; and Euphronius felt his heart glow with affection and delight. You have given us, said he to Sophron, a lively and just description of the globe, its productions, and brute inhabitants: but man, who, by the superiority of his mental powers, is the lord of the creation, and whose nature and character form the most interesting and important objects of enquiry, has been overlooked in your survey. Climate, soil, laws, customs, food, and other accidental differences, have produced an astonishing

aſtoniſhing variety in the complexion, features, manners, and faculties of the human ſpecies. The moſt refined and poliſhed nations may be diſtinguiſhed from each other; and a river is ſometimes the only boundary between two ſavage tribes, who are as diſſimular in the tincture of their ſkin, as in the diſpoſition of their minds.——All theſe varieties, however, may be reduced to ſix.

THE *firſt* is found under the polar regions, and comprehends the Laplanders, the Eſquimaux Indians, the Samoeid Tartars, the inhabitants of Nova Zembla, the Borandians, the Greenlanders, and the people of Kamtſchatka. The viſage of men in theſe countries, is large and broad; the noſe flat and ſhort; the eyes of a yellowiſh brown, inclining to blackneſs; the cheek-bones extremely high; the mouth large; the lips thick, and turned outwards; the voice thin and ſqueaking; and the ſkin of a dark grey colour. The people are ſhort in ſtature; the generality being about four feet high, and the talleſt not more than five. Ignorance, ſtupidity, and ſuperſtition, are the mental characteriſtics of the inhabitants of theſe rigorous climates. For, here

"Doze the groſs race. Nor ſprightly jeſt, nor ſong,
"Nor tenderneſs, they know; nor aught of life,
"Beyond the kindred bears that ſtalk without."

THE Tartar race, under which may be comprehended the Chineſe, and the Japaneſe, forms the *ſecond* great variety in the human ſpecies. Their countenances are broad, and wrinkled, even in youth; their noſes ſhort and flat; their eyes little, ſunk in the ſockets, and ſeveral inches aſunder; their cheek-bones are high; their teeth of a large ſize, and ſeparate from each other; their complexions olive-colour-

ed; and their hair black. These nations, in general, have no religion, no settled notions of morality, and no decency of behaviour. They are chiefly robbers; their wealth consists in horses, and their skill in the management of them.

THE *third* variety of mankind, is that of the southern Asiatics, or the inhabitants of India. These are of a slender shape; have long straight black hair, and generally Roman noses. Their complexions are of an olive colour, and, in some parts, quite black. These people are slothful, luxurious, submissive, cowardly, and effeminate.

——— The parent Sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
Of milder climes: in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation, there,
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

THE negroes of Africa constitute the *fourth* striking variety in the human species: but they differ widely from each other. Those of Guinea, for instance, are extremely ugly, and have an insupportably offensive scent; whilst those of Mosambique, are reckoned beautiful, and are untainted with any disagreeable smell. The negroes are, in general, of a black colour; and the downy softness of their hair which grows

grows upon their skin, gives a smoothness to it, resembling that of velvet. The hair of their heads is woolly, short, and black; but their beards often turn grey, and sometimes white. Their noses are flat and short, their lips thick and tumid, and their teeth of an ivory whiteness.

THE intellectual and moral powers of these wretched people, are uncultivated; and they are subject to the most barbarous despotism. The savage tyrants, who rule over them, make war upon each other for human plunder; and the wretched victims, bartered for spirituous liquors, or the wares of Birmingham and Manchester, are torn from their families, their friends, and native land, and consigned, for life, to misery, toil, and bondage.

THE native inhabitants of America, make a *fifth* race of men. They are of a copper colour; have black, thick, straight hair; flat noses, high cheek-bones, and small eyes. They paint the body, and face, of various colours; and eradicate the hair of their beards, and of other parts, as a deformity. Their limbs are not so large and robust, as those of the Europeans. They endure hunger, thirst, and pain, with astonishing firmness and patience; and, though cruel to their enemies, they are kind and just to each other.

THE Europeans, may be considered as the *last* variety of the human kind. But it is unnecessary to enumerate the personal marks which distinguish them, as every day affords you opportunities of making such observations. I shall only suggest to you, that they enjoy singular advantages from the fairness of their complexions. The face of the African black, or of the olive-coloured Asiatic, is a very

very imperfect index of the mind; and preſerves the ſame ſettled ſhade, in joy and ſorrow, confidence and ſhame, anger and deſpair, ſickneſs and health. The Engliſh are ſaid to be the faireſt of the Europeans; and we may therefore preſume, that their countenances beſt expreſs the variations of the paſſions, and the viciſſitudes of diſeaſe. But the intellectual and moral characteriſtics of the different nations, which compoſe this quarter of the globe, are of more importance to be known. Theſe, however, become gradually leſs diſcernible, as faſhion, learning, and commerce, prevail more generally; and I ſhall leave them, as objects of your future enquiry.

THUS paſſed a winter evening, by the fire-ſide of Euphronius; whoſe pleaſing, though anxious taſk, it was,

"To rear the tender thought;
"To teach the young idea how to ſhoot;
"To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind;
"To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit; and to fix
"The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt."

SECTION

SECTION II.

LESSON I.

ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

MOST foreign writers, who have given any character of the Engliſh nation, whatever vices they aſcribe to it, allow, in general, that the people are naturally modeſt. It proceeds, perhaps, from this our national virtue, that our orators are obſerved to make uſe of leſs geſture or action than thoſe of other countries. Our preachers ſtand ſtock-ſtill in the pulpit; and will not ſo much as move a finger, to ſet off the beſt ſermons in the world. We meet with the ſame ſpeaking ſtatues at our bars, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us, in a ſmooth continued ſtream, without thoſe ſtrainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majeſty of the hand, which are ſo much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death, in cold blood; and keep our temper, in a diſcourſe which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Tho' our zeal breaks out in the fineſt tropes and figures, it is not able to ſtir a limb about us.

us. I have heard it obſerved, more than once, by thoſe who have ſeen Italy, that an untravelled Engliſhman cannot reliſh all the beauties of Italian pictures; becauſe the poſtures which are expreſſed in them, are often ſuch as are peculiar to that country. One who has not ſeen an Italian in the pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble geſture in Raphael's picture of St. Paul preaching at Athens, where the apoſtle is repreſented as lifting up both his arms, and pouring out the thunder of his rhetoric amidſt an audience of Pagan philoſophers.

IT is certain, that proper geſtures, and vehement exertions of the voice, cannot be too much ſtudied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters; and enforce every thing he ſays, with weak hearers, better than the ſtrongeſt argument he can make uſe of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them; at the ſame time, that they ſhew the ſpeaker is in earneſt, and affected himſelf, with what he ſo paſſionately recommends to others. Violent geſture and vociferation naturally ſhake the hearts of the ignorant, and fill them with a kind of religious horror; and we very frequently ſee people lulled aſleep with ſolid and elaborate diſcourſes of piety, who would be warmed and tranſported out of themſelves by the bellowings and diſtortions of enthuſiaſm.

IF nonſenſe, when accompanied with an emotion of voice and body, has ſuch an influence on mens minds, what might we not expect from many of thoſe admirable diſcourſes which are printed in our tongue, were they delivered with a becoming fervour, and with the moſt agreeable graces of voice and geſture?

WE

WE are told, that the great Latin orator very much impaired his health, by the vehemence of action with which he uſed to deliver himſelf. The Greek orator was likewiſe ſo very famous for this particular in rhetoric, that one of his antagoniſts, whom he had baniſhed from Athens, reading over the oration which had procured his baniſhment, and ſeeing his friends admire it, could not forbear aſking them, if they were ſo much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out ſuch a ſtorm of eloquence?

How cold and dead a figure, in compariſon of theſe two great men, does an orator often make at the Britiſh bar, holding up his head, with the moſt inſipid ſerenity, and ſtroking the ſides of a long wig that reaches down to his middle? Nothing can be more ridiculous, than the geſtures of moſt of our Engliſh ſpeakers: you ſee ſome of them running their hands into their pockets, as far as ever they can thruſt them; and others, looking with great attention on a piece of paper, that has nothing written in it: you may ſee many a ſmart rhetorician, turning his hat in his hands, moulding it into ſeveral different cocks, examining ſometimes the lining of it, and ſometimes the button, during the whole courſe of his harangue. A deaf man would think he was cheapening a beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the Britiſh nation. I remember, when I was a young man, and uſed to frequent Weſtminſter-Hall, there was a counſellor who never pleaded without a piece of pack-thread in his hand, which he uſed to twiſt about a thumb or a finger, all the while he was ſpeaking: the wags of thoſe days uſe to call it the thread of his diſcourſe, for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of

his clients, who was more merry than wiſe, ſtole it from him one day in the midſt of his pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he loſt his cauſe by the jeſt.

I ſhall conclude this paper, with recommending the ſtudy of delivery to all who have occaſion to ſpeak in public. Nature has aſſigned to every emotion of the ſoul, its peculiar caſt of countenance, tone of voice, and manner of geſture; and, without theſe, the beſt compoſition will, in a great meaſure, loſe its effect.

II.

IMPORTANCE OF VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is of intrinſic value and good deſert, and of indiſpenſible obligation; not the creature of will, but neceſſary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the Divine mind; not a mode of ſenſation, but everlaſting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and eſteem, and the ſource of all beauty, order, and happineſs in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and q lities of a reaſonable being, to which they ough be abſolutely ſubſervient, and, without which, more eminent they are, the more hideous deform ties, and the greater curſes, they become.

THE uſe of it is not confined to any one ſtage of our exiſtence, or to any particular ſituation we can be in; but reaches through all the periods and circumſtances of our being. Many of the endowments and talents we now poſſeſs, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will ceaſe entirely with the preſent ſtate; but this will be our ornament and dignity, in every future ſtate to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vaniſh away, and all the arts of life be ſoon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for converſing with any order of ſuperior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wiſe and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends. But what is of unſpeakably greater conſequence is, that it makes God our friend, aſſimilates and unites our minds to him, and engages his Almighty power in our defence. Superior beings, of all ranks, are bound by it, no leſs than ourſelves. It has the ſame authority in all worlds, that it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more is he under its influence.—To ſay no more; 'Tis the law of the whole univerſe; it ſtands firſt in the eſtimation of the Deity; its original is his nature; and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

SUCH is the importance of virtue.—Of what conſequence, therefore, is it that we practiſe it! There is no argument or motive, in any reſpect fitted to influence a reaſonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous diſpoſition of ſoul, is preferable to the greateſt natural accompliſhments and abilities, and of more value than all the treaſures of the world.—If you are wiſe, then, ſtudy virtue, and contemn

contemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing elſe deſerves one anxious thought or wiſh. Remember, that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happineſs. Secure this, and you ſecure every thing. Loſe this, and all is loſt.

III.

ASTONISHING INSTANCE OF COURAGE.

PORSENA, the moſt potent king in Italy, having undertaken to reſtore the Tarquins to the throne of Rome, from which they had been baniſhed for their cruelty and oppreſſion, ſent propoſals to the ſenate for that purpoſe; but, finding they were rejected with ſcorn, he advanced towards Rome, in a confident perſuaſion that he ſhould eaſily reduce it. When he came to the bridge, and ſaw the Romans drawn up in order of battle before the river, he was ſurprized at their reſolution; and, not doubting but he ſhould overpower them with numbers, prepared to fight. The two armies being engaged, fought with great bravery, and long contended for victory. After a great ſlaughter on both ſides, the Romans began to give way, and were quickly put to flight. All fled into the city, over the bridge; which at the ſame time, would have afforded a paſſage to the enemy, if Rome had not found, the heroic courage of one of her citizens, a bulw as ſtrong as the higheſt walls. Publius Horatius the man, ſurnamed Cocles, becauſe he had but eye, having loſt the other in a battle. He was th ſtrongeſt and moſt undaunted of all the Romans. H

uſe

used every method to ſtop the flying army; but, perceiving that neither intreaties nor exhortations could overcome their fear, he reſolved, however badly ſupported he might be, to defend the entrance of the bridge, till it was demoliſhed behind. On the ſucceſs of this, depended the preſervation of the city. Standing alone againſt a whole army, he obliged them to retire, and ſave themſelves. He even dared to inſult his numerous enemies; and caſt terrible looks upon the principal Hetrurians: one while, challenged them to ſingle combat; and, then, bitterly reproached them all. "Vile ſlaves!" ſaid he, "Not ſatisfied with being unmindful of your own, ye are come to deprive others of their liberty, who have had the courage to aſſume it." Covered with his buckler, he ſuſtained a ſhower of darts; and, at laſt, when they were all preparing to ruſh upon him, the bridge was entirely demoliſhed, and Cocles, throwing himſelf, with his arms, into the Tyber, ſafely ſwam over; having performed an action, ſays Livy, that will command the admiration, more than the faith, of poſterity. He was received in triumph by the Romans: the people erected him a brazen ſtatue, in armour, in the moſt conſpicuous part of the Forum: as much land was given him, as he could ſurround with a plough in a day; and all the inhabitants, both men and women, contributed to his reward.

IV.

IV.

CHARACTER OF FRANCIS I.

FRANCIS died at Rambouillet, on the laſt day of March, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirty-third of his reign.—During twenty-eight years of that time, an avowed rivalſhip ſubſiſted between him and the Emperor; which involved, not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe, in wars, proſecuted with more violent animoſity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumſtances contributed to both. Their animoſity was founded in oppoſition of intereſt, heightened by perſonal emulation, and exaſperated, not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal inſults. At the ſame time, whatever advantage one ſeemed to poſſeſs towards gaining the aſcendant, was wonderfully balanced by ſome favourable circumſtance peculiar to the other. The Emperor's dominions were of great extent; the French King's lay more compact: Francis governed his kingdom with abſolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he ſupplied the want of authority by addreſs: the troops of the former were more impetuous and enterpriſing; thoſe of the latter, better diſciplined, and more patient of fatigue.

THE talents and abilities of the two monarchs, were as different as the advantages which the- ſeſſed, and contributed no leſs to prolong the teſt between them. Francis took his reſolut ſuddenly; proſecuted them, at firſt, with warm and puſhed them into execution, with a moſt: venture

venturous courage: but, being deſtitute of the perſeverance neceſſary to ſurmount difficulties, he often abandoned his deſigns, or relaxed the vigour of purſuit, from impatience, and ſometimes from levity. Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolneſs: but, having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obſtinacy; and neither danger, nor diſcouragement, could turn him aſide from the execution of it.

THE ſucceſs of their enterpriſes, was as different as their characters, and was uniformly influenced by them. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often diſconcerted the Emperor's beſt-laid ſchemes; Charles, by a more clam, but ſteady proſecution of his deſigns, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulſed his moſt vigorous efforts. The former, at the opening of a war, or of a campaign, broke in upon his enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter, waiting until he ſaw the force of his rival begin to abate, recovered, in the end, not only all that he had loſt, but made new acquiſitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conqueſt, whatever promiſing aſpect they might wear at firſt, were conducted to an happy iſſue; many of the Emperor's enterpriſes, even after they appeared deſperate and impracticable, terminated in the moſt proſperous manner.

THE degree, however, of their comparative merit reputation, has not been fixed, either by a ſtrict tiny into their abilities for government, or by an artial conſideration of the greatneſs and ſucceſs of r undertakings; and Francis is one of thoſe mochs, who occupies a higher rank in the temple of me, than either his talents or performances entitle him

him to hold. This pre-eminence he owed to many different circumstances. The superiority which Charles acquired by the victory of Pavia, and which, from that period, he preserved through the remainder of his reign, was so manifest, that Francis's struggle against his exorbitant and growing dominion, was viewed by most of the other powers, not only with the partiality which naturally arises for those who gallantly maintain an unequal contest, but with the favour due to one, who was resisting a common enemy, and endeavouring to set bounds to a monarch equally formidable to them all. The characters of princes, too, especially among their contemporaries, depend, not only upon their talents for government, but upon their qualities as men. Francis notwithstanding the many errors conspicuous in his foreign policy and domestic administration, was, nevertheless, humane, beneficent, generous. He possessed dignity, without pride; affability, free from meanness; and courtesy, exempt from deceit. All who had access to know him, and no man of merit was ever denied that privilege, respected and loved him. Captivated with his personal qualities, his subjects forgot his defects as a monarch; and, admiring him as the most accomplished and amiable gentleman in his dominions, they never murmured at acts of mal-administration, which, in a prince of less engaging dispositions, would have been deemed unpardonable.

THIS admiration, however, must have been temporary only, and would have died away with the courtiers who bestowed it; the illusion arising his private virtues, must have ceased; and pos would have judged of his public conduct, wit usual impartiality: but another circumstance p vented this; and his name hath been transmitted

poster

posterity, with increasing reputation. Science, and the arts, had, at that time, made little progress in France. They were just beginning to advance beyond the limits of Italy, where they had revived, and which had hitherto been their only seat. Francis took them immediately under his protection; and vied with Leo himself, in the zeal and munificence with which he encouraged them. He invited learned men to his court; he conversed with them familiarly; he employed them in business; he raised them to offices of dignity; and honoured them with his confidence. That race of men, not more prone to complain, when denied the respect to which they fancy themselves entitled, than apt to be pleased, when treated with the distinction which they consider as their due, tho' they could not exceed in gratitude to such a benefactor, strained their invention, and employed all their ingenuity, in panegyric.

SUCCEEDING authors, warmed with their descriptions of Francis's bounty, adopted their encomiums, and refined upon them. The appellation of *Father of letters*, bestowed upon Francis, hath rendered his memory sacred among historians; and they seem to have regarded it as a sort of impiety, to uncover his infirmities, or to point out his defects. Thus Francis, notwithstanding his inferior abilities, and want of success, hath more than equalled the fame of Charles. The virtues which he possessed as a man, have entitled him to greater admiration and praise, than have been bestowed upon the extensive genius, and fortunate arts, of a more capable, but less amiable rival.

V.

V.

JOURNAL OF THE LIFE OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER SEVERUS.

ALEXANDER rose early. The first moments of the day were consecrated to private devotion: but, as he deemed the service of mankind the most acceptable worship of the Gods, the greatest part of his morning hours was employed in council; where he discussed public affairs, and determined private causes, with a patience and discretion above his years. The dryness of business was enlivened by the charms of literature; and a portion of time was always set apart, for his favourite studies of poetry, history, and philosophy. The works of Virgil and Horace, the republics of Plato and Cicero, formed his taste, enlarged his understanding, and gave him the noblest ideas of man and of government. The exercises of the body, succeeded to those of the mind; and Alexander, who was tall, active, and robust, surpassed most of his equals in the gymanstic arts. Refreshed by the use of the bath, and a slight dinner, he resumed, with new vigour, the business of the day; and, till the hour of supper, the principal meal of the Romans, he was attended by his secretaries, with whom he read and answered the multitude of letters, memorials, and petitions, that must have been addressed to the master of the great of the world. His table was served with the n gal simplicity; and, whenever he was at liberty sult his own inclination, the company consisted of select friends, men of learning and virtue. His d

was plain and modeſt; his demeanour, courteous and affable. At the proper hours, his palace was open to all his ſubjects: but the voice of a crier was heard, as in the Eleuſinian myſteries, pronouncing the ſame ſalutary admonition,—"Let none enter theſe holy "walls unleſs he is conſcious of a pure and innocent "mind."

VI.

CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THERE are few perſonages in hiſtory, who have been more expoſed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and, yet, there ſcarce is any, whoſe reputation has been more certainly determined, by the unanimous conſent of poſterity. The unuſual length of her adminiſtration, and the ſtrong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers ſomewhat of their panegyrics, have, at laſt, in ſpite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animoſities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her conſtancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance and addreſs, are allowed to merit the higheſt praiſes, and appear
[illegible] have been ſurpaſſed by any perſon who ever
[illegible] throne: a conduct leſs rigorous, leſs imperi-
[illegible] re ſincere, more indulgent to her people,
w[illegible] have been requiſite to form a perfect charac-
te By the force of her mind, ſhe controlled all
h[illegible] more active and ſtronger qualities, and prevented

them from running into excefs. Her heroifm was exempted from all temerity; her frugality, from avarice; her friendfhip, from partiality; her enterprize, from turbulency and a vain ambition: fhe guarded not herfelf, with equal care, or equal fuccefs, from leffer infirmities; the rivalfhip of beauty, the defire of admiration, the jealoufy of love, and the fallies of anger.

HER fingular talents for government, were founded equally on her temper, and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herfelf, fhe foon obtained an uncontrolled afcendant over the people; and, while fhe merited all their eſteem by her real virtues, fhe alfo engaged their affection by her pretended ones. Few fovereigns of England, fucceeded to the throne, in more difficult circumftances; and none ever conducted the government, with fuch uniform, fuccefs and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true fecret for managing religious factions, fhe preferved her people, by her fuperior prudence, from thofe confufions, in which theological controverfy had involved all the neighbouring nations; and, though her enemies were the moft powerful princes of Europe, the moft active, the moft enterprifing, the leaft fcrupulous, fhe was able, by her vigour, to make deep impreffions on their ftate; her own greatnefs, mean-while, remaining untouched, and unimpaired.

THE wife miniſters, and brave warrio
flouriſhed during her reign, ſhare the praiſ
ſucceſs; but inſtead of leſſening the applauſ
her, they make great addition to it. They ov
of them, their advancement to her choice; t
were ſupported by her conſtancy; and, with all
abi

ability, they were never able to acquire any undue aſcendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, ſhe remained equally miſtreſs. The force of the tender paſſions, was great over her; but the force of her mind, was ſtill ſuperior: and the combat which her victory viſibly coſt her, ſerves only to diſplay the firmneſs of her reſolution, and the loftineſs of her ambitious ſentiments.

THE fame of this princeſs, though it has ſurmounted the prejudices, both of faction and of bigotry, yet lies ſtill expoſed to another prejudice, which is more durable, becauſe more natural; and which, according to the different views in which, we ſurvey her, is capable either of exalting beyond meaſure, or diminiſhing, the luſtre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the conſideration of her ſex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be ſtruck with the higheſt admiration of her qualities, and extenſive capacity; but we are, alſo, apt to require ſome more ſoftneſs of diſpoſition, ſome greater lenity of temper, ſome of thoſe amiable weakneſſes, by which her ſex is diſtinguiſhed. But the true method of eſtimating her merit, is to lay aſide all theſe conſiderations; and to conſider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and entruſted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her, as a wife, or a miſtreſs; but her qualities as a ſovereign, though with ſome conſiderable exceptions, are the object of undiſputed applauſe and approba-

VII.

FLATTERY.

FLATTERY is a manner of converſation, very ſhameful in itſelf, but beneficial to the flatterer.

IF a flatterer is upon a public walk with you, "Do "but mind," ſays he, "how every one's eye is "upon you. Sure there is not a man in Athens, "that is taken ſo much notice of. You had juſtice "done you yeſterday, in the portico. There were "above thirty of us together; and the queſtion "being ſtarted, who was the moſt conſiderable "perſon in the commonwealth? the whole com-"pany was of the ſame ſide. In ſhort, Sir, every "one made familiar with your name." He follows this whiſper with a thouſand other flatteries of the ſame nature.

WHENEVER the perſon to whom he would make his court begins to ſpeak, the ſycophant begs the company to be ſilent; moſt impudently praiſes him to his face; is in raptures all the while he talks; and, as ſoon as he has done, cries out, That is perfectly right! When his patron aims at being witty upon any man, he is ready to burſt at the ſmartneſs of his raillery, and ſtops his mouth with his handkerchief, that he may not laugh out. If he calls his children about him, the flatterer has a pocket full of apples for them, which he diſtributes among them with a great deal of fondneſs; wonders to ſee ſo many fine boys; and, turning about to the father, tells him, they are all as like him as they can ſtare.

WHEN

WHEN he is invited to a feaſt, he is the firſt man that calls for a glaſs of wine, and is wonderfully pleaſed with the deliciouſneſs of the flavour; gets as near as poſſible to the man of the houſe; and tells him, with much concern, that he eats nothing himſelf. He ſingles out ſome particular diſh, and recommends it to the reſt of the company for a rarity. He deſires the maſter of the feaſt to ſit in a warmer part of the room, begs him to take more care of his health, and adviſes him to put on a ſupernumerary garment in this cold weather. He is in a cloſe whiſper with him during the whole entertainment, and has neither eyes nor ears for any one elſe in the company.

IF a man ſhews him his houſe, he extols the architect, admires the gardens, and expatiates upon the furniture. If the owner is groſly flattered in a picture, he outflatters the painter; and, though he diſcovers a great likeneſs in it, can by no means allow that it does juſtice to the original.—In ſhort, his whole buſineſs is to ingratiate himſelf with thoſe who hear him, and to wheedle them out of their ſenſes.

VIII.

PYRRHUS AND FABRITIUS.

TREATY being on foot between the Romans and Pyrrhus king of Macedon, for the exchange of priſoners, the latter, after having given general audience to the ambaſſadors, took Fabritius aſide, and addreſſed him in the following manner.

"As

"As for you, Fabritius, I am ſenſible of your merit: I am convinced, that you are an excellent general, and perfectly qualified for the command of an army; that juſtice and temperance are united in your character; and that you juſtly paſs for a perſon of conſummate virtue. But I am no leſs certain of your poverty; and muſt confeſs, that fortune, in this particular, has treated you with injuſtice, by miſplacing you in the claſs of indigent ſenators. In order therefore, to ſupply that ſole deficiency (provided you aſſiſt me to negociate an honourable peace) I am ready to give you as much gold and ſilver, as will raiſe you above the richeſt citizen of Rome; being fully perſuaded, That no expence can be more honourable to a prince, than that which is employed in the relief of great men, who are compelled by their poverty, to lead a life unworthy of their virtues; and that this is the nobleſt purpoſe, to which a king can poſſibly devote his treaſures."

THE anſwer of Fabritius was as follows.

"As to my poverty, you have, indeed, Sir, been rightly informed. My whole eſtate conſiſts in a houſe of but mean appearance, and a little ſpot of ground, from which, by my own labour, I draw my ſupport. But if, by any means, you have been perſuaded to think that this poverty makes me leſs conſidered in my country, or in any degree unhappy, you are extremely deceived. I have no reaſon to complain of fortune: ſhe ſupplies me with all that nature requires: and I am without ſuperfluities, I am alſo free from the deſire of them. With theſe, I confeſs, I ſhould be more able to ſuccour the neceſſitou the only advantage for which the wealthy are t

"

" be envied; but, as ſmall as my poſſeſſions are, " I can ſtill contribute ſomething to the ſupport of " the ſtate, and the aſſiſtance of my friends. With " regard to honours, my country places me, poor " as I am, upon a level with the richeſt: for Rome " knows no qualifications for great employments, " but virtue and ability. She appoints me to offi- " ciate in the moſt auguſt ceremonies of religion; " ſhe entruſts me with the command of her armies; " ſhe confides to my care, the moſt important ne- " gociations. My poverty does not leſſen the weight " and influence of my counſels in the ſenate; the " Roman people honour me, for that very poverty " which you conſider as a diſgrace: they know the " many opportunities I have had, in war, to en- " rich myſelf, without incurring cenſure; they are " convinced of my diſintereſted zeal for their pro- " ſperity; and, if I have any thing to complain of, " in the return they make, it is only the exceſs " of their applauſe. What value, then, can I ſet " upon your gold and ſilver? what king can add " any thing to my fortune? Always attentive to " diſcharge the duties incumbent on me, I have a " mind free from SELF-REPROACH, and I have an " HONEST FAME."

IX.

ON DEMONSTRATION.

NO one, who has made the ſmalleſt progreſs in mathematics, can avoid obſerving, that ma- thematical demonſtrations are accompanied with ſuch a kind of evidence, as overcomes obſtinacy, inſuperable

insuperable by many other kinds of reasoning. Hence it is, that so many learned men have laboured to illustrate other sciences with this sort of evidence; and it is certain, that the study of mathematics, has given light to sciences very little connected with them. But, what will not wrong-headed men abuse! This advantage, which mathematical reasoning has for discovering truth, has given occasion to some to reject truth itself, though supported by the most unexceptionable arguments. Contending, that nothing is to be taken for truth, but what is proved by mathematical demonstration; they, in many cases, take, away all criterion of truth, while they boast, that they defend the only infallible one.

BUT, how easy is it to shew the absurdity of such a way of philosophising! Ask those gentlemen, whether they have any more doubt, that there were, in former times, such men as Alexander and Cæsar, than whether all the angles of a plain triangle, amount to the sum of one hundred and eighty degrees? They cannot pretend, that they believe the latter at all more firmly than the former: yet they have geometrical demonstration for the latter, and nothing more than mere moral evidence for the former. Does not this shew, that many things are to be received, are actually received, even by themselves, for truth, for certain truth, which are not capable of mathematical demonstration?

THERE is, therefore, an evidence, different from mathematical, to which we cannot deny our assent; and it is called, by philosophers, moral evidence, as the persuasion arising from it is called moral certainty; a certainty as real, and as much to be depended upon, as mathematical, though of a different species. Nor is there any more difficulty, in conceiving

ceiving how this may be than in conceiving, that two buildings may be both ſufficiently ſubſtantial, and, to all the intents and purpoſes of buildings, equally ſo, though one be of marble, and the other of Portland ſtone.

THE object of mathematics, is quantity. The geometrician meaſures extenſion; the mechanic compares forces. Divinity, ethics, ontology, and hiſtory, are naturally incapable of mathematical diſquiſition, or demonſtration. Yet, moral ſubjects are capable of being enquired into, and truths concerning them determined in that way which is proper to them, as well as mathematical in theirs; in the ſame manner, as money is reckoned by tale, bullion by weight, and liquors by meaſure.

X.

MENALCAS AND ALEXIS.

MENALCAS was old. Fourſcore years had already bowed down his head. The ſilver hairs ſhadowed his forehead, and a ſnowy beard flowed over his breaſt. A ſtaff ſecured his tottering ſteps. As he, who, after the labours of a fair ſummer's day, in the cool of the evening, ſits down content, and thanks the gods, waiting for peaceful ſlumbers; ſo Menalcas conſecrated the remainder of his days to repoſe, and to the worſhip of the gods: for he had paſſed his life in labour and beneficence; and, therefore, tranquil and reſigned, he waited for the ſlumbers of the grave.

MENALCAS saw bleſſings diffuſed among his children. He had given them numerous flocks, and fruitful paſtures. Full of tender anxiety, they ſtrove to cheer his latter days, and to repay the care he had taken of their tender years. 'Tis a duty the gods never leave unrecompenſed.

ONE day, as he was ſitting at the entrance of his cottage, refreſhing himſelf in the morning ſun, no one was with him but his grandſon Alexis. The lovely youth had not yet ſeen fourteen winters. The roſes of the ſpring bloomed on his cheeks, while locks of gold flowed o'er his ſhoulders. The old man entertained him with diſcourſes on the happineſs of doing good to mankind, and of relieving the indigent. There is no pleaſure, he ſaid, can equal that we feel after a virtuous action. The brilliant charms of Aurora, the ſweet ſetting of the ſun, and the variegated beauties of nature, all fill the heart with delicious ſenſations: but the pleaſure which ſprings from the beneficence, is far, far more delicious!—Tears of joy and tenderneſs bedewed the cheeks of young Alexis. The old man ſaw them with tranſport. You weep, my child, ſaid he, fixing his eyes tenderly on him; ſurely my diſcourſe, alone, could not cauſe theſe tears! There is ſomething in thy heart, that makes them flow.

ALEXIS wiped the drops from his roſy cheeks; but his eyes were ſtill filled with freſh tears. Oh! I know, yes, I feel, that nothing is ſo ſweet as doing good.

MENALCAS was affected. He preſſed the youth's hand in his; and ſaid, I ſee by thy countenance, I read in thine eyes, that thy mind is touched, and that it is not merely by what I have ſaid.

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THE young ſhepherd, abaſhed, turned away face.—At laſt, reſtraining his tears, I will tell y ſaid he, what, perhaps, I ſhould have concealed ever in the bottom of my heart; for I have le from you, that he who boaſts of the good he d is but good by halves. It was for that reaſon would have concealed from you, what made heart throb; what convinced me ſo pleaſingly, t the ſatisfaction of doing good, is the moſt delici pleaſure of our lives.

ONE of our ſheep had ſtrayed. I went to ſeel on the hills; when I heard a voice. I crept towa the place whence the voice ſeemed to come; an perceived a man. He took from his ſhoulders, heavy burden; and, ſighing, laid it on the grou I cannot, no, he ſaid, I cannot go any furth How full of bitterneſs are my days! A ſcanty a wretched ſubſiſtence is all I obtain by my labo Many hours have I wandered, loaded with t burden, amidſt the moſt intenſe heat; and I c find no ſpring to quinch my thirſt, no tree, not ev a buſh, whoſe fruit can refreſh me. I ſee noth all around me, but frightful deſerts; no path pears to lead me to my hut, and my tottering kn cannot ſupport me longer. Yet, let me not m mur.—Gods! you have always ſuccoured me. Th lamenting, he laid himſelf, exhauſted on his burd

THEN, without being obſerved, I ran with my ſtrength to our cottage. I inſtantly put int baſket, freſh and dry fruits, and filled my larg flagon with milk. I flew back to the mounta and again found the unhappy man. He was th in a peaceful ſlumber. Softly, quite ſoftly, I a proached him, ſet the baſket and flagon of milk his ſide, and hid myſelf at a little diſtance.

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ſoon awoke. What a ſweet refreſhment is ſleep! he ſaid: then looking on his burden, I will now try to carry thee further; for haſt thou not ſerved as a pillow to my head? Perhaps, the gods will direct my ſteps, that I may ſoon hear the murmur of ſome fountain, or that I may find ſome cottage, whoſe hoſpitable maſter will receive me under his roof.

AT the moment he was taking up his load, he perceived the flagon and the baſket. The burden fell from his hand.—Ye gods! he cried, what do I ſee? Alas! my want diſturbs my ſenſes! I ſurely dream; and when I ſhall awake, all will vaniſh. But, no—I am awake.—He laid his hand upon the baſket—Yes, —I am awake! What divinity; O! what propitious power, hath wrought this miracle? To thee I pour the firſt drops of this milk; to thee I conſecrate theſe two apples, the faireſt of the baſket. Receive, O vouchſafe favourably to receive my grateful offerings! Thou knoweſt the ſincerity of my heart. He then ſat down, and ate, while tears of joy ran down his face. When he was refreſhed, he roſe, and offered his thanks, once more, to the power that had watched over him with ſo much goodneſs. Or, have the gods, he ſaid, have they ſent thither ſome beneficent mortal! Why cannot I ſee and embrace him! Where art thou? Let me thank and bleſs thee. May the gods bleſs him! bleſs the generous man, all that are his, and all that are dear to him! I am ſatisfied. I will take with me, theſe fruits; my wife and children ſhall eat of them, and bleſs, with me, our, unknown benefactor. He went his way, and I wept for joy.

I then ran till I had got before him, and ſat down by the way through which he muſt paſs. He came; he ſaluted me, and ſaid, My ſon, haſt thou ſeen any on theſe mountains, bearing a flagon and a baſket fruit? I have met no one bearing flagon and a ba

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ket of fruit: but how came you into this deſart? ſaid I: you muſt ſurely have loſt your way: there is no path, that leads hither. Alas! my child, he ſaid, I did unluckily loſe my way; and, if ſome beneficent deity—or, if it were a mortal, the gods bleſs him!—if ſome beneficent being had not ſaved me, I ſhould have periſhed with hunger and thirſt, on theſe mountains.—Let me ſhew thee the way, ſaid I; give me thy burden, that I may carry it, and thou wilt the more eaſily follow me.—After refuſing a long time, he gave me the burden; and I conducted him to the road, that leads to his cottage.

THIS, my father, is what makes me ſtill weep with joy. What I did, coſt me little trouble; yet, every time I think on it, the remembrance delights me. How happy muſt he be, who has done a great deal of good!

THE old man embraced the youth, with the ſweeteſt tranſports of pleaſure.——Ah! now I ſhall deſcend, without regret, to the grave; ſince I leave behind me, in my cottage, piety and beneficence.

XI.

DESCRIPTION OF THE AMPHITHEATRE OF TITUS.

POSTERITY admires, and will long admire, the awful remains of the amphitheatre of Titus, which ſo well deſerved the epithet of Coloſſal. It was a building of an elliptic figure, five hundred and ſixty-four feet in length, and four hundred and ſixty-ſeven in breadth; founded on fourſcore arches: and

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riſing, with four ſucceſſive orders of architecture, to the height of one hundred and forty feet. The outſide of the edifice, was encruſted with marble, and decorated with ſtatues. The ſlopes of the vaſt concave, which formed the in-ſide, were filled and ſurrounded with ſixty or eighty rows of ſeats of marble, covered with cuſhions, and capable of receiving, with eaſe, above fourſcore thouſand ſpectators. Sixty-four vomitories (for by that name the doors were very aptly diſtinguiſhed) poured forth the immenſe multitude; and the entrances, paſſages, and ſtair-caſes, were contrived with ſuch exquiſite ſkill, that each perſon, whether of the ſenatorial, the equeſtrian, or the plebian order, arrived at his deſtined place, without trouble or confuſion.

NOTHING was omitted, which, in any reſpect, could be ſubſervient to the convenience and pleaſure of the ſpectators. They were protected from the ſun and rain by an ample canopy, occaſionally drawn over their heads. The air was continually refreſhed by the playing of fountains, and profuſely impregnated by the grateful ſcent of aromatics. In the centre of the edifice, the arena, or ſtage, was ſtrewed with the fineſt ſand, and ſucceſſively aſſumed the moſt different forms. At one moment, it ſeemed to riſe out of the earth, like the garden of the Heſperides; at another, it exhibited the rugged rocks and caverns of Thrace. The ſubterraneous pipes conveyed an inexhauſtible ſupply of water; and what had, juſt before, appeared a level plain, might be ſuddenly converted into a wide lake, covered with armed veſſels, and repleniſhed with the monſters of the deep.

IN the decorations of theſe ſcenes, the Roman emperors diſplayed their wealth and liberality; and we read, that, on various occaſions, the whole furniture of

of the amphitheatre conſiſted, either of ſilver, or of gold, or of amber. The poet who deſcribes the games of Carinus, in the character of a ſhepherd, attracted to the capital by the fame of their magnificence, affirms, that the nets, deſigned as a defence againſt the wild beaſts, were of gold-wire; that the porticos were gilded; and, that the belt, or circle, which divided the ſeveral ranks of ſpectators from each other, was ſtudded with a precious moſaic of beautiful ſtones.

XII.

MR. PULTNEY'S SPEECH ON THE MOTION FOR REDUCING THE ARMY.

MR. SPEAKER,

WE have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year. I have always been, Sir, and always ſhall be, againſt a ſtanding army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing, whether under that of parliamentary, or any other deſignation. A ſtanding army is ſtill a ſtanding army, whatever name it be called by: they are a body of men, diſtinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and blind obedience to the orders of their commanding officer, is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enſlaved, and have been enſlaved, by thoſe very means; by means of their ſtanding armies, they have, every one, loſt their liberties. It is, indeed, impoſſible, the liberties of the people can be preſerved, in any country where a numerous

numerous ſtanding army is kept up. Shall we, then, take any of our meaſures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes, we ought to learn to avoid thoſe rocks, upon which they have ſplit.

IT ſignifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by ſuch gentlemen, as cannot be ſuppoſed to join in any meaſures for enſlaving their country. It may be ſo; I hope it is ſo. I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army: I believe they would not join in any ſuch meaſures. But their lives are uncertain; nor can we be ſure how long they may be continued in command. They may be all diſmiſſed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Beſides, Sir, we know the paſſions of men; we know how dangerous it is, to truſt the beſt of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army, than that under Julius Cæſar? Where was there ever an army, that had ſerved their country more faithfully? That army was commanded by the beſt citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet that army enſlaved their country. The affections of the ſoldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under-officers, are not to be depended on. By the military law, the adminiſtration of juſtice is ſo quick, and the puniſhments ſo ſevere, that neither officer nor ſoldier dares offer to diſpute the orders of his ſupreme commander; he muſt not conſult his own inclinations. If an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this houſe he muſt do it; he dares not diſobey; immediate death would be the ſure conſequence of the leaſt grumbling. And if an officer were ſent into the court of requeſts, accompanied by a body of muſketeers with ſcrewed bayonets

bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote—I know what would be the duty of this houſe; I know it would be our duty, to order the officer to be taken, and hanged up at the door of the lobby: but, Sir, I doubt much if ſuch a ſpirit could be found in this houſe, or in any houſe of commons that will ever be in England.

SIR, I talk not of imaginary things: I talk of what has happened to an Engliſh houſe of commons, and from an Engliſh army; not only from an Engliſh army, but an army that was raiſed by that very houſe of commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore, do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raiſed and maintained by authority of parliament, will always be ſubmiſſive to them. If an army be ſo numerous as to have it in their power to over-awe the parliament, they will be ſubmiſſive as long as the parliament does nothing to diſoblige their favourite general; but when that caſe happens, I am afraid, that in place of the parliament's diſmiſſing the army, the army will diſmiſs the parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality, or illegality, of that parliament, or of that army, alter the caſe: for, with reſpect to that army, and, according to their way of thinking, the parliament diſmiſſed by them was a legal parliament; they were an army raiſed and maintained according to law; and, at firſt, they were raiſed, as they imagined, for the preſervation of thoſe liberties, which they afterwards deſtroyed.

IT has been urged, Sir, that, whoever is for the proteſtant ſucceſſion, muſt be for continuing the army:

army: for that very reaſon, Sir, I am againſt continuing the army. I know, that neither the proteſtant ſucceſſion in his Majeſty's moſt illuſtrious houſe, nor any ſucceſſion, can ever be ſafe, as long as there is a ſtanding army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary ſucceſſions. The firſt two Cæſars at Rome, did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable ſubjection, becauſe the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their ſucceſſors? Was not every one of them named by the army, without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A cobler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raiſe himſelf in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperor of the world. Was not every ſucceeding emperor raiſed to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the duſt, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the ſoldiers?

We are told, this army is deſired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How abſurd is this diſtinction! Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years? Does the moſt abſolute monarch tell his army that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And, if it thus continue, wherein will it differ from the ſtanding armies of thoſe countries which have already ſubmitted their necks to the yoke? We are now come to the Rubicon: our army is now to be reduced, or it never will. From his Majeſty's own mouth, we are aſſured of a profound tranquillity abroad; we know there is one at home. If this is not a proper time, if theſe circumſtances do not afford us a ſafe opportunity, for reducing at leaſt a part of our regular forces,

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we never can expect to see any reduction: and this nation already over-burdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army; and remain, for ever, exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon, by any future king or ministry, who shall take it in their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

XIII.

SOCRATES AND GLAUCO.

THE young people of Athens, dazzled with the glory of Themistocles, Cimon, and Pericles; and full of wild ambition, after having received, for some time, the lessons of the Sophists, who promised to make them great politicians; conceived themselves capable of every thing, and aspired at the highest employments. One of these, named Glauco, had taken it so strongly into his head, to enter upon the administration of public affairs, that none of his friends were able to divert him, from a design so little consistent with his age and capacity. Socrates, meeting him one day, very genteelly engaged him in a conversation upon the subject.

"YOU are desirous, then, of a share in the government of the republic," said Socrates. "True," replied Glauco. "You cannot have a more honourable design, answered Socrates; for, if you succeed, you will have it in your power, to serve your friends effectually, to aggrandise your family, and to extend the

the confines of your country. You will make yourſelf known, not only to Athens, but throughout all Greece; and, perhaps, your renown, like that of Themiſtocles, may ſpread abroad among the barbarous nations."—So ſmooth and inſinuating a prelude, was extremely pleaſing to the young man. He ſtaid willingly, and the converſation continued. "Since you deſire to be eſteemed and honoured, no doubt your view is to be uſeful to the public?" "Certainly." "Tell me, then, I beſeech you, in the name of the gods, what is the firſt ſervice you propoſe to render the ſtate?" As Glauco ſeemed at a loſs, and meditated upon what he ſhould anſwer, "I preſume," continued Socrates, "it is to enrich it, that is to ſay, to augment its revenues." "My very thought." "You are well verſed, then, undoubtedly, in the revenues of the ſtate, and know perfectly to what they amount; you have not failed to make them your particular ſtudy, in order, that, if a fund ſhould happen to fail, by any unforeſeen accident, you might be able to ſupply the deficiency by another." "I proteſt," replied Glauco, "that never entered into my thoughts." "At leaſt, you will tell me, to what the expences of the republic amount; for you muſt know the importance of retrenching ſuch as are ſuperfluous." "I own," ſays Glauco, "I am as little informed in this point, as the other." "You muſt, therefore, refer your deſign of enriching the ſtate to another time; for it is impoſſible you ſhould do it, whilſt you are unacquainted with its revenues and expences." "But," ſaid Glauco, "there is ſtill another way, which you have not mentioned: a ſtate may be enriched upon the ruin of its enemies." "You are in the right," replied Socrates; "but that depends upon its being the ſtrongeſt; otherwiſe it incurs the danger of loſing what

what it has. For which reason, he who talks of engaging in a war, ought to know the forces on both sides; that, if he finds his own party strongest, he may boldly advise the war; and if weakest, dissuade the people from undertaking it. Now, do you know the strength of our republic, and that of our enemies, by sea and land? Have you a state of them in writing? Be so kind as to let me see it." "I have it not at present," said Glauco. "I see, then," said Socrates, "that we shall not presently enter into a war, if you are charged with the government; for you have abundance of enquiries to make, and much pains to go through, before you will resolve upon it."

HE ran over several other articles, no less important, with which Glauco was equally unacquainted; till he brought him to confess, how ridiculous those people are, who have the rashness to intrude into government, without any other preparation for the service of the public, that an high esteem for themselves, and an immoderate ambition of rising to the first places and dignities. "Have a care, dear Glauco," said Socrates, "lest a too warm desire of honours, should deceive you into pursuits, that may cover you with shame, by setting your incapacity and slender abilities in full light." Glauco improved from the wise admonitions of Socrates; and took time to inform himself in private, before he ventured to appear in public.—This is a lesson for all ages, and may be very useful to persons in all stations and conditions in life.

XIV.

XIV.

PROVIDENCE VINDICATED.

BOZALDAB, caliph of Egypt, had dwelt ſecurely, for many years, in the ſilken pavilions of pleaſure; and had, every morning, anointed his head with the oil of gladneſs; when his only ſon, Aboram, for whom he had crouded his treaſures with gold, extended his dominions with conqueſts, and ſecured them with impregnable fortreſſes, was ſuddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow, from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

BOZALDAB, in the diſtraction of grief and deſpair, refuſed to return to his palace; and retired to the gloomieſt grotto in the neighbouring mountain. He, there, rolled himſelf in the duſt, tore away the hairs of his hoary head, and daſhed the cup of conſolation, that patience offered him, to the ground. He ſuffered not his minſtrels to approach his preſence; but liſtened to the ſcreams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the ſolitary vaults, and echoing chambers of the pyramids. "Can that God be benevolent," he cried, "who thus wounds the ſoul as from an ambuſh, with unexpected ſorrows; and cruſhes his creatures in a moment, with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans! prate to us no more of the juſtice and the kindneſs of an all-directing, and all-loving Providence. He, who ye pretend reigns in heaven, is ſo far from protecting the miſerable ſons of men, that he perpetually delights blaſt the ſweeteſt flowret in the garden of hope; and like a malignant giant, to beat down the ſtrong tow

towers of happineſs, with the iron mace of his anger. If this being poſſeſſed the goodneſs and the power, with which flattering prieſts have inveſted him, he would, doubtleſs, be inclined, and able, to baniſh thoſe evils, which render the world a dungeon of diſtreſs, a vale of vanity and woe.—I will continue in it no longer."

AT that moment he furiouſly raiſed his hand, which deſpair had armed with a dagger, to ſtrike deep into his boſom——when, ſuddenly, thick flaſhes of lightning ſhot through the cavern, and a being, of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arreſted the arm of the trembling and aſtoniſhed caliph, and ſaid, with a majeſtic ſmile, "Follow me to the top of this mountain."

"LOOK from hence, ſaid the awful conductor; "I am Caloc, the angel of peace; look from hence, "into the valley."

BOZALDAB looked, and beheld a barren, a ſultry, and ſolitary iſland; in the midſt of which, ſat a pale, meagre, and ghaſtly figure: it was a merchant, juſt periſhing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries, nor a ſingle ſpring, in this forlorn uninhabited deſert; and begging the protection of heaven againſt the tigers, that would now certainly deſtroy him, ſince he had conſumed the laſt el he had collected, to make nightly fires to affright em. He, then, caſt a caſket of jewels on the ſand, trifles of no uſe; and crept, feeble and trembling, an eminence, where he was accuſtomed to ſit ery evening, to watch the ſetting ſun, and to give ignal to any ſhip that might haply approach the nd.

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"INHABITANT of heaven!" cried Bozaldab, "suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild "beasts." "Peace," said the angel, "and observe."

HE looked again; and, behold! a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket. No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew; and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition, in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored, in vain.

"WILL heaven permit such injustice to be practised?" exclaimed Bozaldab.—"Look again," said the angel, "and behold the very ship, in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the universe, in his disposal of events. The man, whom thou hast pitied, shall be taken from this dreary solitude; but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice; by which he became, not only abominable, but wretched: he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish, and obviate every fear. This wealth, he has now been taught, not only to despise but to abhor. He cast his jewels upon the sa and confessed them to be useless: he offered par them to the mariners, and perceived them to be p nicious. He has now learned, that they are rende useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation

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temper of the poſſeſſor. Happy is he, whom diſtreſs has taught wiſdom!—But turn thine eyes to another, and more intereſting ſcene."

THE caliph inſtantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the ſtatues of his anceſtors, wrought in jaſper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, diſcovered a throne of diamonds, ſurrounded with the rajas of fifty nations, and with ambaſſadors in various habits, and of different complexions; on which ſat Aboram, the much lamented ſon of Bozaldab, and, by his ſide, a princeſs, fairer than a Houri.

GRACIOUS Alla! it is my ſon," cried the caliph. "O let me hold him to my heart!" "Thou canſt not graſp an unſubſtantial viſion," replied the angel: "I am now ſhewing thee, what would have been the deſtiny of thy ſon, had he continued longer on the earth." "And why," returned Bozaldab, "was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not ſuffered to be a witneſs of ſo much felicity and power?" "Conſider the ſequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earneſtly, and ſaw the countenance of his ſon (on which he had been uſed to behold the placid ſmile of ſimplicity, and the vivid bluſhes of health) now diſtorted with rage; and, now, fixed in the inſenſibility of drunkenneſs: it was, again, animated with diſdain: it became pale, with apprehenſion; and appeared to be withered, by intemperance: his hands were ſtained with blood; and he trembled, by turns, with fury, and terror: the palace, ſo lately ſhining with oriental pomp, changed, ſuddenly, into the cell of a dungeon; where his ſon lay, ſtretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out.

Soon after, he perceived the favourite ſultana, who, before, was ſeated by his ſide, enter with a bowl of poiſon, which ſhe compelled Aboran to drink; and, afterwards, married the ſucceſſor to his throne.

"HAPPY," ſaid Caloc, "is he, whom Providence has, by the angel of death, ſnatched from guilt! from whom that power is with-held, which, if he had poſſeſſed, would have accumulated upon himſelf, yet greater miſery, than it could bring upon others."

"IT is enough," cried Bozaldab; "I adore the inſcrutable ſchemes of Omniſcience!—From what dreadful evil has my ſon been reſcued, by a death, which I raſhly bewailed as unfortunate and premature! a death of innocence and peace, which has bleſſed his memory upon earth, and tranſmitted his ſpirit to the ſkies!"

"CAST away the dagger," replied the heavenly meſſenger, "which thou waſt preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint, for ſilence; and doubt, for adoration. Can a mortal look down, without giddineſs and ſtupefaction, into the vaſt abyſs of eternal wiſdom? Can a mind, that ſees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing, among an infinity of objects, mutually relative? Can the channels, which thou commandeſt to be cut, to receive the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of the ocean? Remember, that perfect happineſs cannot be conferred on a creature; for, perfect happineſs is an attribute, as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity."

THE angel, while he was ſpeaking thus, ſtretched out his pinions, to fly back to the Empyreum; and the flutter of his wings, was like the ruſhing of a cataract.

XIV.

ADDRESS TO ART.

O ART! thou diſtinguiſhing attribute and honour of human kind! who art not only able to imitate nature in her graces, but even to adorn her with graces of thine own! Poſſeſſed of thee, the meaneſt genius grows deſerving, and has a juſt demand for a portion of our eſteem: devoid of thee, the brighteſt of our kind, lie loſt and uſeleſs, and are but poorly diſtinguiſhed from the moſt deſpicable and baſe. When we inhabited foreſts in common with brutes, nor otherwiſe known from them, than by the figure of our ſpecies, thou taughteſt us to aſſert the ſovereignty of our nature, and to aſſume that empire, for which providence intended us. Thouſands of utilities owe their birth to thee; thouſands of elegancies, pleaſures and joys, without which, life itſelf, would be but an inſipid poſſeſſion.

WIDE and extenſive is the reach of thy dominion. No element is there, either ſo violent or ſo ſubtile, ſo yielding or ſo ſluggiſh, as, by the powers of its nature, to be ſuperior to thy direction. Thou dreadeſt not the fierce impetuoſity of fire, but compelleſt its violence to be both obedient and uſeful. By it, thou ſofteneſt the ſtubborn tribe of minerals, ſo as to be formed and moulded into ſhapes innumerable. Hence weapons, armour, coin: and, previous to theſe and all other thy works and energies, hence all thoſe various tools and inſtruments, which impower thee to proceed to farther ends more excellent. Nor is the ſubtile air leſs obedient to thy power; whether

thou willeſt it to be a miniſter, to our pleaſure, or utility. At thy command, it giveth birth to ſounds, which charm the ſoul with all the powers of harmony. Under thy inſtruction, it moves the ſhip over ſeas; while that yielding element, where, otherwiſe, we ſink; even water itſelf, is, by thee, taught to bear us; the vaſt ocean, to promote that intercourſe of nations, which ignorance would imagine it was deſtined to intercept. To ſay how thy influence is ſeen on earth, would be to teach the meaneſt what he knows already. Suffice it but to mention, fields of arable and paſture; lawns, and groves, and gardens, and plantations; cottages, villages, caſtles, towns; palaces, temples, and ſpacious cities.

NOR does thy empire end in ſubjects thus inanimate. Its power alſo extends through the various race of animals; who, either patiently ſubmit to become thy ſlaves, or are ſure to find thee an irreſiſtible foe. The faithful dog, the patient ox, the generous horſe, and the mighty elephant, are content, all, to receive their inſtructions from thee, and readily to lend their natural inſtincts or ſtrength, to perform thoſe offices, which thy occaſions call for. If there be found any ſpecies, which are ſerviceable when dead, thou ſuggeſteſt the means to inveſtigate and take them: if any be ſo ſavage as to refuſe being tamed, or of natures fierce enough to venture an attack, thou teacheſt us to ſcorn their brutal rage, to meet, repel, purſue, and conquer.

SUCH, O art! is thy amazing influence, wh thou art employed only on theſe inferior ſubjects, o natures inanimate, or, at beſt, irrational. But whe ever thou chooſeſt a ſubject more noble, and ſetteſt the cultivating of Mind itſelf, then 'tis thou becom truly amiable and divine, the ever-flowing ſource th

thoſe ſublimer beauties, of which, no ſubject, but mind alone, is capable. Then 'tis thou art enabled to exhibit to mankind, the admired tribe of poets and orators; the ſacred train of patriots and heroes; the godlike liſt of philoſophers and legiſlators; the forms of virtuous and equal polities, where private welfare is made the ſame with public, where crowds themſelves prove diſintereſted, and virtue is made a national and popular characteriſtic.

HAIL! ſacred ſource of all theſe wonders! Thyſelf inſtruct me, to praiſe thee worthily; thro' whom, whatever we do, is done with elegance and beauty; without whom, what we do, is ever graceleſs and deformed.—Venerable power! by what name ſhall I addreſs thee? Shall I call thee ornament of mind, or art thou more truly MIND itſelf! 'Tis MIND thou art, moſt perfect MIND: not rude, untaught; but fair, and poliſhed: in ſuch thou dwelleſt; of ſuch thou art the form; nor is it a thing more poſſible, to ſeparate thee from ſuch, than it would be, to ſeparate thee from thy own exiſtence.

XVI.

SIR JOHN ST. AUBIN'S SPEECH FOR REPEALING THE SEPTENNIAL ACT.

MR. SPEAKER,

THE ſubject of this debate, is of ſuch importance, that I ſhould be aſhamed to return to my electors, without endeavouring, in the beſt manner I am able, to declare, publicly, the reaſons, which induced me to give my moſt ready aſſent to this queſtion.

THE people have an unqueſtionable right to frequent new parliaments, by ancient uſage; and this uſage has been confirmed by ſeveral laws, which have been progreſſively made by our anceſtors, as often as they found it neceſſary to inſiſt on this eſſential privilege.

PARLIAMENTS were, generally, annual; but never continued longer than three years, till the remarkable reign of Henry VIII. He, Sir, was a prince of unruly appetites, and of an arbitrary will: he was impatient of every reſtraint: the laws of God and man fell equally a ſacrifice, as they ſtood in the way of his avarice, or diſappointed his ambition. He, therefore, introduced long parliaments, becauſe he very well knew, they would become the proper inſtruments of both; and what a ſlaviſh obedience they paid to all his meaſures, is ſufficiently known.

IF we come to the reign of Charles the Firſt, we muſt acknowledge him to be a prince of a contrary temper: he had, certainly, an innate love for religion and virtue. But here lay the misfortune — he was led from his natural diſpoſition, by ſycophants and flatterers: they adviſed him, to neglect the calling of frequent new parliaments; and, therefore, by not taking the conſtant ſenſe of his people in what he did, he was worked up into ſo high a notion of prerogative, that the commons, in order to reſtrain it, obtained that independent fatal power, which, at laſt, unhappily brought him to his moſt tragical end, and, at the ſame time, ſubverted the whole conſtitution. And, I hope, we ſhall learn this leſſon from it, never to compliment the crown with any new or extravagant powers, nor to deny the people thoſe rights, which, by ancient uſage, they are entitled to; but to preſerve the juſt and equal balance, from which

which they will both derive mutual ſecurity, and which, if duly obſerved, will render our conſtitution the envy and admiration of all the world.

CHARLES the Second, naturally took a ſurfeit of parliaments in his father's time; and was, therefore, extremely deſirous to lay them aſide. But this was a ſcheme impracticable. However, in effect, he did ſo; for he obtained a parliament, which, by its long duration, like an army of veterans, became ſo exactly diſciplined to his own meaſures, that they knew no other command, but from that perſon who gave them their pay.

THIS was a ſafe, and moſt ingenious way, of enſlaving a nation. It was very well known, that arbitrary power, if open and avowed, could never prevail here. The people were, therefore, amuſed with the ſpecious form of their ancient conſtitution. It exiſted, indeed, in their fancy; but like a mere phantom, had no ſubſtance nor reality in it: for, the power, the authority, the dignity of parliaments, were wholly loſt. This was that remarkable parliament, which ſo juſtly obtained the opprobrious name of the *Penſion Parliament*; and was the model, from which, I believe, ſome later parliaments have been exactly copied.

AT the time of the Revolution, the people made a freſh claim of their ancient privileges; and, as they had ſo lately experienced the misfortune of long and ſervile parliaments, it was then declared, that they ſhould be held frequently. But, it ſeems, their full meaning was not underſtood by this declaration; and, therefore, as, in every new ſettlement, the intention of all parties ſhould be ſpecifically manifeſted, the parliament never ceaſed ſtruggling with the crown, till the triennial law was obtained. The preamble of

it is extremely full and ſtrong: and, in the body of the bill, you will find the word *declared*, before *enacted*; by which I apprehend, that, though this law did not immediately take place at the time of the Revolution, it was certainly intended as declaratory of their firſt meaning; and, therefore, ſtands a part of that original contract, under which the conſtitution was then ſettled. His Majeſty's title to the crown, is, primarily, derived from that contract: and if, upon a review, there ſhall appear to be any deviations from it, we ought to treat them as ſo many injuries done to that title. And I dare ſay, that this houſe, which has gone through ſo long a ſeries of ſervices to his Majeſty, will, at laſt, be willing to revert to thoſe original ſtated meaſures of government, to renew and ſtrengthen that title.

BUT, Sir, I think the manner in which the ſeptennial law was firſt introduced, is a very ſtrong reaſon why it ſhould be repealed. People, in their fears, have very often recourſe to deſperate expedients, which, if not cancelled in ſeaſon, will themſelves prove fatal to that conſtitution, which they were meant to ſecure. Such is the nature of the ſeptennial law. It was intended only as a preſervative againſt a temporary inconvenience. The inconvenience is removed; but the miſchievous effects ſtill continue: for, it not only altered the conſtitution of parliaments, but it extended that ſame parliament beyond its natural duration; and, therefore, carries this moſt unjuſt implication with it, That you may, at any time, uſurp the moſt indubitable, the moſt eſſential privilege, of the people—I mean, that of chuſing their own r preſentatives: a precedent of ſuch a dangerous con quence, of ſo fatal a tendency, that I think it wou be a reproach to our ſtatute-book, if that law were longer to ſubſiſt, which might record it to poſteri

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THIS is a ſeaſon of virtue and public ſpirit. Let us take the advantage of it, to repeal thoſe laws which infringe our liberties, and introduce ſuch as may reſtore the vigour of our ancient conſtitution.

HUMAN nature is ſo very corrupt, that all obligations loſe their force, unleſs they are frequently renewed. Long parliaments become, therefore, independent of the people; and, when they do ſo, there always happens a moſt dangerous dependence elſewhere.

LONG parliaments give the miniſter an opportunity, of getting acquainted with members, and of practiſing his ſeveral arts, to win them into his ſchemes. This muſt be the work of time. Corruption is of ſo baſe a nature, that, at firſt ſight, it is extremely ſhocking. Hardly any one has ſubmitted to it, all at once. His diſpoſition muſt be, previouſly, underſtood; the particular bait muſt be found out, with which he is to be allured; and, after all, it is not without many ſtruggles, that he ſurrenders his virtue. Indeed, there are ſome, who will, at once, plunge themſelves into any baſe action; but the generality of mankind, are of a more cautious nature, and will proceed, only by leiſurely degrees. One or two, perhaps, may deſert their colours, the firſt campaign; ſome, the ſecond: but a great many, who have not that eager diſpoſition to vice, will wait till a third.

FOR this reaſon, ſhort parliaments have been leſs corrupt than long ones. They are obſerved, like ſtreams of water, always to grow more impure, the greater diſtance they run from the fountain-head.

I am aware, it may be ſaid, that frequent new parliaments, will produce frequent new expences: but I think quite the contrary. I am really of opinion,

they will be a proper remedy againſt the evil of bribery at elections; eſpecially, as you have provided ſo wholeſome a law, to co-operate upon theſe occaſions.

BRIBERY at elections, whence did it ariſe? Not from country gentlemen; for they are ſure of being choſen without it. It was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt miniſters; who have, from time to time, led weak princes into ſuch deſtructive meaſures, that they did not dare to rely upon the natural repreſentation of the people. Long parliaments, Sir, firſt introduced bribery, becauſe they were worth purchaſing at any rate. Country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to ſerve, are unable to oppoſe it; eſpecially, if, at any time, the public treaſure ſhall be unfaithfully ſquandered away, to corrupt their boroughs. Country gentlemen, indeed, may make ſome weak efforts; but, as they generally prove unſucceſsful, and the time of a freſh ſtruggle is at ſo great a diſtance, they, at laſt, grow faint in the diſpute, give up their country for loſt, and retire in deſpair. Deſpair naturally produces indolence; and that is the proper diſpoſition for ſlavery. Miniſters of ſtate underſtand this very well; and are, therefore, unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy, by frequent elections. They know that the ſpirit of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive, only by conſtant action; and that it is impoſſible to enſlave this nation, while it is perpetually upon its guard.

LET country gentlemen, then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themſelves, be kept warm and active in their contention for the public good. This will raiſe that zeal and ſpirit, which will, at laſt,

laſt, get the better of thoſe undue influences, by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the ſeveral boroughs, have been able to ſupplant country gentlemen of great characters and fortune, who live in their neighbourhood. I do not ſay this upon idle ſpeculation only. I live in a country where it is too well known; and, I appeal to many gentlemen in the houſe, to more out of it (and who are ſo for this very reaſon) for the truth of my aſſertion. Sir, it is a ſore, which has been long eating into the moſt vital part of our conſtitution; and, I hope, the time will come, when you will probe it to the bottom. For, if a miniſter ſhould ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs; if he ſhould keep a regiſter of them in his cloſet; and, by ſending down his treaſury-mandates, ſhould procure a ſpurious repreſentative of the people, the offspring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and juſtify the moſt contradictory meaſures of his adminiſtration, and even to vote every crude indigeſted dream of their patron into a law; if the maintenance of his power ſhould become the ſole object of their attention; and they ſhould be guilty of the moſt violent breach of parliamentary truſt, by giving the king a diſcretionary liberty of taxing the people, without limitation or controul, the laſt fatal compliment they can pay to the crown:—if this ſhould ever be the unhappy condition of this nation, the people, indeed, may complain; but the doors of that place, where their complaints ſhould be heard, will for ever be ſhut againſt them.

OUR diſeaſe, I fear, is of a complicated nature; and, I think, that this motion is wiſely intended to remove the firſt and principal diſorder. Give the people their antient right of frequent new elections. That will reſtore the decayed authority of parliaments;

ments; and will put our conſtitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

SIR, upon the whole, I am of opinion, that I cannot expreſs a greater zeal for his Majeſty, for the liberties of the people, or for the honour and dignity of this houſe, than by ſeconding the motion, which the honourable gentleman has made you.

XVII.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S REPLY.

MR. SPEAKER,

THOUGH the queſtion has been already ſo fully oppoſed, that there is no great occaſion to ſay any thing farther againſt it, yet, I hope, the houſe will indulge me with the liberty, of giving ſome of thoſe reaſons, which induce *me* to be againſt the motion.

IN general, I muſt obſerve, that the nature of our conſtitution ſeems to be very much miſtaken by the gentlemen who have ſpoken in favour of this motion. It is certain, that ours is a mixt government: and the perfection of our conſtitution conſiſts in this, That the monarchical, ariſtocratical, and democratical, forms of government, are mixt and interwoven in ours, ſo as to give us all the advantages of each, without ſubjecting us to the dangers and inconveniences of either.

THE democratical form of government, which is the only one I have now occaſion to take notice of, is liable to theſe inconveniences: That the people are, generally,

generally, too tedious, in coming to any resolution; and seldom brisk and expeditious enough, in carrying their resolutions into execution: that they are always wavering, in their resolutions; and never steady, in any of the measures they resolve to pursue: and, that they are often involved in factions, seditions, and insurrections, which exposes them to be made the tools, if not the prey, of their neighbours. Therefore, in all the regulations we make, with respect to our constitution, we are to guard against running too much into that form of government, which is properly called democratical. This was, in my opinion, the effect of the triennial law; and will again be the effect, if ever it should be restored.

THAT triennial elections would make our government too tedious in all their resolves, is evident: because, in such case, no prudent administration would ever resolve upon any measure of consequence, till they had felt, not only the pulse of the parliament, but the pulse of the people: and the ministers of state would always labour under this disadvantage—that, as secrets of state must not be immediately divulged, their enemies (and enemies they will always have) would have a handle for exposing their measures, and rendering them disagreeable to the people; and, thereby, carrying, perhaps, a new election against them, before they could have an opportunity of justifying their measures, by divulging those facts and circumstances, from which the justice and the wisdom of their measures would clearly appear.

THEN, Sir, it is, by experience, well known, that those who are called the populace in every country, are apt to be too much elated with success, and too much dejected with every misfortune. This makes them

them wavering in their opinion about affairs of ſtate, and never long of the ſame mind. And, as this houſe is choſen by the free and unbiaſſed voice of the people in general, if this choice were ſo often renewed, we might expect, that this houſe would be as wavering, and as unſteady, as the people uſually are: and, it being impoſſible to carry on the public affairs of the nation, without the concurrence of this houſe, the miniſters would always be obliged to comply; and, conſequently, would be obliged to change their meaſures, as often as the people changed their minds.

WITH ſeptennial parliaments, Sir, we are not expoſed to either of theſe misfortunes: becauſe, if the miniſters, after having felt the pulſe of the parliament, which they can always ſoon do, reſolve upon any meaſures, they have generally time enough, before the new elections come on, to give the people proper information, in order to ſhew them the juſtice and the wiſdom of the meaſures they have purſued; and, if the people ſhould at any time be too much elated, or too much dejected, or ſhould without a cauſe, change their minds, thoſe at the helm of affairs have time to ſet them right, before a new election comes on.

As to faction and ſedition, Sir, I will grant, that, in monarchical and ariſtocratical governments, it generally ariſes from violence and oppreſſion; but, in democratical governments, it always ariſes from the people's having too great a ſhare in the government. For, in all countries, and in all governments, there always will be many factions and unquiet ſpirits, who can never be at reſt, either in power, or out of power: when in power, they are never eaſy, unleſs every man ſubmits entirely to their

their direction; and, when out of power, they are always working and intriguing againſt thoſe that are in, without regard to juſtice, or to the intereſt of their country. In popular governments, ſuch men have too much game; they have too many opportunities for working upon, and corrupting, the minds of the people, in order to give them a bad impreſſion of, and to raiſe diſcontents againſt, thoſe that have the management of the public affairs for the time; and theſe diſcontents often break out out into ſeditions and inſurrections. This, Sir, would, in my opinion, be our misfortune, if our parliaments were either annual or triennial. By ſuch frequent elections, there would be ſo much power thrown into the hands of the people, as would deſtroy that equal mixture, which is the beauty of our conſtitution. In ſhort, our government would really become a democratical government; and might thence, very probably, diverge into a tyrannical. In order, therefore, to preſerve our conſtitution, in order to prevent our falling under tyranny and arbitrary power, we ought to preſerve that law, which I really think has brought our form of government to a more equal mixture, and, conſequently, to a greater perfection, than it was ever in, before that law took place.

WITH reſpect to bribery and corruption, Sir; if it were poſſible to influence, by ſuch baſe means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain, to chooſe ſuch men as would probably give up their liberties; if it were poſſible to influence, by ſuch means, a majority of the members of this houſe, to conſent to the eſtabliſhment of arbitrary power, I would readily allow, that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other ſide were juſt, and their inference true: but I am perſuaded that neither of

theſe

theſe is poſſible. As the members of this houſe are, and muſt always be, gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country, is it poſſible to ſuppoſe, that any of them could, by a penſion or a poſt, be influenced to conſent to the overthrow of our conſtitution, by which the enjoyment, not only of what he got, but of what he before had, would be rendered altogether precarious? I will allow, Sir, that, with reſpect to bribery, the price muſt be higher or lower, generally in proportion to the virtue of the man who is to be bribed; but it muſt, likewiſe, be granted, that the humour he happens to be in at the time, the ſpirit he happens to be endowed with, adds a great deal to his virtue. When no encroachments are made upon the rights of the people; when the people do not think themſelves in any danger; there may be many of the electors, who, by a bribe of ten guineas, might be induced to vote for one candidate, rather than another. But, if the court were making any encroachments upon the rights of the people, a proper ſpirit would, without doubt, ariſe in the nation: and, in ſuch a caſe, I am perſuaded, that one, or very few, even of ſuch electors, could be induced to vote for a court-candidate; no, not for ten times the ſum.

THERE may, Sir, be ſome bribery and corruption in the nation; I am afraid there will always be ſome. But it is no proof of it, that ſtrangers are ſometimes choſen. For, a gentleman may have ſo much natural influence over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to chooſe, any perſon he pleaſes to recommend: and if, upon ſuch recommendation, they chooſe one or two of his friends, who are perhaps ſtrangers to them, it is not from thence to be inferred, that

the

the two ſtrangers were choſen their repreſentatives, by the means of bribery and corruption.

To inſinuate, Sir, that money may be iſſued from the public treaſury, for bribing elections, is really ſomething very extraordinary; eſpecially in thoſe gentlemen, who know how many checks are upon every ſhilling that can be iſſued from thence; and how regularly the money granted in one year, for the public ſervice of the nation, muſt always be accounted for, the very next ſeſſion, in this houſe, and likewiſe in the other, if they have a mind to call for any ſuch account. And, as to the gentlemen in offices, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having ſomething elſe to depend on, beſides their own private fortunes, they have likewiſe many diſadvantages. They are obliged to live here, at London, with their families; by which they are put to a much greater expence, than gentlemen of equal fortunes, who live in the country. This lays them under a very great diſadvantage, with reſpect to the ſupporting their intereſt in the country. The country gentleman, by living among the electors, and purchaſing the neceſſaries for his family from them, keeps up an acquaintance and correſpondence with them, without putting himſelf to any extraordinary charge: whereas, a gentleman who lives in London, has no other way of keeping up an acquaintance, or correſpondence, among his friends in the country, but by going down, once or twice a-year, at a very extraordinary charge, and often without any other buſineſs. So that we may conclude, a gentleman in office, cannot, even in ſeven years, ſave much for diſtributing in ready money, at the time of an election: and, I really believe, if the fact were narrowly enquired into, it would appear that the gentlemen

gentlemen in office, are as little guilty of bribing their electors with ready money, as any other ſet of gentlemen in the kingdom.

THAT there are ferments often raiſing among the people without any juſt cauſe, is what I am ſurpriſed to hear controverted, ſince very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do not we know what a ferment was raiſed in the nation, towards the latter end of the late Queen's reign? And it is well known, what a fatal change in the affairs of this nation, was introduced, or at leaſt confirmed, by an election's coming on, while the nation was in that ferment. Do not we know, what a ferment was raiſed in the nation, ſoon after his late Majeſty's acceſſion? And, if an election had then been allowed to come on, while the nation was in that ferment, it might, perhaps, have had as fatal effects as the former: but, thank God, this was wiſely provided againſt, by the very law, which is now wanted to be repealed.

As ſuch ferments may hereafter often happen, I muſt think, that frequent elections will always be dangerous: for which reaſon, as far as I can ſee at preſent, I ſhall, I believe, at all times, think it a very dangerous experiment, to repeal the ſeptennial bill.

XVIII.

RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.

FOR the *fable*. Take out of any old poem, hiſtory-book, romance, or legend (for inſtance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece) thoſe

thoſe parts of the ſtory, which afford moſt ſcope for long deſcriptions. Put theſe pieces together, and throw all the adventures into one tale. Then take a hero, whom you may chooſe for the ſound of his name, and put him into the midſt of theſe adventures. There let him work for twelve books: at the end of which, you may take him out, ready to conquer, or to marry; it being neceſſary, that the concluſion of an epic poem be fortunate.

FOR the *machines*. Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can uſe. Separate them into two equal parts; and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him into a ferment; and Venus mollify him. Remember, on all occaſions, to make uſe of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them from Milton; and extract your ſpirits from Taſſo. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourſelf by your wits, ſeek relief from Heaven, and the gods will help you out of the ſcrape immediately. This is according to the direct preſcription of Horace, in his Art of Poetry:—"A poet has no occaſion to be at a loſs, when the gods are always ready at a call."

FOR the *deſcriptions*; as a tempeſt, for inſtance. Take Eurus, Zephyrus, Auſter, and Boreas; and caſt them together in one verſe. Add to theſe, of rain, lightning and thunder (the loudeſt you can get) *quantum ſufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows, till they foam; and thicken your deſcription, here and there, with a quick-ſand. Brew your tempeſt well in your head, before you ſet it a-blowing.

FOR a *battle*. Pick half a dozen large handfuls of images of your lions, bears and other quarrelſome animals, from Homer's Iliad; with a ſpice or two from

from Virgil. If there remain an overplus, lay them by for a ſkirmiſh, in an odd epiſode or ſo. Seaſon it well with ſimiles, and it will make an excellent battle.

FOR a *burning town*, if you chooſe to have one, old Troy is ready burnt to your hands.

XIX.

FIRMNESS OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER SEVERUS.

WHILST the emperor lay at Antioch, in his Perſian expedition, the Puniſhment of ſome ſoldiers, excited a ſedition in the legion to which they belonged. Alexander aſcended his tribunal, and, with a modeſt firmneſs, repreſented to the armed multitude, the abſolute neceſſity, as well as his inflexible reſolution, of correcting the vices introduced by his impure predeceſſor; and of maintaining the diſcipline, which could not be relaxed, without the ruin of the Roman name and empire. Their clamours interrupted his mild expoſtulation. "Reſerve your ſhouts," ſaid the undaunted emperor, "till you take the field, againſt the Perſians, "the Germans, and the Sarmatians. Be ſilent, in "the preſence of your ſovereign and benefactor, "who beſtows upon you the corn, the cloth-"ing, and the money of the provinces. Be ſilent, or "I ſhall no longer ſtyle you ſoldiers, but *citizens*; "if thoſe, indeed, who diſclaim the laws of Rome, "deſerve to be ranked among the meaneſt of the "people." His menaces inflamed the fury of the legion,

legion, and their brandiſhed arms already threatened his perſon. "Your courage," reſumed the intrepid "Alexander, would be more nobly diſplayed in a "field of battle: me you may deſtroy; you can-"not intimidate: and the ſevere juſtice of the repub-"lic, would puniſh your crime, and revenge my "death." The legion ſtill perſiſting in clamorous ſedition; the emperor pronounced, with a loud voice, the deciſive ſentence, "*Citizens!* lay down "your arms, and depart, in peace, to your reſpec-"tive habitations." The tempeſt was inſtantly appeaſed: the ſoldiers, filled with grief and ſhame, ſilently confeſſed the juſtice of their puniſhment, and the power of diſcipline; yielded up their arms and military enſigns; and retired in confuſion, not to their camp, but to the ſeveral inns of the city. Alexander enjoyed, during thirty days, the edifying ſpectacle of their repentance; nor did he reſtore them to their former rank in the army, till he had puniſhed thoſe tribunes, whoſe connivance had occaſioned the mutiny.

XX.

REFLECTIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHEN I am in a ſerious humour, I very often walk by myſelf in Weſtminſter-Abbey; where the gloomyneſs of the place, and theuſe towhich it is applied, with the ſolemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulneſs, that is not diſagreeable. I yeſterday paſſ-

a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloiſters, and the church, amuſing myſelf with the tomb-ſtones and inſcriptions, which I met with, in thoſe ſeveral regions of the dead. Moſt of them, recorded nothing elſe of the buried perſon, but, that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole hiſtory of his life, being comprehended in theſe two circumſtances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon thoſe regiſters of exiſtence, whether of braſs or marble, as a kind of ſatire upon the departed perſons; who had left no other memorial of themſelves, but that they were born, and that they died.

UPON my going into the church, I entertained myſelf with the digging of a grave: and ſaw, in every ſhovelful of it, that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone, or ſcull, intermixt with a kind of freſh mouldering earth, that, ſome time or other, had a place in the compoſition of an human body. Upon this, I began to conſider with myſelf, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confuſed together, under the pavement of that ancient cathedral: how men and women; friends and enemies; prieſts and ſoldiers; monks and prebendaries; were crumbled amongſt one another, and blended together, in the ſame common maſs; how beauty, ſtrength and youth; with old age, weakneſs, and deformity; lay undiſtinguiſhed, in the ſame promiſcuous heap of matter.

After having thus ſurveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in a lump; I examined it more particularly, by the accounts which I found on ſeveral of the monuments, which are raiſed in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with ſuch extravagant epitaphs, that, if

if it were poſſible for the dead perſon to be acquainted with them, he would bluſh at the praiſes, which his friends have beſtowed upon him. There are others ſo exceſſively modeſt, that they deliver the character of the perſon departed, in Greek or Hebrew; and, by that means, are not underſtood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets, who had no monuments; and monuments, which had no poets. I obſerved, indeed that the preſent war had filled the church with many of thoſe uninhabited monuments; which had been erected to the memory of perſons, whoſe bodies were, perhaps, buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the boſom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with ſeveral modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expreſſion, and juſtneſs of thought; and which, therefore, do honour to the living, as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeneſs of a nation, from the turn of their public monuments and inſcriptions, they ſhould be ſubmitted to the peruſal of men of learning and genius, before they are put into execution. Sir Cloudeſly Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence. Inſtead of the brave rough Engliſh Admiral, which was the diſtinguiſhing character of that plain gallant man, he is repreſented on his tomb, by the figure of a beau, dreſſed in a long perriwig, and repoſing himſelf upon velvet cuſhions, under a canopy of ſtate. The inſcription is anſwerable to the monument: for, inſtead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the ſervice of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death; in which it was impoſſible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt

to

to deſpiſe for want of genius, ſhew an infinitely greater taſte in their buildings and works of this nature, than we meet with, in thoſe of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expence, repreſent them like themſelves; and are adorned with roſtral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful feſtoons of ſea-weed, ſhells, and coral.

I know that entertainments of this nature, are apt to raiſe dark and diſmal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations. But for my own part, tho' I am always ſerious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can, therefore, take a view of nature, in her deep and ſolemn ſcenes, with the ſame pleaſure as in her moſt gay and delightful ones. By theſe means, I can improve myſelf with objects, which others conſider with terror.——When I look upon the tombs of the great; every emotion of envy dies in me: when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful; every inordinate deſire goes out: when I meet with the grief of Parents upon a tomb-ſtone; my heart melts with compaſſion: when I ſee the tombs of the parents themſelves; I conſider the vanity of grieving for thoſe, whom we muſt quickly follow. When I ſee kings lying by thoſe who depoſed them: when I conſider rival wits placed ſide by ſide, or the holy men, that divided the world with their conteſts and diſputes; I reflect, with ſorrow and aſtoniſhment, on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the ſeveral dates of the tombs; of ſome, that died yeſterday, and ſome, ſix hundred years ago; I conſider that great day, when we ſhall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

X

XXI.

FAMILY PRIDE RIDICULED.

AN empty man of a great family, is a creature, that is ſcarcely converſable. You read his anceſtry in his ſmile, his air, his eye-brow. He has, indeed, nothing, but his nobility, to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedency, are the important points, which he is always diſcuſſing within himſelf. A gentleman of this turn, began a ſpeech, in one of King Charles's parliaments: "Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time"—upon which, a rough honeſt gentleman took him up ſhort, "I would fain know what that gentleman means: is there any one in this houſe, that has not had the honour to be born as well as he?"

MY lord Froth has been ſo educated in punctilio, that he governs himſelf by a ceremonial, in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He meaſures out his bow, to the degree of the perſon he converſes with. I have ſeen him, in every inclination of the body, from the familiar nod, to the low ſtoop in ſalutation. —I remember, five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met one morning at his lodgings; when a wag of the company was ſaying, it would be worth while, to obſerve how he would diſtinguiſh us, at his firſt entrance. Accordingly, he no ſooner came into the room, but, caſting his eye about, 'My lord Such-a-one, ſays he, your moſt humble ſervant——Sir Richard, your humble ſervant——your ſervant, Mr. Ironſide—Mr. Ducker, how do you do?—Hah! Frank, are you there?

XXII.

EAST-INDIA COMPANY'S ADDRESS, ON THE JUNCTION OF SPAIN WITH FRANCE.

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

WE, your Majesty's loyal subjects, the united company of merchants of England trading to the East-Indies, beg leave, in this time of general alarm, to express our sentiments of zeal and affection to your Majesty's royal person and government. In an hour of threatened ruin to our commerce, and of possible insult to this island, it is a duty incumbent on all your Majesty's subjects, but peculiarly on great commercial societies, to exert their best means of strengthening that important and constitutional defence, the naval power of these kingdoms; which, we trust, notwithstanding the various services required in the distant parts of the empire, will prove superior to the combined force of the house of Bourbon in Europe.—As a small testimony of our earnest desire to promote this essential interest of our country, by an immediate supply of men, we have offered bounties to those who shall voluntarily enter themselves to serve on board your Majesty's fleet: and, at the same time, that we may contribute our assistance to its future strength, we have resolved, at our own expence, and with all possible dispatch, to build three ships of war, of seventy-four guns each, with their masts and yards; of which, when finished, we request your Majesty's gracious acceptance.

WHATEVER judgment posterity may form of the unhappy contest with our fellow-subjects in Amer-

one ſentiment only can ariſe reſpecting the conduct of thoſe powers, who, pretending injuries which never exiſted, and affecting the patronage of rights which they neither feel nor underſtand, could have but one object—amidſt the diſtractions of the Britiſh empire, to gratify their own ambition. Succeſs, which, ſometimes, palliates injuſtice, has not, hitherto attended their arms. We have ſeen your Majeſty's enemies driven from India; we have ſeen their commerce almoſt deſtroyed by the animated exertions of your Majeſty's ſubjects, in Europe and America; and we are confident, that the vigour of our countrymen will riſe, proportioned to every new danger. Thoſe who have conſpired the ruin of Great Britain, may number her people, her fleets, and her armies; but they know not to eſtimate the energy of a free nation, united in affection, and ardent in defence of their deareſt rights; which, under the bleſſing of Providence, we dare to hope, will finally defeat the perfidious deſigns of all your Majeſty's enemies.

XXIII.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

WHEN Damon was ſentenced, by Dionyſius the tyrant of Syracuſe, to die on ſuch a day, he prayed permiſſion, to retire, in the interim, to his own country, to ſet the affairs of his diſconſolate family in order. This the tyrant intended moſt peremptorily to refuſe, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impoſſible condition, of his procuring ſome one to remain as hoſtage for his return, under equal

forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon. He instantly offered himself to durance, in place of his friend; and Damon was, accordingly, set at liberty.

THE king, and all his courtiers, were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it, on any allowed principles.——Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs: and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms, invented by the wise, to impose upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly; to the defect of head, merely; and, no way, to any virtue, or good quality of heart.

WHEN the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon.—Having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him some time on his madness, in presuming, that Damon, by his return, would prove as great a fool as himself—"My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice, and noble aspect, "I would it were possible, that I might suffer a thousands deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours! and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I have redeemed a life, a thousand times of more consequence, of more estimation, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O! leave me not

not to die the worſt of deaths in my Damon." Dionyſius was awed and confounded by the dignity of theſe ſentiments, and by the manner (ſtill more ſentimental) in which they were uttered. He felt his heart ſtruck by a ſlight ſenſe of invading truth; but it ſerved, rather to perplex than undeceive him. He heſitated. He would have ſpoken. But he looked down: and retired in ſilence.

THE fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth; and walked, amidſt the guard, with a ſerious, but ſatisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionyſius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne drawn by ſix white horſes, and ſat penſive and attentive to the demeanour of the priſoner. Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the ſcaffold, and, beholding for ſome time the apparatus of death, he turned, and, with a pleaſing countenance, thus addreſſed the aſſembly.—"My prayers are heard. The gods are propitious. You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary until yeſterday. Damon could not come: he could not conquer impoſſibilities. He will be here to-morrow: and the blood which is ſhed to-day, ſhall have ranſomed the life of my friend.——O! could I eraſe from your boſoms, every doubt, every mean ſuſpicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to ſuffer, I ſhould go to my death, even as I would to my bridal. Be it ſufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble——that his truth is unimpeachable——that he will ſpeedily approve it—that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accuſing himſelf, the adverſe elements, and the gods. But I haſten to prevent his f ed. Executioner, do your office." As he pro- n inced the laſt words, a buzz began to ariſe among t remoteſt of the people. A diſtant voice was h d. The crowd caught the words; and, *Stop*,

ſtop the execution, was repeated by the whole aſſembly. A man came at full ſpeed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a ſteed of foam. In an inſtant, he was off his horſe, on the ſcaffold, and held Pythias ſtraitly embraced. "You are ſafe," he cried; "you are ſafe, my friend, my beloved—the gods be praiſed, you are ſafe! I, now, have nothing but death to ſuffer: and I am delivered from the anguiſh of thoſe reproaches, which I gave myſelf, for having endangered a life ſo much dearer than my own." Pale, and almoſt ſpeechleſs, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents, "Fatal haſte!—Cruel impatience!—What envious powers have wrought impoſſibilities in your favour?——But I will not be wholly diſappointed.—Since I cannot die to ſave, I will not ſurvive you."

DIONYSIUS, heard, beheld, and conſidered all, with aſtoniſhment. His heart was touched: his eyes were opened: and he could no longer refuſe his aſſent to truth, ſo inconteſtably proved by facts. He deſcended from his throne. He aſcended the ſcaffold. "Live; live; ye incomparable pair!" he exclaimed. "Ye have borne unqueſtionable teſtimony to the exiſtence of virtue: and *that* virtue equally evinces the certainty of the exiſtence of a God, a God, to reward it.—Live happy! live renowned! And, O! form me by your precepts, as you have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of ſo ſacred a friendſhip."

XXIV.

XXIV.

CALISTHENES'S REPROOF OF CLEON'S FLATTERY TO ALEXANDER.

IF the king were preſent, Cleon, there would be no need of my anſwering to what you have juſt propoſed. He would, himſelf, reprove you, for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign abſurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by ſuch unmanly flattery. As he is abſent, I take upon me to tell you in his name, that no praiſe is laſting, but what is rational; and that you do what you can, to leſſen his glory, inſtead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been deified, till after their death. And, whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wiſh the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour.

You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propoſe, Hercules, and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine? And are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our ſovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his ſubjects? Firſt try your power, whether you can make a king. It is, ſurely, eaſier to make a king, than a god: to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven. I only wiſh, that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant propoſal you have made, of adding one to their
r mber; and that they may ſtill be ſo propitious to
v as to grant the continuance of that ſucceſs to our
a airs, with which they have hitherto favoured us.
] r my part, I am not aſhamed of my country; nor
(I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nati-

ons, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws, or rules of conduct, from them, what is it, but to confeſs ourſelves inferior to them?

XXV.

OBSERVATIONS ON STORY-TELLING.

TOM Lizard told us a ſtory, the other day, of ſome perſons which our family knew very well, with ſo much humour and life, that it cauſed a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the Templar, was highly delighted with it; and, the next day, being with ſome of his inns-of-court acquaintance, reſolved (whether out of the benevolence, or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them, with what he called, a pleaſant humour enough. I was in great pain for him, when I heard him begin; and was not at all ſurpriſed, to find the company very little moved by it. Will bluſhed, looked round the room; and with a forced laugh, Why, gentlemen, ſaid he, I do not know what makes you look ſo grave; it was an admirable ſtory, when I heard it.

WHEN I came home, I fell into a profound contemplation upon ſtory-telling; and, as I have nothing ſo much at heart as the good of my country, I reſolved to communicate my obſervations on this ject.

I have often thought, that a ſtory-teller is bo as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that ſo

men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light, than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper, will represent things to their hearers, in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and, whereas serious spirits might, perhaps, have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is, therefore, not an art, but what we call a knack. It doth not so much subsist upon wit, as upon humour: and I will add, that it is not perfect, without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well, that a certain gravity of countenance, sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end. But this is, by no means, a general rule; for it is, frequently, convenient to aid and assist, by chearful looks, and whimsical agitations.

I will go yet farther, and affirm, that the success of a story, very often, depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion, ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit, with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that fr uent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at tl n most heartily, though, upon examination, I tl ught most of them very flat and insipid. I found, a r some time, that the merit of his wit, was founde upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tossing u of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of

ſickneſs, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which roſe in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good conſtitution for wit.

THOSE who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to ſhew their parts with too much oſtentation: I would, therefore, adviſe all the profeſſors of this art, never to tell ſtories, but as they ſeem to grow out of the ſubject-matter of the converſation, or, as they ſerve to illuſtrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common, are generally irkſome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of alluſion. Thoſe that are altogether new, ſhould never be uſhered in, without a ſhort and pertinent character of the chief perſons concerned; becauſe, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that ſlight and trivial accounts of thoſe who are familiar to us, adminiſter more mirth, than the brighteſt points of wit in unknown characters.—A little circumſtance, in the complexion or dreſs of the man you are talking of, ſets his image before the hearer, if it be choſen aptly for the ſtory. Thus, I remember, Tom Lizard, after having made his ſiſters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his ſtory would not have been worth a farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he repreſented one inch narrower. Beſides the marking diſtinct characters, and ſelecting pertinent circumſtances, it is likewiſe neceſſary, to leave off in time, and end ſmartly. So that there is a kind of drama, in forming of a ſtory; and the manner of conducting and pointing it, is the ſame as in an epigram. It is a miſerable thing, after one

one hath raiſed the expectation of the company, by humorous characters, and a pretty conceit, to purſue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor is it for a ſtory-teller, to end his relation, by ſaying, That's all!

As the chooſing of pertinent circumſtances is the life of a ſtory, and that wherein humour principally conſiſts; ſo the collectors of impertinent particulars, are the very bane and opiates of converſation. Old men are great tranſgreſſors in this way. Poor Ned Poppy was a very honeſt man, but ſo exceſſively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew ſo exactly, what they had for dinner, when ſuch a thing happened; in what ditch his bay ſtone-horſe had his ſprain, at that time; and how his man John—no! 'twas William, ſtarted a hare in the common field, that he never got to the end of his tale. Then, he was extremely particular in marriages and intermarriages, and couſins twice or thrice removed; and whether ſuch a thing happened the latter end of July, or the beginning of Auguſt. He had a marvellous tendency, likewiſe to digreſſions: inſomuch, that if a conſiderable perſon was mentioned in his ſtory, he would, ſtraitway, launch out into an epiſode of him; and again, if in that perſon's ſtory he had occaſion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his hiſtory, and ſo on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple imforms us, of the tale-tellers in the North of Ireland, who are hired to tell ſtories of giants and inchanters to lull people aſleep. Theſe hiſtorians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without ſtopping; ſo that, after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is ſure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned produced the like effect in me, the laſt time.

time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his ſtory, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow-chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine.

BUT, of all evils in ſtory-telling, the humour of telling tales, one after another, in great numbers, is the leaſt ſupportable. Sir Harry Pandolf, and his ſon, give my Lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a ſtring of ſtories, which he tells over every opportunity. When our family viſit them, we are, conſtantly, after ſupper, entertained with the Glaſtonbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, Ay, but father, ſays the ſon, let us have the ſpirit in the Wood. After that has been laughed at, Ay, but father, cries the booby again, tell us how you ſerved the robber. Alack-a-day, ſaith Sir Harry, with a ſmile, and rubbing his forehead, I have almoſt forgot that; but 'tis a pleaſant conceit, to be ſure. Accordingly, he tells that, and twenty more, in the ſame independent order, and without the leaſt variation, at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge, ever ſince the Revolution.

As the telling of ſtories is a great help and life to converſation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in oppoſition to thoſe gloomy mortals, who diſdain every thing but matter of fact. Thoſe grave fellows are my averſion, who ſift every thing with the utmoſt nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humour, puſh little beyond exact truth. I likewiſe have a poor nion of thoſe, who have got a trick of keeping a ſte countenance, that cock their hats, and look g

when a pleaſant thing is ſaid, and aſk, Well! and what then? Men of wit and parts ſhould treat one another with benevolence; and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you ſeem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment.

XXVI.

SUCCESSFUL INTREPIDITY OF ADMIRAL BLAKE, WITH HIS DEATH AND CHARACTER.

A Spaniſh fleet of ſixteen ſhips, immenſely rich, had taken ſhelter in the Canaries. Blake receiving intelligence of it, immediately made ſail towards them. He found them in the bay of Santa Cruz, diſpoſed in a formidable poſture. The bay was ſecured with a ſtrong caſtle, well provided with cannon; beſides ſeven forts in ſeveral parts of it, all united by a line of communication, manned with muſqueteers. Don Diego Diagues, the Spaniſh admiral, ordered all his ſmaller veſſels to moor cloſe to the ſhore, and poſted the larger galleons farther off, at anchor, with their broadſides to the ſea.

BLAKE was rather animated, than daunted, with this appearance. The wind ſeconded his courage, and, blowing full into the bay, in a moment brought him among the thickeſt of his enemies. After a reſiſtance of four hours, the Spaniards yielded to Engliſh valour, and abandoned their ſhips; which were ſet on fire, and conſumed, with all their treaſure. The greateſt danger, to the Engliſh, ſtill remained.

remained. They lay under the fire of the caſtle, and all the forts; which muſt, in a little time, have torn them to pieces. But the wind, ſuddenly ſhifting, carried them out of the bay; where they left the Spaniards in aſtoniſhment, at the happy temerity of their audacious victors.

THIS was the laſt, and greateſt action of the gallant Blake. He was conſumed with a dropſy and ſcurvy, and haſtened home, that he might yield up his breath in his native country, which he had ſo much adorned by his valour. As he came within ſight of land, he expired.—Never man, ſo zealous for a faction, was ſo much reſpected and eſteemed, even by the oppoſite factions. He was, by principle, an inflexible republican; but amidſt all the truſt and careſſes which he received from the ruling powers, they were thought to be very little grateful to him. "It is ſtill our duty," he ſaid to the ſeamen, "to fight for our country, into what hands ſoever "the government may fall." Diſintereſted, generous, liberal; ambitious only for true glory; dreadful only to his avowed enemies; he forms one of the moſt perfect characters of the age, and the leaſt ſtained with thoſe errors and violences, which were then ſo predominant. The Protector ordered him a pompous funeral, at the public charge: but the tears of his countrymen, were the moſt honourable panygeric on his memory.

XXVII.

OF RELIGION.

THERE is but one God; the Author, the Creator, the Governor of the world; almighty, eternal, and incomprehenſible.

THE ſun is not God, though his nobleſt image. He enlighteneth the world, with his brightneſs; his warmth giveth life, to the products of the earth. Admire him as the creature, the inſtrument of God; but worſhip him not.

TO the one, who is ſupreme, moſt wiſe and beneficent, and to him alone, belong worſhip, adoration, thankſgiving, and praiſe.

WHO hath ſtretched forth the heavens, with his hand: who hath deſcribed, with his finger, the courſes of the ſtars.

WHO ſetteth bounds to the ocean, that it cannot paſs: and ſaith unto the ſtormy winds, Be ſtill.

WHO ſhaketh the earth; and the nations tremble: who darteth his lightnings; and the wicked are diſmayed.

WHO calleth forth worlds, by the word of his mouth: who ſmiteth with his arm; and they ſink into nothing.

"O! reverence the majeſty of the Omnipotent: "and tempt not his anger, leſt thou be deſtroyed."

THE providence of God, is over all his works: e ruleth, and directeth, with infinite wiſdom.

HE

HE hath inſtituted laws, for the government of the world: he hath wonderfully varied them, in all beings; and each, by his nature, conformeth to his will.

IN the depths of his mind, he revolveth all knowledge: the ſecrets of futurity, lie open before him.

THE thoughts of thy heart, are naked to his view: he knoweth thy determinations, before they are made.

WITH reſpect to his preſcience, there is nothing contingent: with reſpect to his providence, there is nothing accidental.

WONDERFUL he is in all his ways; his counſels are inſcrutable; the manner of his knowledge, tranſcendeth thy conception.

"PAY therefore, to his wiſdom, all honour and "veneration; and bow down thyſelf, in humble and "ſubmiſſive obedience, to his ſupreme direction."

THE Lord is gracious and beneficent: he hath created the world, in mercy and love.

HIS goodneſs is conſpicuous in all his works: he is the fountain of excellence, the centre of perfection.

THE creatures of his hand declare his goodneſs; and all their enjoyments ſpeak his praiſe. He clotheth them with beauty; he ſupporteth them with food; he preſerveth them, with pleaſure, from generation to generation.

IF we lift up our eyes to the heavens, his glory ſhineth forth: if we caſt them down upon the earth, it is full of his goodneſs. The hills and the valleys, rejoice and ſing; fields, rivers, and woods, reſound his praiſe.

BUT thee, O man! he hath diſtinguiſhed, with peculiar favour; and exalted thy ſtation, above all creatures.

HE hath endowed thee with reaſon, to maintain thy dominion; he hath fitted thee with language, to improve by ſociety; and exalted thy mind, with the powers of meditation, to contemplate and adore his inimitable perfections.

AND, in the laws he hath ordained as the rule of thy life, ſo kindly hath he ſuited thy duty to thy nature, that obedience to his precepts is happineſs to thyſelf.

"O! praiſe his goodneſs, with ſongs of thankſ-
"giving; and meditate, in ſilence, on the won-
"ders of his love. Let thy heart overflow, with
"gratitude and acknowledgment; let the language of
"thy lips, ſpeak praiſe and adoration; let the ac-
"tions of thy life, ſhow thy love to his law."

THE Lord is juſt and righteous; and will judge the earth, with equity and truth.

HATH he eſtabliſhed his law, in goodneſs and
:rcy, and ſhall he not puniſh the tranſgreſſors
:reof?

O! think not, bold man, becauſe thy puniſhment
elayed, that the arm of the Lord is weakened;
neither

neither flatter thyself with hopes, that he winketh at thy doings.

His eye pierceth the secrets of every heart, and he remembereth them for ever: he respecteth not the persons, nor the stations of men.

THE high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, when the soul hath shaken off the cumbrous shackles of this mortal life, shall equally receive, from the sentence of God, a just and everlasting retribution, according to their works.

THEN shall the wicked tremble, and be afraid; but the heart of the righteous, shall rejoice in his judgments.

"O! fear the Lord, therefore, all the days of "thy life; and walk in the paths, which he hath "opened before thee. Let Prudence admonish thee; "let Temperance restrain thee: let Justice guide thy "hand; Benevolence warm thy heart; and Grati-"tude to Heaven, inspire thee with devotion.— "These shall give thee happiness, in thy present "state; and bring thee to the mansions of eternal "felicity, in the paradise of God."

SEC-

SECTION III.

LESSON I.

DESCRIPTION OF AN ORATION.

THE maſters of rhetoric, among the Greeks and Romans, have conſidered an oration as conſiſting of three or four parts; the *exordium*, or mere beginning; the *narration*, and *confirmation*; extending from thence, to the *peroration*, or recapitulation, and concluſion, of what hath been ſaid. Now, as theſe parts of an oration differ widely in nature from each other; ſo they require a difference of ſtyle.

A diſcourſe may *open* variety of ways, beſpeaking the favour and attention of the audience: as by an addreſs to thoſe who preſide in chief; with an apology; with ſetting forth the deſign of the point in debate; or, with any other form, ariſing from the ſpeaker's conſideration of his own ſituation, or the perſons of his hearers. But, from whatever occaſion the *exordium* may take its riſe, in general, it ſhould be ſhort, and modeſt. Swelling introductions,

to

to plain ſubjects, are ridiculous; and, to great actions, unneceſſary, becauſe they ſufficiently ſhew and magnify themſelves;—not, but, on ſome occaſions, it may be proper to begin with ſpirit and fire. Examples of this kind, are found in Cicero.

THE language, too, muſt be plain, ſimple and conciſe, in the *narration:* which is the part for ſtating the ſubject; and ſetting forth its conſideration, under one or more propoſitions; the fewer, and clearer, the better.

NEITHER muſt the ſpeaker riſe much in the *confirmation*: where he is to prove the point under conſideration, by proper illuſtrations; apt, ſhort, and plain examples; by expreſſive ſimilitudes; cogent arguments; and juſt obſervations; backed and ſupported, by authorities, divine and human. Here the ſpeaker muſt make his way, to the judgment and conviction of his audience, by words and matter, weighty and ſignificant; in ſentences, grave, and unaffected:—in ſhort; rather by ſtrong good ſenſe, in familiar language; than by trifling obſervations, in hard words, and ſtudied ornaments.

THE ſubject being opened, explained, and confirmed in the three firſt parts; that is to ſay, the ſpeaker having gained the attention and judgment of his audience, muſt proceed, in the *peroration*, to complete his conqueſt over the paſſions; ſuch as, imagination, admiration, ſurpriſe, hope, joy, love, fear, grief, anger. To theſe, ſome application may be made in the *exordium*; but, now, the court muſt be paid wholly to them; in managing which, is required no ſmall ſkill and addreſs. Now, therefore, the ſpeaker muſt begin to exert himſelf: here it is, that a fine genius may diſplay itſelf, in the

the uſe of amplification, enumeration, interrogation, metaphor, and every ornament, that can render a diſcourſe entertaining, winning, ſtriking, and enforcing.—Thus the orator may gain the aſcendant over his audience; can turn the current of their minds his own way: either, like the rapid Severn, with uplifted head, ruſhing on impetuous; or, like the ſmooth-gliding Thames, gently riſing, by almoſt imperceptible advances.

II.

CAIUS MARIUS TO THE ROMANS.

IT is but too common, my countrymen, to obſerve a material difference, between the behaviour of thoſe, who ſtand candidates for places of power and truſt, before, and after their obtaining them. They ſolicit them, in one manner; and execute them, in another. They ſet out, with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they, quickly, fall into ſloth, pride, and avarice.—It is, undoubtedly, no eaſy matter, to diſcharge, to the general ſatisfaction, the duty of a ſupreme commander in troubleſome times. I am, I hope, duly ſenſible, of the importance of the office I propoſe to take upon me, for the ſervice of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expenſive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige thoſe to ſerve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the ſame time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert meaſures at home, anſwerable to the ſtate of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in ſpite of oppoſition from the envious, the factious, and

and the disaffected; to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult, than is generally thought.

BUT, besides the disadvantages, which are common to me, with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard; that, whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect, or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment; my whole safety depends upon myself: which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me, to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much, as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated.

I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils, and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct, the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But, where would be the wisdom of g ing such a command to one of their honourable dy? a person of illustrious birth, of ancient fam of innumerable statues, but—of no experie What service would his long line of dead ances

or his multitude of motionleſs ſtatues, do his country in the day of battle? What could ſuch a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourſe to ſome inferior commander, for direction in difficulties, to which he was not himſelf equal? Thus, your Patrician general, would, in fact, have a general over him; ſo that, the acting commander would ſtill be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have, myſelf, known thoſe, who have been choſen conſuls, begin, then, to read the hiſtory of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant: that is, they firſt obtained the employment; and, then, bethought themſelves of the qualifications neceſſary for the proper diſcharge of it.

I ſubmit to your judgment, Romans, on which ſide the advantage lies, when a compariſon is made between Patrician haughtineſs, and Plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly ſeen, and partly myſelf atchieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleaſed to ſlight my mean birth: I deſpiſe their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune, is the objection againſt me: want of perſonal worth, againſt them. But are not all men of the ſame ſpecies? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I ſhall always look upon the braveſt man as the nobleſt man. Suppoſe it were enquired of the fathers of ſuch Patricians as Albinus and Beſtia, whether, if they had their choice, they would deſire ſons of their character, or of mine: what would they anſwer, but that they ſhould wiſh he worthieſt to be their ſons? If the Patricians ave reaſon to deſpiſe me, let them, likewiſe, de- their anceſtors, whoſe nobility was the fruit

of

of their virtue. Do they envy the honours beſtowed upon me? Let them envy, likewiſe, my labours, my abſtinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But thoſe worthleſs men, lead ſuch a life of inactivity, as if they deſpiſed any honours you can beſtow; whilſt they aſpire to honours, as if they had deſerved them by the moſt induſtrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleaſures of luxury. Yet none can be more laviſh, than they are, in praiſe of their anceſtors. And they imagine they honour themſelves, by celebrating their forefathers. Whereas, they do the very contrary. For, as much as their anceſtors were diſtinguiſhed for their virtues, ſo much are they diſgraced by their vices.

OBSERVE, now, my countrymen, the injuſtice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themſelves, honours, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers; whilſt they will not allow me the due praiſe, for performing the very ſame ſort of actions, in my own perſon. He has no ſtatues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of anceſtors.—What then! Is it matter of more praiſe to diſgrace one's illuſtrious anceſtors than to become illuſtrious by one's own good behaviour? What if I can ſhew no ſtatues of my family? I can ſhew the ſtandards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myſelf taken from the vanquiſhed: I can ſhew the ſcars of thoſe wounds, which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. Theſe are my ſtatues. Theſe are the honours I boaſt of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs: but earned by toil, by abſtinence, by valour; amidſt clouds of duſt, and ſeas of blood: ſcenes of action, where thoſe effeminate Patricians, who endeavour by indirect means to depreciate me in your eſteem, have never dared to ſhew their faces.

III.

THE PULPIT ORATOR.

THE Dean we heard the other day, is an orator. He has ſo much regard to his congregation, that he commits to memory, what he has to ſay to them. To a propriety of ſpeech, which might paſs the criticiſm of Longinus, he adds an action, which would have been approved by Demoſthenes. ——This art he uſes with the moſt exact and honeſt ſkill. He never attempts your paſſions, till he has convinced your reaſon; nor does he pretend to ſhow the beauty of holineſs, till he has made you ſenſible of its importance. All the objections he can form, are laid open, and diſperſed, before he uſes the leaſt vehemence in his action. But, when he thinks he has your head, he very ſoon wins your heart.

IV.

DUTIES OF THE YOUNG.—PART OF A SERMON.

TITUS ii. 6.

Young men, likewiſe, exhort to be ſober-minded.

SOBRIETY of mind, is one of thoſe virtues, which the preſent condition of human life ſtrongly inculcates. The uncertainty of its enjoyments, checks preſumption; the multiplicity of its dangers,

demands perpetual caution. Moderation, vigilance, and self-government, are duties incumbent on all; but especially on such as are beginning the journey of life. To them, therefore, the admonition in the text, is, with great propriety, directed; though there is reason to fear, that, by them, it is in hazard of being least regarded. Experience enforces the admonition on the most giddy, after they have advanced in years: but the whole state of youthful views and passions, is adverse to sobriety of mind. The scenes which present themselves, at our entering upon the world, are commonly flattering. Whatever they be in themselves, the lively spirits of the young gild every opening prospect. The field of hope appears to stretch wide before them. Pleasure seems to put forth its blossoms on every side. Impelled by desire, forward they rush with inconsiderate ardour: prompt to decide, and to choose; averse to hesitate, or to enquire; credulous, because untaught by experience; rash, because unacquainted with danger; headstrong, because unsubdued by disappointment. Hence arise the perils, of which it is my design at present to warn them. I shall take *sobriety of mind*, in its most comprehensive sense, as including the whole of that discipline, which religion and virtue prescribe to youth. Though the words of the text are directly addressed to *young men*, yet, as the same admonition is given in a preceding verse to the other sex, the instructions which arise from the text, are to be considered as common to both. I intend, first, to show them the importance of beginning early to give serious attention to their conduct; and, next, to point out those virtues which they ought chiefly to cultivate.

As

As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive, that there is a right and a wrong, in human actions. You see, that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others, of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, you may learn, that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy, depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not those consequences extend to you? Shall you only attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you, of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long

cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care? ——— Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth, gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes, of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But, when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn, no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been *vanity*, its latter end can be no other than *vexation of spirit*.

HAVING thus shown the importance of beginning early to give serious attention to conduct, I come, next, to point out the virtues which are most necessary to be cultivated in youth. What I shall,

I. RECOMMEND, is piety to God. With this I begin, both as the foundation of good morals, and as a disposition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, destitute of some of the best affections which belong to that age. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should, then, spontaneously rise into the admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. Where can any object be found, so proper to kindle those affections, as the Father of the universe, and the Author of

all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty, which his works every where display? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good, which, in this pleasing season of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of those with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the inspirer of all the friendship which has ever been shown you by others; himself, your best and your first friend; formerly, the supporter of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood; now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage, as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all his goodness. Consider it as the service of the *God of your fathers*; of him, to whom your parents devoted you; of him, whom, in former ages, your ancestors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded, and blessed in heaven. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul, let religion be, with you, not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart.

II. To piety, join modesty and docility, reverence of your parents, and submission to those who are your superiors, in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence, and obedience, belong to youth. Modesty is one of its chief ornaments; and has ever been esteemed a presage of rising merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part, not to assume the reins as yet into your hands; but to commit yourselves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you.

OF all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast

the proſpect of its future proſperity, more than ſelf-conceit, preſumption, and obſtinacy. By checking its natural progreſs in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity; and, frequently, produce miſchiefs, which can never be repaired. Yet theſe are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterpriſe, and elated by hope, they reſolve to truſt, for ſucceſs, to none but themſelves. Full of their own abilities, they deride the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous ſuggeſtions of age. Too wiſe to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be reſtrained, they plunge, with precipitant indiſcretion, into the midſt of all the dangers with which life abounds. "Seeſt thou "a *young* man wiſe in his own conceit? There is "more hope of a fool, than of him."—Poſitive as you now are in your opinions, and confident in your aſſertions, be aſſured, that the time approaches, when both men and things will appear to you in a different light. Many characters, which you admire, will, by and by, ſink in your eſteem; and many opinions, of which you are at preſent moſt tenacious, will alter as you advance in years. Diſtruſt, therefore, that glare of youthful preſumption, which dazzles your eyes. Abound not in your own ſenſe. Put not yourſelves forward with too much eagerneſs; nor imagine, that by the impetuoſity of juvenile ardour, you can overturn ſyſtems which have been long eſtabliſhed, and change the face of the world. "Learn "not to think more highly of yourſelves, than you "ought to think; but to think ſoberly." By patient and gradual progreſſion in improvement, you may, in due time, command laſting eſteem. But, by aſſuming, at preſent, a tone of ſuperiority, to which you have no title, you will diſguſt thoſe whoſe approbation it is moſt important to gain. Forward

vivacity

vivacity may fit you to be the companions of an idle hour. More ſolid qualities muſt recommend you to the wiſe, and mark you out for importance and conſideration, in ſubſequent life.

III. IT is neceſſary to recommend to you, ſincerity and truth. Theſe are the baſis of every virtue. That darkneſs of character, where we can ſee no heart; thoſe foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, preſent an object, unamiable in every ſeaſon of life, but particularly odious in youth. If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are ſtrong, and when nature is expected to ſhew itſelf free and open, you can already ſmile and deceive, what are we to look for, when you ſhall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men; when intereſt ſhall have compleated the obduration of your heart, and experience ſhall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Diſſimulation in youth, is the fore-runner of perfidy in old age. Its firſt appearance, is the fatal omen of growing depravity, and future ſhame. It degrades parts and learning; obſcures the luſtre of every accompliſhment; and ſinks you into contempt with God, and man.

As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the eſteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and conſiſtent. Ingenuity and candour poſſeſs the moſt powerful charm; they beſpeak univerſal favour, and carry an apology for almoſt every failing. "The "lip of truth, ſhall be eſtabliſhed for ever; but a lying tongue, is but for a moment." The path of truth, is a plain and ſafe path; that of falſehood, is a perplexing maze. After the firſt departure from ſincerity, it is not in your power to ſtop. One arti-

fice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increaſes, you are left entangled in your own ſnare. Deceit diſcovers a little mind, which ſtops at temporary expedients, without riſing to comprehenſive views of conduct. It betrays, at the ſame time, a daſtardly ſpirit. It is the reſource of one, who wants courage, to avow his dedeſigns, or to reſt upon himſelf. Whereas, openneſs of character, diſplays that generous boldneſs, which ought to diſtinguiſh youth. To ſet out in the world with no other principle, than a crafty attention to intereſt, betokens one who is deſtined for creeping through the inferior walks of life. But to give an early preference to honour above gain, when they ſtand in competition; to deſpiſe every advantage, which cannot be attained without diſhoneſt arts; to brook no meanneſs; and to ſtoop to no diſſimulation; are the indications of a great mind, the preſages of future eminence and diſtinction in life.

AT the ſame time, this virtuous ſincerity is perfectly conſiſtent with the moſt prudent vigilance and caution. It is oppoſed to cunning, not to true wiſdom. It is not the ſimplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind; of one, who ſcorns deceit, becauſe he accounts it both baſe and unprofitable: and who ſeeks no diſguiſe, becauſe he needs none to hide him. "Lord! who ſhall abide in thy tabernacle? Who "ſhall aſcend into thy holy hill? He that walketh "uprightly, and worketh righteouſneſs, and ſpeaketh "the truth in his heart."

IV. YOUTH is the proper ſeaſon of cultivating benevolent and humane affections. As a great

of your happineſs is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire, betimes, the temper and the manners which will render ſuch connections comfortable. Let a ſenſe of juſtice be the foundation of all your ſocial qualities. In your moſt early intercourſe with the world, and even in your youthful amuſements, let no unfairneſs be found. Engrave on your mind, that ſacred rule, of "doing in all things to others, "according as you wiſh that they ſhould do unto "you." For this end, impreſs yourſelves with a deep ſenſe of the original, and natural, equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you poſſeſs, never diſplay them with an oſtentatious ſuperiority. Leave the ſubordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourſe of more advanced years. At preſent, it becomes you, to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember, how unknown to you, are the viciſſitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with ſcorn, have riſen to be their ſuperiors in future years.

COMPASSION is an emotion, of which you ought never to be aſhamed. Graceful, in youth, is the tear of ſympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not eaſe and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in ſelfiſh enjoyment. But, go ſometimes to the *houſe of mourning*, as well as to the *houſe of feaſting*. Accuſtom yourſelves to think of the diſtreſſes of human life; of the ſolitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. "Thou ſhalt not harden thy heart, nor ſhut thy "hand from thy poor brother; but thou ſhalt ſurely "give unto him in the day of his need: and thine "heart ſhall not be grieved when thou giveſt unto

" him; becauſe that for this thing, the Lord thy " God ſhall bleſs thee in all thy works." Never ſport with pain and diſtreſs, in any of your amuſements; nor treat even the meaneſt inſect, with wanton cruelty.

V. LET me particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleaſure: let me admoniſh them, to beware of that rock, on which thouſands, from race to race, continue to ſplit. The love of pleaſure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with exceſſive ardour. Novelty adds freſh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to ſpread a continual feaſt; and health, vigour, and high ſpirits, invite them to partake of it without reſtraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accuſed of inſufferable ſeverity, in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young.———And yet, my friends, to what do the reſtraints of religion, and the counſels of age, with reſpect to pleaſure, amount? They may all be compriſed in two words; not to hurt yourſelves, and not to hurt others, by your purſuit of pleaſure. Within theſe bounds, pleaſure is lawful; beyond them, it becomes criminal, becauſe it is ruinous. Are theſe reſtraints any other, than what a wiſe man would chooſe to impoſe on himſelf? We call you, not to renounce pleaſure, but to enjoy it in ſafety. Inſtead of abridging it, we exhort you to purſue it on an extenſive plan. We propoſe meaſures for ſecuring its poſſeſſion, and for prolonging its duration.

CONSULT your whole nature. Conſider yourſelf not only as ſenſitive, but as rational beings; not

ly as rational, but ſocial; not only as ſocial, but immortal. Whatever violates your nature in any of theſe reſpects, cannot afford true pleaſure; any more than that which undermines an eſſential part of the vital ſyſtem, can promote health. For the truth of this concluſion, we appeal, not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the teſtimony of the aged, but to yourſelves, and your own experience. We aſk, Whether you have not found, that, in a courſe of criminal exceſs, your pleaſure was more than compenſated by ſucceeding pain? Whether, if not from every, particular inſtance, yet from every habit at leaſt of unlawful gratification, there did not ſpring ſome thorn to wound you, there did not ariſe ſome conſequence to make you repent of it in the iſſue? "How long then, ye ſimple ones! will ye love ſimplicity?" How long repeat the ſame round of pernicious folly, and tamely expoſe yourſelves to be caught in the ſame ſnare? If you have any conſideration, or any firmneſs left, avoid temptations, for which you have found yourſelves unequal, with as much care, as you would ſhun peſtilential infection. Break off all connections with the looſe and profligate. "When "ſinners entice thee, conſent thou not. Look not "on the wine when it is red, when it giveth its co-"lour in the cup; for, at the laſt, it biteth like a "ſerpent, and ſtingeth like an adder. Remove thy "way from the ſtrange woman, and come not nigh "the door of her houſe. Let not thine heart de-"cline to her ways; for her houſe is the way to "hell. Thou goeſt after her as a bird haſteth to "the ſnare, and knoweth not that it is for his "life."

How many amiable and promiſing qualities in youth, are extinguiſhed by the unhappy exceſſes of irregular

irregular pleaſure! How many flattering hopes of parents, and friends, are cruelly deſtroyed! Who but muſt drop a tear over the ruins of human nature, when he beholds that morning which aroſe ſo bright, ſetting in ſuch untimely darkneſs; that good humour which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity which ſparkled in every company, thoſe abilities which were fitted for ſhining in the higheſt ſtation, all ſacrificed at the ſhrine of low ſenſuality; and one, who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midſt of public eſteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his courſe, or ſunk, for the whole of it, into inſignificancy and contempt! ——Theſe, O ſinful pleaſure! are thy trophies. It is thus, that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degradeſt human honour, and blaſteſt the opening proſpects of human felicity.

VI. DILIGENCE, induſtry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpoſe are they endowed with the beſt abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this caſe, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or ſpiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of induſtry are moſt eaſily acquired. In youth, the incentives to it are ſtrongeſt, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the proſpects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to theſe calls, you already languiſh in ſlothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more ſluggiſh current of advancing years?

INDUSTRY is not only the inſtrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleaſure. Nothing ſo oppoſite to the true enjoyment of life, as rel-

relaxed and feeble ſtate of an indolent mind. He who is a ſtranger to induſtry, may poſſeſs, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour, only, which gives the reliſh to pleaſure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. It is the indiſpenſible condition of our poſſeſſing a ſound mind, in a ſound body. Sloth is ſo inconſiſtent with both, that it is hard to determine, whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happineſs. Inactive as it is in itſelf, its effects are fatally powerful. Tho' it appear a ſlowly-flowing ſtream, yet it undermines all that is ſtable and flouriſhing. It not only ſaps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water, which, firſt purifies by ſtagnation; and, then, ſends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmoſphere with death.

FLY, therefore, from idleneſs, as the certain parent, both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleneſs I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many ſaunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous ſociety, or public amuſements, in the labours of dreſs, or the oſtentation of their perſon.—Is this the foundation which you lay for future uſefulneſs and eſteem? By ſuch accompliſhments, do you hope to recommend yourſelves to the thinking part of the world, and to anſwer the expectations of your friends, and your country?——Amuſements, youth requires. It were vain, it were cruel, to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are moſt culpable as the buſineſs, of the young. For, they then become the gulf of time, and the poiſon of the mind. They foment bad paſſions. They weaken the manly powers. They ſink the native vigour of youth, into contemptible effeminacy.

REDEEMING

REDEEMING your time from such dangerous waste, seek to fill it with employments which you may review with satisfaction. The acquisition of knowledge, is one of the most honourable occupations of youth. The desire of it discovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accomplishments, and many virtues. Whatever you pursue, be emulous to excel. Generous ambition, and sensibility to praise, are, especially at your age, among the marks of virtue. Think not, that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and industry. Industry is the law of our being: it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God. Remember, always, that the years which now pass over your heads, leave permanent memorials behind them. From your thoughtless minds they may escape; but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the register of your life. They will, hereafter, bear testimony, either for or against you, at that day, when, for all your actions, but, particularly, for the employments of youth, you must give an account to God.

THUS I have set before you, some of the chief qualifications which belong to that *sober mind*, that virtuous and religious character, which the apostle in my text recommends to youth; piety, modesty, truth, benevolence, temperance, and industry. Whether your future course is destined to be long or short, after this manner it should commence; and, if it continue to be thus conducted, its conclusion, at what time soever it arrives, will not be inglorious, nor unhappy.

I conclude with the solemn words, in which a great prince delivered his dying charge to his son; words,

words, which every young perſon ought to conſider as addreſſed to himſelf, and to engrave deeply on his heart. "Thou Solomon, my ſon, know thou the "God of thy fathers; and ſerve him with a per- "fect heart, and with a willing mind. For the "Lord ſearcheth all hearts, and underſtandeth all "the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou ſeek "him, he will be found of thee; but, if thou for- "ſake him, he will caſt thee off for ever."

V.

ADAM'S PRAYER AFTER THE INTERMENT OF ABEL.

O THOU, who dwelleſt in the higheſt heaven! God! Creator! Juſtice Eternal! Goodneſs Infinite! behold us proſtrate before the grave of our beloved ſon. We ſinners, kneel before Thee in the duſt. Oh! may our prayers aſcend to Thy celeſtial throne!—Look with an eye of compaſſion on us, O God! in this valley of death, this abode of ſin. Our iniquities are great; but Thine infinite goodneſs is ſtill greater. We are polluted in thy ſight. Thou beholdeſt our impurities, yet Thou haſt not turned Thy face from us. Thou ſtill vouchſafeſt to look on us, in our miſery, with a propitious eye. Thou permitteſt us to implore Thee. Thou haſt not abandoned the Sinner.—Eternal praiſes riſe to Thee! Thy works, O God! render thee praiſe! The beauties of ſpring, the ſerenity of the heavens, ſhew forth Thy beneficence: The loud voice of thy Thunders, the rattling hail, the howl-

ing

ing ſtorm, proclaim Thy power. Smiling joy glorifies Thee: Thy Juſtice is alſo glorified by the tears of ſorrow.—We have beheld the ſon of ſin, frightful death. He is come to our dwelling, in a form moſt hideous. Guilt led him by the hand, the earth groaned, and black tempeſts gathered round the direful pair. The firſt fruit of my loins—my firſt-born, has imbrued his hands in his brother's blood O God, merciful and gracious! caſt him not off for ever. When he mourns in the duſt for his offences; when he trembles at his crime; when overwhelmed by torturing remorſe, he weeps, he groans, and proſtrates himſelf with deep contrition before Thee; look with a pitying eye on his miſery: commiſerate his deſpair; and aſſuage his anguiſh, by Thy divine conſolations. Reject not, O God! reject not the humble petition. Let him not periſh in Thy wrath. For this grace, O God! we will ſupplicate Thee at the riſing and ſetting ſun. In the ſilent hours of night, when all nature is huſhed to reſt, we will implore Thee for him. O God of conſolation! caſt him not off for ever.

ETERNAL praiſes be rendered to Thee, who haſt received the ſoul of the happy deceaſed into the regions of never-ending felicity. Death hath ſeized his firſt victim. We ſhall follow, one after another, to the dark and ſilent grave; but, adored be Thy loving kindneſs, adored be Thy tender mercies, we ſhall, likewiſe, follow him to the realms of immortality and bliſs. We dwell in bodies of duſt. This duſt ſhall be diſſolved; but Thou art unchangeable and wilt raiſe to glory the ſinner who deplores crimes, and the righteous man, who mourns t his virtues are mixed with imperfections, and higheſt attainments ſullied by human frailty. T wilt gather them together out of the duſt, to be

on them eternal joys, angelic purity: for—O promiſe ineffable! "the ſeed of the woman ſhall bruiſe the ſerpent's head." Myſtery ſublime! Myſtery profound! wrapt in an holy obſcurity, which no finite being can penetrate; but full of divine conſolations. The ſinner is reconciled to God; the offender is reſtored to peace and hope.—Shall man, then, lament; ſhall he groan in deſpair, if the dream of life is alternately filled with joy and ſorrow? Death approaches; it ſhall break the ſhackles of the ſoul, and free it from the conſequences of a juſt malediction. Then, thoſe, who, while clothed in duſt, forgot not their original purity, who loved virtue, who loved God, ſhall be aſſembled together in the manſions on high, to enjoy there inceſſant, eternal, felicity.

VI.

AWKWARDNESS IN COMPANY.

WHEN an awkward fellow firſt comes into a room, he attempts to bow; and his ſword, if he wears one, gets between his legs, and nearly throws him down. Confuſed and aſhamed, he ſtumbles to the upper end of the room, and ſeats himſelf in the very place where he ſhould not. He there begins playing with his hat, which he preſently drops; and, recovering his hat, he lets fall his cane; and, in picking up his cane, down goes hat again. Thus, 'tis a conſiderable time before he is adjuſted.

WHEN his tea and coffee is handed to him, he ſpreads his handkerchief upon his knees, ſcalds his mouth, drops either the cup or the ſaucer, and ſpills the tea or coffee in his lap.—At dinner, he ſeats himſelf upon the edge of the chair, at ſo great a diſtance from the table, that he frequently drops his meat between his plate and his mouth, he holds his knife, fork, and ſpoon, differently from other people; eats with his knive, to the manifeſt danger of his mouth, and picks his teeth with his fork.

[redacted] to carve, he cannot hit the joint; but, in laboring to cut through the bone, ſplaſhes the ſauce over every body's cloaths. He generally daubs himſelf all over; his elbows are in the next perſon's plate; and he is up to the knuckles in ſoup and greaſe. If he drinks, it is with his mouth full, interrupting the whole company with—"To your good health, Sir," and "my ſervice to you;" perhaps, coughs in his glaſs, and beſprinkles the whole table.

HE addreſſes the company by improper titles, as, *ſir*, for *my lord*; miſtakes one name for another; and tells you of Mr. What d'ye-call-him, or You-know-who, Mrs. Thingum, What's-her-name, or how-d'ye-call-her. He begins a ſtory; but, not being able to finiſh it, breaks off in the middle, with—"I've forgot the reſt."

VII.

SCIPIO TO THE ROMAN ARMY.

WERE you, ſoldiers, the ſame army w. I had with me in Gaul, I might well bear ſaying any thing to you, at this time.

what occaſion could there be, to uſe exhortation to a cavalry, that had ſo ſignally vanquiſhed the ſquadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone; or to legions, by whom, that ſame enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did, in effect, confeſs themſelves conquered? But, as theſe troops, having been inrolled for Spain, are there with my brother Cneius, making war under my auſpices (as was the will of the [illegible] and people of Rome), I, that you might have a conſul for your Captain againſt Hannibal and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myſelf for this [illegible] you then, have a new general; and I, a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you, will be neither improper, nor unſeaſonable.

THAT you may not be unapprized of what ſort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them, they are the very ſame, whom, in a former war, you vanquiſhed both by land and ſea; the ſame, from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia; and who have been, theſe twenty years, your tributaries. You will not, I preſume, march againſt theſe men, with only that courage, with which you are wont to face other enemies; but with a certain anger and indignation, ſuch as you would feel, if you ſaw your ſlaves, on a ſudden, riſe up in arms againſt you. Conquered and enſlaved, it is not boldneſs, but neceſſity, that urges them to battle: unleſs you can believe, that thoſe, who avoided fighting, when their army was entire, have acquired better hope, by the loſs of two-thirds of their horſe and foot, in the paſſage of the Alps.

BUT you have heard, perhaps, that, though they are few in number, they are men of ſtout hearts, and robuſt bodies; heroes, of ſuch ſtrength and vigour, as nothing is able to reſiſt.——Mere effigies! nay, ſhadows

ſhadows of men! wretches, emaciated with hunger, and benumbed with cold! bruiſed and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs! their weapons broken! their horſes weak, and foundered! Such are the cavalry, and ſuch the infantry, with which you are going to contend: not enemies, but the fragments of enemies. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquiſhed by the Alps, before we had any conflict with him. But, perhaps, it was fitting it ſhould be ſo: and that, with a people and a leader who had violated leagues and covenants, the gods themſelves, without man's help, ſhould begin the war, and bring it to a near concluſion; and that we, who, next to the gods, have been injured and offended, ſhould happily finiſh, what they have begun.

I need not be in any fear, that you ſhould ſuſpect me of ſaying theſe things merely to encourage you, while inwardly, I have different ſentiments. What hindered me from going into Spain? that was my province; where I ſhould have had the leſs dreaded Aſdrubal, not Hannibal to deal with. But, hearing, as I paſſed along the coaſt of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, ſent the horſe forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered, and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could uſe in ſo long a voyage by ſea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the alps. Was it, then, my inclination, to avoid a conteſt with this tremendous Hannibal? and have I met with him only by accident and unawares? or am I come on purpoſe to challenge him to the combat? I would gladly try, whether

whether the earth, within theſe twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians; or whether they be the ſame ſort of men, who fought at the Ægates; and whom, at Eryx, you ſuffered to redeem themſelves at eighteen denarii *per* head: whether this Hannibal, for labours and journies, be, as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or whether he be, what his father left him, a tributary, a vaſſal, a ſlave of the Roman people. Did not the conſciouſneſs of his wicked deed at Sanguntum torment him and make him deſperate, he would have ſome regard, if not to his conquered country, yet ſurely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty written with Amilcar's own hand. We might have ſtarved him in Eryx; we might have paſſed into Africa with our victorious fleet; and, in a few days, have, deſtroyed Carthage. At their humble ſupplication, we pardoned them; we releaſed them, when they were cloſely ſhut up, without a poſſibility of eſcaping; we made peace with them, when they were conquered. When they were diſtreſſed by the African war, we conſidered them, we treated them, as a people under our protection. And what is the return they make us for all theſe favours? Under the conduct of a hare-brained young man, they come hither to overturn our ſtate, and lay waſte our country.—I could wiſh, indeed, that it were not ſo; and that the war we are now engaged in, concerned only our own glory, and not our preſervation. But the conteſt, at preſent, is, not for the poſſeſſion of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itſelf. Nor is there, behind us, another army, which, if we ſhould not prove the conquerors, may make head againſt our victorious enemies. There are no more Alps for them to paſs, which might give us leiſure to raiſe new forces. No ſoldiers; here

here you must make your stand, as if you were just now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend, not his own person only, but his wife, his children, his helpless infants. Yet, let not private considerations, alone, possess our minds: let us remember, that the eyes of the senate, and people of Rome, are upon us; and that, as our force and courage shall now prove, such will be the fortune of that city, and of the Roman empire.

VIII.

HANNIBAL TO THE CARTHAGINIAN ARMY.

I KNOW not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners, be encompassed by fortune, with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas inclose you on the right and left: not a ship to fly to, for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone: behind you, are the Alps; over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here, then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy.

BUT, the same fortune, which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no n are ever wont to wish for greater than the immo gods. Should we, by our valour, recover o Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from r fathers, those would be no inconsiderable pri

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Yet, what are thoſe? The wealth of Rome; whatever riches ſhe has heaped together in the ſpoils of nations; all theſe, with the maſters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed, in driving the cattle upon the vaſt mountains of Luſitania and Celtiberia; you have, hitherto, met with no reward, worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come, to reap the full recompenſe of your toilſome marches, over ſo many mountains and rivers, and through ſo many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place, which Fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labour; it is here, that you will finiſh your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompence of your completed ſervice. For, I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult, as the name of a Roman war is great and ſounding. It has often happened, that a deſpiſed enemy has given a bloody battle; and the moſt renowned kings and nations have, by a ſmall force, been overthrown. And, if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may ſtand in competition with you? For (to ſay nothing of your ſervice in war, for twenty years together, with ſo much valour and ſucceſs) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmoſt bounds of the earth, through ſo many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw ſoldiers, an undiſciplined army, beaten, vanquiſhed, beſieged by the Gauls the very laſt ſummer; an army, unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

OR, ſhall I, who was born, I might almoſt ſay, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that moſt excellent general; ſhall I, the conqueror

of

of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater ſtill, of the Alps themſelves; ſhall I compare myſelf with this half-year captain? a captain, before whom ſhould one place the two armies, without their enſigns, I am perſuaded he would not know to which of them he is conſul?" I eſteem it no ſmall advantage, ſoldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witneſs of my exploits in war; not one, of whoſe valour I myſelf have not been a ſpectator, ſo as to be able to name the times and places of his noble atchievements; that with ſoldiers, whom I have a thouſand times praiſed and rewarded, and whoſe pupil I was before I became their general, I ſhall march againſt an army of men, ſtrangers to one another.

ON what ſide ſoever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and ſtrength. A veteran infantry; a moſt gallant cavalry: you, my allies, moſt faithful and valliant: you, Carthaginians, whom, not only your country's cauſe, but the juſteſt anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of aſſailants, is always greater, than of thoſe, who act upon the defenſive. With hoſtile banners diſplayed, you are come down upon Italy: you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and ſpur, you forward to revenge.—Firſt, they demanded me; that I, your general, ſhould be delivered up to them; next, all of you, who had fought at the ſiege of Saguntum: and we were to be put to death, by the extremeſt tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Every thing muſt be yours, and at your diſpoſal? you are to preſcribe to us, with whom we ſhall make war; with whom e
ſhall make peace? You are to ſet us bounds; ɔ
ſhut us up within hills and rivers; but you, you e
not to obſerve the limits which yourſelves have fix !

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"Paſs not the Iberus." What next? "Touch not "the Saguntines; Saguntum is upon the Iberus, "move not a ſtep towards that city." Is it a ſmall matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient poſſeſſions, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too. Well, we ſhall yield Spain; and then—you will paſs into Africa.—Will paſs, did I ſay?—this very year, they ordered one of their conſuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, ſoldiers, there is nothing left for us, but what we can vindicate with our ſwords. Come on then. Be men. The Romans may, with more ſafety, be cowards: they have their own country behind them; have places of refuge to fly to; and are ſecure from danger in the roads thither; but, for you, there is no middle fortune, between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds; and, once again, I ſay, you are conquerors.

IX.

ALONZO IV. KING OF PORTUGAL.

THIS prince, at the beginning of his reign, gave himſelf up, wholly, to the pleaſures of the chaſe; leaving the management of public affairs, entirely to his favourites. His preſence, however, being, at laſt, neceſſary at Liſbon, he entered the council, with all the vivacity of the ſportſman; and entertained his nobles, with the hiſtory of a whole month, ſpent in his favourite amuſement. When he had done, a nobleman of the firſt diſtinction roſe, and addreſſed him in the following manner. "Courts "and camps," ſaid he, "were allotted for kings,

" not woods and deſerts. Even the affairs of pri-
" vate men ſuffer, when recreation is preferred to
" buſineſs: but, when the whims of pleaſure engroſs
" the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is con-
" ſigned to ruin. We came here, for other pur-
" poſes, than to hear the exploits of the chaſe; ex-
" ploits, which are only intelligible to grooms and
" falconers. If your Majeſty will attend to the
" wants, and remove the grievances, of your peo-
" ple, you will find them obedient ſubjects: if not,"
—the king, ſtarting with rage, interrupted him,
" if not, what?"—" If not," replied the nobleman,
in a firm tone, " they will look for another, and a
" better king." Alonzo, on this, burſt out of the
room, in a violent paſſion. But, in a little while,
he returned quite calm, and ſpoke thus to the noble-
man.—" I perceive," ſaid he, " the truth of what
" you ſay. He who will not execute the duties of
" a king, cannot long have good ſubjects. Re-
" member, from this day, you have nothing more
" to do with Alonzo, the ſportſman; but, with
" Alonzo, the king."

X.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

DISGUISE thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill, Slavery! ſtill thou art a bitter draught: and, though thouſands, in all ages, have been made to drink of thee, thou art no leſs bitter, on that account. It is thou, Liberty! thrice ſweet and gracious goddeſs! whom all, in public, or in private, worſhip; whoſe taſte is grateful and, ever will be ſo, till nature herſelf

herſelf ſhall change. No tint of words, can ſpot thy ſnowy mantle; or chymic power, turn thy ſceptre into iron. With thee to ſmile upon him, as he eats his cruſt, the ſwain is happier than his monarch, from whoſe court thou art exiled.—Gracious Heaven!. grant me but health, thou great beſtower of it! and give me but this fair goddeſs; as my companion; and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeem good unto thy divine providence, upon thoſe heads which are aching for them.

PURSUING theſe ideas, I ſat down cloſe by my table; and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf, the miſeries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but ſlavery: but, finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of ſad groups in it did but diſtract me—

I took a ſingle captive; and, having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I, then, looked through the twilight of his grated door, to take his picture.

I beheld his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it is, which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I ſaw him pale and feveriſh. In thirty years, the weſtern breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had ſeen no ſun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice. His children—

BUT here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

HE was ſitting upon the ground, upon a little ſtraw, in the furtheſt corner of his dungeon, which was, alternately, his chair and bed. A little calendar of ſmall ſticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there. He had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand; and, with a ruſty nail, he was etching another day of miſery, to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door—then caſt it down—ſhook his head—and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle. He gave a deep ſigh.—I ſaw the iron enter into his ſoul.—I burſt into tears. I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement, which my fancy had drawn.

XI.

SPEECH OF BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers!—Hear me, for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honour; and ve reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe. n-ſure me, in your wiſdom; and awake your es, that you may the better judge.

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IF there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of Cæſar's; to him I ſay, that Brutus's love to Cæſar, was no leſs than his. If, then, that friend demand, why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar, this is my anſwer: not that I loved Cæſar leſs; but, that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were living, and die all ſlaves; than that Cæſar were dead, to live all freemen?—As Cæſar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who's here ſo baſe, that would be a bond-man? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who's here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who's here ſo vile, that will not love his country? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. —I pauſe for a reply.——

NONE?—Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæſar, than you ſhould do to Brutus. The queſtion of his death is inrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences, inforced, for which he ſuffered death.

HERE comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: as, which of you ſhall not? With this I depart—That, as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of Rome; I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

XII.

CHARLES V.'S RESIGNATION OF HIS DOMINIONS.

CHARLES reſolved to reſign his kingdoms to his ſon, with a ſolemnity ſuitable to the importance of the tranſaction; and to perform this laſt act of ſovereignty with ſuch formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impreſſion on the minds, not only of his ſubjects, but of his ſucceſſor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peeviſh temper of his queen, which increaſed with her deſpair of having iſſue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealouſy of the Engliſh, left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having aſſembled the ſtates of the low Countries, at Bruſſels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thouſand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles ſeated himſelf, for the laſt time, in the chair of ſtate; on one ſide of which was placed his ſon, and, on the other, his ſiſter the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a ſplendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, ſtanding behind him. The preſident of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the ſtates. He, then, read the inſtrument of reſignation, by which Charles ſurrendered to his ſon Philip, all all his territories, juriſdiction, and authority in the Low-Countries; abſolving his ſubjects there, from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip his lawful heir, and to ſerve him with the ſame loyalty and zeal, which they

they had manifeſted, during ſo long a courſe of years, in ſupport of his government.

CHARLES, then, roſe from his ſeat; and, leaning on the ſhoulder of the prince of Orange, becauſe he was unable to ſtand without ſupport, he addreſſed himſelf to the audience; and, from a paper which he held in his hand in order to aſſiſt his memory, he recounted, with dignity, but without oſtentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed, ſince the commencement of his adminiſtration. He obſerved, that, from the ſeventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reſerving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his eaſe, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleaſure: that, either in a pacific or hoſtile manner, he had viſited Germany nine times, Spain ſix times, France four times, Italy ſeven times, the Low-Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by ſea: that, while his health permitted him to diſcharge his duty, and the vigour of his conſtitution was equal in any degree, to the arduous office of governing ſuch extenſive dominions, he had never ſhunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that, now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhauſted by the rage of an incurable diſtemper, his growing infirmities admoniſhed him to retire; nor was he ſo fond of reigning, as to retain the ſceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his ſubjects, or to render them happy: that inſtead of a ſovereign worn out with diſeaſes, and ſcarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accuſtomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and ſagacity of maturer years: that, if, during the courſe of a long adminiſtration, he had committed

committed any material error in government; or if under the preſſure of ſo many and great affairs, and amidſt the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his ſubjects, he now implored their forgiveneſs: that, for his part, he ſhould ever retain a grateful ſenſe of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his ſweeteſt conſolation, as well as the beſt reward for all his ſervices; and, in his laſt prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wiſhes for their welfare.

THEN, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kiſſed his father's hand, "If," ſays he, "I had left you, by my death, this rich inheritance "to which I have made ſuch large additions, ſome "regard would have been juſtly due to my memory "on that account: but, now, when I voluntarily "reſign to you what I might have ſtill retained, I "may well expect the warmeſt expreſſions of thanks "on your part. With theſe, however, I diſpenſe; "and ſhall conſider your concern for the welfare of "your ſubjects, and your love of them, as the beſt "and moſt acceptable teſtimony of your gratitude "to me. It is in your power, by a wiſe and vir- "tuous adminiſtration, to juſtify the extraordinary "proof, which I, this day, give of my paternal "affection; and to demonſtrate, that you are wor- "thy of the confidence which I repoſe in you. "Preſerve an inviolable regard for religion; main- "tain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the li "of your country be ſacred in your eyes: encro "not on the rights and privileges of your peop "and, if the time ſhall ever come, when you ſh "wiſh to enjoy the tranquillity of private li

"

" may you have a ſon, endowed with ſuch qualities,
" that you can reſign your ſceptre to him, with as
" much ſatisfaction, as I give up mine to you."

As ſoon as Charles had finiſhed this long addreſs to his ſubjects, and to their new ſovereign, he ſunk into the chair, exhauſted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of ſuch an extraordinary effort. During his diſcourſe, the whole audience melted into tears; ſome, from admiration of his magnanimity; others, ſoftened by the expreſſions of tenderneſs towards his ſon, and of love to his people: and all were affected with the deepeſt ſorrow, at loſing a ſovereign, who had diſtinguiſhed the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks thereafter, Charles, in an aſſembly no leſs ſplendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, reſigned to his ſon the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the old and in the new world. Of all theſe vaſt poſſeſſions, he reſerved nothing for himſelf, but an annual penſion of an hundred thouſand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a ſmall ſum, for acts of beneficence and charity.

THE place he had choſen for his retreat, was the monaſtery of St. Juſtus, in the province of Eſtremadura. It was ſeated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a ſmall brook, and ſurrounded by riſing grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the ſoil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was eſteemed the moſt healthful and delicious ſituation in Spain. Some months before his reſignation, he had ſent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monaſtery, for his accommodation; but

he gave ſtrict orders, that the ſtile of the building ſhould be ſuch as ſuited his preſent ſituation, rather than his former dignity. It conſiſted only of ſix rooms: four of them in the form of Friars cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet ſquare, were hung with brown cloth, and furniſhed in the moſt ſimple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door, on one ſide, into a garden, of which Charles himſelf had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other ſide, they communicated with the chapel of the monaſtery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly ſufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domeſtics only. He buried, there, in ſolitude and ſilence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all thoſe vaſt projects, which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being ſubjected to his power.

XIII.

THE ABSENT MAN.

MENALCAS comes down in the morning opens his door to go out; but ſhuts it again becauſe he perceives he has his night-cap, on and examining himſelf further, finds that he is but half ſhaved; that he has ſtuck his ſword, on his ri

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ſide; that his ſtockings are about his heels; and that his ſhirt is over his breeches.

WHEN he is dreſt, he goes to court; comes into the drawing-room; and, walking upright, under a branch of candleſticks, his wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the air. All the courtiers fall a-laughing; but Menalcas laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the perſon that is the jeſt of the company. Coming down to the court-gate, he finds a coach; which, taking for his own, he whips into it; and the coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his maſter. As ſoon as he ſtops, Menalcas throws himſelf out of the coach, croſſes the court, aſcends the ſtair-caſe, and runs through all the chambers with the greateſt familiarity; repoſes himſelf on a couch; and fancies himſelf at home. The maſter of the houſe at laſt comes in. Menalcas riſes to receive him, and deſires him to ſit down. He talks, muſes, and then talks again. The gentleman of the houſe is tired and amazed. Menalcas is no leſs ſo: but is every moment in hopes that his impertinent gueſt will at laſt end his tedious viſit. Night comes on; when Menalcas is hardly convinced.

WHEN he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glaſs of wine and water. 'Tis his turn to throw. He has the box in one hand, and his glaſs in the other; and, being extremely dry, and unwilling to loſe time, he ſwallows down both the dice, and, at the ſame time, throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter; and flings the ſand into the ink-bottle. He writes a ſecond; and miſtakes the ſuperſcription. A nobleman receives one of them; and, upon opening it, reads as follows: "I would have you, honeſt Jack, immediately upon "the

" the receipt of this, take in hay enough to ſerve " the winter." His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to ſee in it, " My Lord, I received your " Grace's commands, with an entire ſubmiſſion " to——"

IF he is at an entertainment, you may ſee the pieces of bread continually multiplying round his plate: 'tis true, the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep long. Sometimes, in a morning, he puts his whole family in a hurry; and, at laſt, goes out without being able to ſtay for his coach or breakfaſt; and, for that day, you may ſee him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be upon buſineſs of importance.

YOU would often take him for every thing that he is not—For a fellow quite ſtupid: for he hears nothing: For a fool; for he talks to himſelf, and has a hundred grimaces and motions with his head, which are altogether involuntary: for a proud man; for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your ſaluting him. The truth of it is, his eyes are open: but he makes no uſe of them; and neither ſees you, nor any man, nor any thing elſe. He came once from his country-houſe, and his own footmen undertook to rob him, and ſucceeded. They held him a flambeau to his throat, and bid him deliver his purſe. He did ſo; and, coming home, told his friends he had been robbed. They deſire to know the particulars—" Aſk my ſervants," ſaid Menalcas " for they were with me."

XIV.

ADHERBAL TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

FATHERS!

IT is known to you, that King Micipſa, my father, on his death-bead, left in charge, to Jugurtha, his adopted ſon, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempſal, and myſelf, the children of his own body, the adminiſtration of the kingdom of Numidia; directing us, to conſider the ſenate and people of Rome, as proprietors of it. He charged us, to uſe our beſt endeavours, to be ſerviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in peace and war: aſſuring us, that your protection would prove to us a defence againſt all enemies; and would be inſtead of armies, fortifications, and treaſures.

WHILE my brother and I were thinking of nothing, but how we ſhould regulate ourſelves according to the direction of our deceaſed father—Jugurtha—the moſt infamous of mankind!—breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth—procured the murder of my unfortunate brother—and has driven me from my throne, and native country; tho' he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Maſſiniſſa, and my father Micipſa, the friendſhip and alliance of the Romans.

FOR a prince to be reduced, by villany, to my diſtreſsful circumſtances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened, by the conſideration, that I find myſelf obliged to ſolicit your aſſiſtance, Fathers, for the ſervices done you by my anceſtors, not for any I have been able to render you in my own perſon. Jugurtha has put it out of my power, to deſerve

ſerve any thing at your hands; and has forced me to be burdenſome, before I could be uſeful to you. And yet, if I had no plea, but my undeſerved miſery —a once powerful prince, the deſcendent of a race of illuſtrious monarchs, now, without any fault of my own, deſtitute of every ſupport, and reduced to the neceſſity of begging foreign aſſiſtance, againſt an enemy, who has ſeized my throne and my kingdom —if my unequalled diſtreſſes were all I had to plead; it would become the greatneſs of the Roman commonwealth, the arbiter of the world, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedneſs over helpleſs innocence. -- But, to provoke your vengence to the utmoſt, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions, which the ſenate and people of Rome gave to my anceſtors; and, from which, my grandfather, and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindneſs to our family is defeated; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverſe of fortune! O father Micipſa! is this the conſequence of your generoſity; that he whom your goodneſs raiſed to an equality with your own children, ſhould be the murderer of your children? Muſt, then, the royal houſe of Numidia, always, be a ſcene of havock and blood? While Carthage remained, we ſuffered, as was to be expected, all ſorts of hardſhips from their hoſtile attacks: our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a diſtance. While we were ſo circumſtanced, we were always in arms, and in action. When that ſcourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourſelves on the proſpect of eſtabliſhed peace. But, inſtead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenc

ed with royal blood! and the only ſurviving ſon of its late king, flying from an adopted murderer, and ſeeking that ſafety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom!

WHITHER—O! whither ſhall I fly? If I return to the royal palace of my anceſtors, my father's throne is ſeized, by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha ſhould haſten to imbrue, in my blood, thoſe hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge, or for aſſiſtance, to any other court; from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth give me up? From my own family or friends, I have no expectations. My royal father is no more. He is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy ſon. Were my brother alive, our mutual ſympathy would be ſome alleviation. But he is hurried out of life, in his early youth, by the very hand, which ſhould have been the laſt to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all, whom he ſuſpected to be in my intereſt. Some have been deſtroyed by the lingering torment of the croſs. Others have been given a prey to wild beaſts; and their anguiſh made the ſport of men, more cruel than wild beaſts. If there be any yet alive, they are ſhut up in dungeons; there to drag out a life, more intolerable than death itſelf.

LOOK down, illuſtrious Senators of Rome! from that height of power, to which you are raiſed, on the unexampled diſtreſſes of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcaſt from all mankind. Let not the crafty inſinuations of him, who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your

your judgment. Do not liſten to the wretch, who has butchered the ſon and relations of a king, who gave him power to ſit on the ſame throne, with his own children.— I have been informed, that he labours, by his emiſſaries, to prevent your determining any thing againſt him, in his abſence; pretending, that I magnify my diſtreſs; and that I might, for him, have ſtaid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time come, when the due vengeance from above ſhall overtake him, he will then diſſemble in the very ſame manner as I do. Then he, who, now, hardened in wickedneſs, triumphs over thoſe, whom his violence has laid low, will, in his turn, feel diſtreſs; and ſuffer, for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirſty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O deareſt to my heart!— now gone for ever from my ſight!— But, why ſhould I lament his death? He is, indeed, deprived of the bleſſed light of heaven, of light and kingdom, at once, by the very perſon, who ought to have been the firſt, to hazard his own life, in defence of any one of Micipſa's family: but, as things now are, my brother is not ſo much deprived of theſe comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endleſs train of miſeries, which render life to me a burthen. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and feſtering in his own blood. But he lies in peace. He feels none of the miſeries which rend my ſoul with agony and diſtraction; whilſt I am ſet up a ſpectacle, to " mankind, of the uncertainty of human affairs. far from having it in my power to revenge his dea I am not maſter of the means of ſecuring my o life. So far from being in a condition to defe my kingdom from the violence of the uſurper.

am obliged to apply for foreign protection, for my own perſon.

FATHERS, Senators of Rome, the arbiters of the world! to you I fly, for refuge, from the murderous fury of Jugurtha. By your affections for your children; by your love for your country; by your own virtues; by the majeſty of the Roman commonwealth; by all that is ſacred; and all that is dear to you! deliver a wretched prince, from undeſerved, unprovoked injury: and ſave the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, uſurpation, and cruelty.

XV.

MAN'S INTEREST SOCIAL.

I FIND myſelf exiſting upon a little ſpot, ſurrounded every way by an immenſe unknown expanſion.—Where am I? What ſort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every inſtance, to my convenience? Is there no exceſs of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing ſubſervient to me, as though I had ordered all myſelf?—No—nothing like it—the fartheſt from it poſſible.——The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not.—But is it not poſſible ſo to accommodate it, by my own particular induſtry?—If to accommodate man and beaſt, heaven and earth; if this be beyond me, 'tis not poſſible—What conſequence then follows? Or can there be any other than this—If I ſeek an intereſt of

of my own, detached from that of others, I ſeek an intereſt which is chimerical, and can never have exiſtence?

How then muſt I determine? Have I no intereſt at all? If I have not, I am a fool for ſtaying here. 'Tis a ſmoky houſe; and the ſooner out of it, the better.—But why no intereſt?—Can I be contented with none, but one ſeparate and detached? Is a ſocial intereſt, joined with others, ſuch an abſurdity, as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enow to convince me, that the thing is, ſomewhere at leaſt, poſſible. How, then, am I aſſured, that 'tis not equally true of man?——Admit it; and what follows? If ſo, then honour and juſtice are my intereſt; then the whole train of moral virtues are my intereſt; without ſome portion of which, not even thieves can maintain ſociety.

But, farther ſtill—I ſtop not here—I purſue this ſocial intereſt, as far as I can trace my ſeveral relations. I paſs from my own ſtock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as diſperſed throughout the earth.—Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce; by the general intercourſe of arts and letters; by that common nature, of which we all participate?——Again—I muſt have food and cloathing. —Without a proper genial warmth, I inſtantly periſh—Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itſelf? to the diſtant ſun, from whoſe beams I derive vigour? to that ſtupendous courſe and order of an infinite hoſt of heaven, by which the times and ſeaſons ever uniformly paſs on?—Were this order once confounded, I could not properly ſurvive

vive a moment; ſo abſolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.

WHAT, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honour and juſtice, and what I owe to man, is my intereſt; but gratitude alſo, acquieſcence, reſignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater governor, our common parent.

BUT, if all theſe moral and divine habits be my intereſt, I need not ſurely ſeek for a better. I have an intereſt compatible with the ſpot on which I live. I have an intereſt which may exiſt, without altering the plan of providence; without mending or marring the general order of events. I can bear whatever happens, with manlike magnanimity; can be contented, and fully happy, in the good, which I poſſeſs; and can paſs thro' this turbid, this fickle, fleeting period, without bewailings, or envyings, or murmurings, or complaints.

XVI.

CORPORAL TRIM'S ELOQUENCE.

MY young maſter in London is dead, ſaid Obadiah.——

HERE is ſad news, Trim, cried Suſannah, wiping her eyes as Trim ſtepped into the kitchen—Maſter Bobby is dead.

I lament for him, from my heart and my ſoul, ſaid Trim, fetching a ſigh——Poor creature!—poor boy! poor gentleman!

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HE was alive laſt Whitſuntide, ſaid the coachman. Whitſuntide!—alas! (cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling inſtantly into the ſame attitude in which he read the ſermon) what is Whitſuntide, Jonathan (for that was the coachman's name) or Shrovetide, or any tide or time paſt, to this? Are we not here now (continued the corporal, ſtriking the end of his ſtick perpendicularly upon the floor, ſo as to give an idea of health and ſtability) and are we not (dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment?—It was infinitely ſtriking!—Suſannah burſt into a flood of tears.—We are not ſtocks and ſtones.—Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted.—The fooliſh fat ſcullion herſelf, who was ſcouring a fiſh-kettle upon her knees, was rouſed with it.—The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

"ARE we not here now—and gone, in a moment?"—There was nothing in the ſentence—it was one of your ſelf-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and, if Trim had not truſted more to his hat than his head, he had made nothing at all of it.

"ARE we not here now;" continued the corporal, "and are we not" (dropping his hat plump upon the ground, and pauſing, before he pronounced the word) "gone! in a moment?"—The deſcent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it. Nothing could have expreſſed the ſentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and fore-runner, like it. His hand ſeemed to vaniſh from under it—it fell dead—the corporal's eye fixed upon it, as upon a corpſe——and Suſannah, burſt into a flood of tears.

XVII.

XVII.

SPEECH OF CANULEIUS AGAINST THE ROMAN LAW WHICH PROHIBITED THE PATRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS FROM INTERMARRYING.

WHAT an inſult upon us is this! If we are not ſo rich as the Patricians, are we not citizens of Rome, as well as they? inhabitants of the ſame country? members of the ſame community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even ſtrangers more remote, are admitted, not only to marriages with us, but to, what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city. Are we, becauſe we are commoners, to be worſe treated than ſtrangers?—And, when we demand that the people may be free to beſtow their offices and dignities on whom they pleaſe, do we aſk any thing unreaſonable or new? Do we claim more than their original inherit right? What occaſion, then, for all this uproar, as if the univerſe were falling to ruin? They were juſt going to lay violent hands upon me, in the ſenate-houſe. What! muſt this empire, then, be unavoidably overturned? Muſt Rome, of neceſſity, ſink at once, if a Plebeian, worthy of the office, ſhould be raiſed to the conſulſhip? The Patricians, I am perſuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them, that you breathe, that you ſpeak, that you have the ſhapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a conſul, would be, ſay they, a moſt enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being ſo much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome. The elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheleſs placed upon the throne. Servius

Servius Tullius, the ſon of a captive woman (nobody knows who his father was) obtained the kingdom, as the reward of his wiſdom and virtue. In thoſe days, no man, in whom virtue ſhone conſpicuous, was rejected or deſpiſed, on account of his race and deſcent. And, did the ſtate proſper the leſs for that? Were not theſe ſtrangers, the very beſt of all our kings? And, ſuppoſing now, that a Plebian ſhould have their talents and merit, muſt not he be ſuffered to govern us? But, "we find, that, upon the aboli-"tion of the regal power, no commoner was choſen "to the conſulate." And what of that? Before Numa's time, there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius's days, there was no Cenſus, no diviſion of the people into claſſes and centuries. Who ever heard of conſuls, before the expulſion of Tarquin the Proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and ſo are the offices of tribunes, ædiles, quæſtors. Within theſe ten years, we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but what has been done before? That very law, forbidding marriages of Patricians with Plebeians; is not that a new thing? Was there any ſuch law before the decemvirs enacted it? and a moſt ſhameful one it is in a free ſtate. Such marriages, it ſeems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! Why, if they think ſo, let them take care to match their ſiſters and daughters with men of their own ſort. No Plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a Patrician. Thoſe are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear, that we ſhall force any body into a contract of marriage. But, to make an expreſs law, to prohibit marriages of Patricians with Plebeians, what is this, but to ſhew the utmoſt contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean? Why don't they lay their wiſe hea

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together, to hinder rich folks from matching with poor? They talk to us, of the confuſion there will be in families, if this ſtatute ſhould be repealed. I wonder they don't make a law againſt a commoner's living near a nobleman, or going the ſame road that he is going, or being preſent at the ſame feaſt, or appearing in the ſame market-place. They might as well pretend, that theſe things make confuſion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know, that the children will be ranked according to the quality of his father, let him be a Patrician or a Plebeian? In ſhort, it is manifeſt enough, that we have nothing in view, but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they who oppoſe our demand, have any motive to do it, but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, Conſuls and Patricians, is the ſovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can, at their pleaſure, either make a law, or repeal one. And will you, then, as ſoon as any law is propoſed to them, pretend to lift them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their ſuffrages, by leading them into the field?—Here me, Conſuls: whether the news of the war you talk of, be true, or whether it be only a falſe rumour, ſpread abroad for nothing but a colour to ſend the people out of the city, I declare, as tribune, that this people, who have already ſo often ſpilt their blood in our country's cauſe, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be reſtored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like ſtrangers in our own country: but, if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages; if you will not ſuffer the entrance to the chief offices in the ſtate, to be open to all perſons of merit, indifferently; if you will confine your choice of magiſtrates, to the

ſenate

ſenate alone; talk of wars as much as ever you pleaſe; paint, in your ordinary diſcourſes, the league and power of our enemies, ten times more dreadful than you do now; I declare, that this people, whom you ſo much deſpiſe, and to whom you are, nevertheleſs, indebted for all your victories, ſhall never more inliſt themſelves; not a man of them ſhall take arms; not a man of them ſhall expoſe his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither ſhare the dignities of the ſtate, nor, in private life, have any alliance by marriage.

XVIII.

CONSEQUENCES OF SATIRICAL WIT.

TRUST me, this unwary pleaſantry of thine, will, ſooner or later, bring thee into ſcrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of. In theſe ſallies, too oft, I ſee it happens, that the perſon laughed at, conſiders himſelf in the light of a perſon injured, with all the rights of ſuch a ſituation belonging to him: and, when thou reckon'ſt upon his friends, his family, his kindred and allies; and muſtereſt up, with them, the many recruits, who will liſt under him, from a ſenſe of common danger; 'tis no extravagant arithmetic to ſay, that for every ten jokes, thou haſt got an hundred enemies; but, till thou haſt gone on, and raiſed a ſwarm of waſps about thine ears,

ears, and art half ſtung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is ſo.

I cannot ſuſpect it, in the man whom I eſteem, that there is the leaſt ſpur, from ſpleen, or malevolence of intent, in theſe ſallies. I believe, and know them, to be truly honeſt and ſportive. But, conſider, that fools cannot diſtinguiſh this, and that knaves will not: and thou knoweſt not, what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other. Whenever they aſſociate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in ſuch a manner againſt thee, as to make thee heartily ſick of it, and of thy life too.

REVENGE, from ſome baneful corner, ſhall level a tale of diſhonour at thee, which no innocence of heart, or integrity of conduct, ſhall ſet right. The fortunes of thy houſe, ſhall totter—thy character, which led the way to them, ſhall bleed on every ſide of it.—thy faith queſtioned—thy works belied—thy wit forgotten—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the laſt ſcene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin ruffians, hired and ſet on by Malice in the dark, ſhall ſtrike together at all thy infirmities and miſtakes. The beſt of us, my friend, lie open there. And, truſt me, when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once reſolved upon, that an innocent and an helpleſs creature ſhall be ſacrificed, it is an eaſy matter, to pick up ſticks enough, from any thicket where it has ſtrayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.

XIX.

ADVANTAGES OF COMMERCE.

THERE is no place in the town, which I ſo much love to frequent, as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a ſecret ſatisfaction, and, in ſome meaſure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an Engliſhman, to ſee ſo rich an aſſembly of countrymen and foreigners, conſulting together upon the private buſineſs of mankind, and making this metropolis, a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I muſt confeſs, I look upon high change to be a grand council, in which all conſiderable nations have their repreſentatives. Factors, in the trading world, are what ambaſſadors are in the politic world. They negociate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correſpondence between thoſe wealthy ſocieties of men, that are divided from one another by ſeas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleaſed, to hear diſputes adjuſted, between an inhabitant of Japan, and an Alderman of London; or to ſee a ſubject of the great Mogul, entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muſcovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with theſe ſeveral miniſters of commerce, as they are diſtinguiſhed by their different walks, and different languages. Sometimes, I am joſtled among a body of Armenians; ſometimes I am loſt in a crowd of Jews; and, ſometimes, make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, a Swede, or Frenchman, at different times; or, rather fancy myſelf like the old philoſopher, who, upon being aſked what countryman he was, replied, That he was a citizen of the world.

THIS grand ſcene of buſineſs, gives me an infinite variety of ſolid and ſubſtantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleaſure, at the ſight of a proſperous and happy multitude; inſomuch, that, at many public ſolemnities, I cannot forbear expreſſing my joy, with tears. For this reaſon, I am wonderfully delighted to ſee ſuch a body of men, thriving in their own private fortunes, and, at the ſame time, promoting the public ſtock; or, in other words, raiſing eſtates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is ſuperfluous.

NATURE ſeems to have taken a particular care to diſſeminate her bleſſings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourſe and traffic among mankind; that the natives of the ſeveral parts of the globe, might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together, by their common intereſts. Almoſt every degree, produces ſomething peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the ſauce in another. The fruits of Portugal, are corrected by the products of Barbadoes; the infuſion of a china plant, ſweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippine iſlands, give a flavour to our European bowls. The ſingle dreſs of a woman of quality, is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan, come together, from the different ends of the earth. The ſcarf, is ſent from the torrid zone; and the tippet, from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat, riſes out of the mines of P u.; and the diamond necklace, out of the bowels of Indoſtan.

IF we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce; what a barren uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature: that our climate, of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no farther advances towards a plum, than a sloe; and carries an apple to no greater perfection, than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and our cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil.

NOR has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate: our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines: our rooms are filled with pyramids of china, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan: our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth: we repair our bodies by the drugs of America; and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend, Sir Andrew, calls the vineyards of France, our gardens; the spice islands, our hot-beds; the Persians, our silk weavers; and the Chinese, our potters. Nature, indeed, furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life; but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful; and, at same time, supplies us with every thing, that is convenient, and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that, while we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those

thoſe extremities of weather, which give them birth: that our eyes are refreſhed with the green fields of Britain; at the ſame time, that our palates are feaſted with fruits, that riſe between the tropics.

FOR theſe reaſons, there are not more uſeful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together, in a mutual intercourſe of good offices; diſtribute the gifts of nature; find work for the poor; add wealth to the rich; and magnificence to the great. Our Engliſh merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our Britiſh manufacture; and the inhabitants of the frozen zone, warmed with the fleeces of our ſheep.

WHEN I have been upon the change, I have often fancied one of our old kings ſtanding in perſon, where he is repreſented in effigy; and looking down upon the wealthy concourſe of people, with which that place is every day filled. In this caſe, how would he be ſurpriſed, to hear all the languages of Europe, ſpoken in this little ſpot of his former dominions; and to ſee ſo many private men, who, in his time, would have been the vaſſals of ſome powerful baron, negociating, like princes, for greater ſums of money, than were formerly to be met with, in the royal treaſury! Trade, without enlarging the Britiſh territories, has given us a kind of additional empire: it has multiplied the number of the rich; made our landed eſtates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly; and added to them, an acceſſion of other eſtates, as valuable as the lands themſelves.

XX.

A FRAGMENT.

THE town of Abdera (notwithſtanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it) was the vileſt and moſt profligate town in all Thrace. What for poiſons, conſpiracies, and aſſaſſinations; libels, paſquinades, and tumults; there was no going there by day—'twas worſe by night.

Now, when things were at worſt, it came to paſs, that, the Andromeda of Euripides being repreſented at Abdera, the whole orcheſtra was delighted with it: but, of all the paſſages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations, than the tender ſtrokes of nature, which the poet had wrought up, in that pathetic ſpeech of Perſeus, "O Cupid! prince of gods and men, &c." Every man ſpoke almoſt pure iambics the next day, and talked of nothing but Perſeus' pathetic addreſs. "O "Cupid, prince of gods and men!" was heard in every ſtreet of Abdera, in every houſe; "O Cupid! "Cupid!" warbled every mouth, like the natural notes of ſome ſweet melody, which drops from it whether it will or not——Nothing but "Cupid! "Cupid! prince of gods and men!"——The fire caught; and the whole city, like the heart of one man, opened itſelf to love.

No pharmacopoliſt could ſell one grain of helle-bore;—not a ſingle armourer had a heart to forge one

one inſtrument of death.——Friendſhip and Virtue met together, and kiſſed each other in the ſtreet.——The golden age returned and hung over the town of Abdera.——Every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitiſh woman left her purple web, and chaſtely ſat her down, and liſtened to the ſong.

'TWAS only in the power (ſays the Fragment) of the god, whoſe empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the ſea, to have done this.

XXI.

GALGACUS TO THE CALEDONIAN ARMY.

WHEN I reflect on the cauſes of the war, and the circumſtances of our ſituation, I feel a ſtrong perſuaſion, that our united efforts, on the preſent day, will prove the beginning of univerſal liberty to Britain. For none of us are hitherto debaſed by ſlavery; and we have no proſpect of a cure retreat behind us, either by land or ſea, whilſt the Roman fleet hovers around. Thus the uſe of arms which is at all times honourable to the brave, here offers the only ſafety even to cowards. In all the battles, which have yet been fought with various ſucceſs againſt the Romans, the reſources of hope and aid were in our hands; for we, the nobleſt inhabitants of Britain, and ſtationed in its deepeſt receſſes, far from the view of ſervile ſhores, have preſerved, even our eyes, unpolluted by ſubjection. We, at the fartheſt limits both of land and liberty, have been defended, to this day, by the obſcurity of

our ſituation, and of our fame. The extremity of Britain is now diſcloſed; and whatever is unknown, becomes an object of importance. But there is no nation beyond us; nothing but waves and rocks; and the Romans are before us. The arrogance of theſe invaders, it will be in vain to encounter, by obſequiouſneſs and ſubmiſſion. Theſe plunderers of the world, after exhauſting the land by their devaſtations, are rifling the ocean. Stimulated by avarice, if their enemy be rich; by ambition, if poor: unſatiated by the Eaſt, and by the Weſt: they are the only people, who behold wealth and indigence with equal avidity. To ravage; to ſlaughter; to uſurp under falſe titles; they call empire: and, when they make a deſart, they call it peace.

Our children and relations are, by the appointment of nature, rendered the deareſt of all things to us. Theſe are torn away, by levies, to foreign ſervitude. Our wives and ſiſters, though they ſhould eſcape the violation of hoſtile force, are polluted, under the names of friendſhip and hoſpitality. Our eſtates and poſſeſſions are conſumed, in tributes; our grain, in contributions. Even the powers of our bodies are worn down, amidſt ſtripes and inſults, in clearing woods, and draining marſhes. Wretches born to ſlavery, are firſt bought, and afterwards fed by their maſters: Britons continually buy, continually feed their own ſervitude. And as, among domeſtic ſlaves, every new comer ſerves for the ſcorn and deriſion of his fellows; ſo, in this ancient houſehold of the world, we, as the laſt and vileſt, are ſought out to deſtruction. For we have neither cultivated lands, nor mines, nor harbours, which can induce them to preſerve us for our labours: and our valour and unſubmitting ſpirit, will only render us more obnoxious to our imperious maſters; while the very re-

remoteneſs and ſecrecy of our ſituation, in proportion as it conduces to ſecurity, will tend to inſpire ſuſpicion. Since, then, all hopes of forgiveneſs are vain; let thoſe, at length, aſſume courage, to whom glory, to whom ſafety, is dear. The Brigantines, even under a female leader, had force enough to burn the enemy's ſettlements, to ſtorm their camps; and, if ſucceſs had not introduced negligence and inactivity, would have been able entirely to throw off the yoke. And ſhall not we, untouched, unſubdued, and ſtruggling, not for the acquiſition, but the continuance of liberty, declare, at the very firſt onſet, what kind of men Caledonia has reſerved for her defence?

CAN you imagine, that the Romans are as brave in war, as they are inſolent in peace? Acquiring renown from our diſcords and diſſentions, they convert the errors of their enemies, to the glory of their own army; an army compounded of the moſt different nations; which, as ſucceſs alone has kept together, misfortune will certainly diſſipate. Unleſs, indeed, you can ſuppoſe, that Gauls, and Germans, and (I bluſh to ſay it) even Britons, laviſhing their blood for a foreign ſtate, to which they have been longer foes than ſubjects, will be retained by loyalty and affection! Terror and dread alone, weak bonds of attachment, are the ties by which they are reſtrained; and, when theſe are once broken, thoſe who ceaſe to fear, will begin to hate. Every incitement to victory, is on our ſide. The Romans have no wives, to animate them; no parents to upbraid their flight. Moſt of them have either no habitation, or a diſtant one. Few in number; ignorant of the country; looking around, in ſilent horror, at the woods, ſeas, and a heaven itſelf unknown to them; they are delivered by the gods, as it were impriſoned

and bound into our hands. Be not terrified with an idle ſhow, and the glitter of ſilver and gold, which can neither protect nor wound. In the very ranks of the enemy, we ſhall find our friends. The Britons will acknowledge their own cauſe. The Gauls will recollect their former liberty. The Germans will deſert them, as the Uſipii have lately done. Nor is there any thing formidable behind them. Ungarriſoned forts; colonies of invalids; municipal towns, diſtempered and diſtracted between unjuſt maſters, and ill-obeying ſubjects. Here is your general; here your army. There, tributes, mines, and all the train of ſervile puniſhments; which, whether to bear eternally, or inſtantly to revenge, this field muſt determine. March, then, to battle;—and think of your anceſtors—and think of your poſterity.

XXII.

THE CANT OF CRITICISM.

—AND how did Garrick ſpeak the ſoliloquy laſt night?—Oh, againſt all rule, my lord; moſt ungrammatically! Betwixt the ſubſtantive and the adjective (which ſhould agree together, in number, caſe and gender) he made a breach thus —ſtopping as if the point wanted ſettling. And betwixt the nominative caſe (which your lordſhip knows ſhould govern the verb) he ſuſpended his voice, in the epilogue, a dozen times, three ſeconds and three fifths, by a ſtop-watch, my lord, each time.—Admirable grammarian!—But, in ſuſpending his voice, was the ſenſe ſuſpended likewiſe? Did no expreſſion of attitude or countenance fill up the chaſm?

chaſm? Was the eye ſilent? Did you narrowly look?—I looked only at the ſtop-watch, my lord.—Excellent obſerver!

AND what of this new book the whole world makes ſuch a rout about?—Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my lord,—quite an irregular thing! not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had my rule and compaſſes, my lord, in my pocket.—Excellent critic!

AND, for the epic poem your lordſhip bid me look at—upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact ſcale of Boſſu's—'tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimenſions.—Admirable connoiſſeur!

AND did you ſtep in to take a look at the grand picture, in your way back?—'Tis a melancholy daub! my lord: not one principle of the pyramid, in any one group! and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expreſſion of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the correggieſcity of Correggio—the learning of Pouſſin—the airs of Guido—the taſte of the Carrachi's—or the grand contour of Angelo!

GRANT me patience!—Of all the Cants, which are canted, in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites, may be the worſt—the cant of criticiſm, is the moſt tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot, to kiſs the hand of that man, whoſe generous heart, will give up the reigns of his imagination into his author's hands, be pleaſed, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

XXIII.

XXIII.

VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

IT is a very common expreſſion, That ſuch a one is very paſſionate, but very good-natured. The expreſſion, indeed, is very good-natured: but, for my part, I think, a paſſionate man does not deſerve ſo much indulgence. It is ſaid, it is ſoon over: that is, all the miſchief he does, is quickly diſpatched; which, I think is no great recommendation to favour. I have known one of thoſe good-natured paſſionate men, ſay, in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, ſuch things, as the moſt inveterate enemy of his family, would not have ſpoken, even in imagination. It is certain, that quick ſenſibility is inſeparable from a ready underſtanding; but, why ſhould not that good underſtanding call to itſelf all its force on ſuch occaſions, to maſter that ſudden inclination to anger? One of the greateſt ſouls, now in the world, is, by nature, the moſt ſubject to anger; and, yet, ſo famous for a conqueſt of himſelf this way, that he is the known example, when you talk of temper and command of a man's ſelf. To contain the ſpirit of anger, is the worthieſt diſcipline we can put ourſelves to. When a man has made a progreſs this way, a frivolous fellow in a paſſion, is to him as contemptible as a froward child. It ought to be the ſtudy of every man, for his own quiet and peace. When he ſtands combuſtible, ready to flame, upon every thing that touches h life is as uneaſy to himſelf, as it is to all about h Syncropius leads, of all men living, the moſt diculous life: he is ever offending, and begg pard

pardon. If his man enters the room without what he ſent for, "That blockhead," begins he—— "Gentlemen, I aſk your pardon; but ſervants, "now-a-days"—The wrong plates are laid—they are thrown into the middle of the room. His wife ſtands by, in pain for him; which he ſees in her face, and anſwers, as if he had heard all ſhe was thinking; "Why, what the devil! why don't "you take care to give orders about theſe things?" His friends ſit down to a taſteleſs plenty of every thing, every minute expecting new inſults from his impertinent paſſion. In a word, to eat with, or viſit Syncropius, is no other than going to ſee him exerciſe his family, exerciſe their patience, and his own anger.

IT is monſtrous, that the ſhame and confuſion, in which ſuch good-natured angry men muſt needs behold their friends, while they are thus laying about them, do not give them ſo much reflection, as to create an amendment. This is the moſt ſcandalous diſuſe of reaſon imaginable. All the harmleſs part of them, is no better than that of a bull-dog: they are tame, no longer, than they are offended. One of theſe perſons ſhall, in an inſtant, aſſemble together, ſo many alluſions to ſecret circumſtances, as are enough to diſſolve the peace of all the families and friends he is acquainted with, in a quarter of an hour; and, yet, the next moment, be the beſt natured man in the whole world.—If you would ſee paſſion in its purity, without any mixture of reaſon, behold it repreſented in a mad hero, drawn by a mad poet. Nat. Lee makes his Alexander ſay thus:

Away! begone! and give a whirlwind room;
Or I will blow you up like duſt! Avaunt!
Madneſs but meanly repreſents my toil.

Eternal

Eternal diſcord!
Fury! Revenge! Diſdain and indignation!
Tear my ſwoln breaſt. Make way for fire and tempeſt!
My brain is burſt: debate and reaſon quench'd.
The ſtorm is up; and my hot bleeding heart
Splits with the rack: while paſſions, like the winds,
Riſe up to heav'n, and put out all the ſtars.

Every paſſionate fellow in town, talks half the day, with as little conſiſtency, and threatens things as much out of his power.

THE next diſagreeable perſon to the outrageous gentleman, is one of a much lower order of anger; and he is, what we commonly call, a peeviſh fellow. A peeviſh fellow, is one, who has ſome reaſon in himſelf for being out of humour: or has a natural incapacity for delight; and, therefore, diſturbs all who are happier than himſelf, with tuſhes and pſhaws, or other well-bred interjections, at every thing that is ſaid or done in his preſence. This degree of anger, paſſes, forſooth, for a delicacy of judgment, that will not admit of being eaſily pleaſed: but none above the character of wearing a peeviſh man's livery, ought to bear with his ill manners. All things, among men of ſenſe and condition, ſhould paſs the cenſure, and have the protection, of the eye of reaſon.

NEXT to the peeviſh fellow, is the ſnarler. This gentleman deals mightily in what we call the irony; and, as people of this caſt exert themſelves moſt againſt thoſe below them, you ſee their humour beſt, in their talk to their ſervants. "That is ſo like you; you are a fine fellow; thou art the quickeſt head piece;" and the like.

ONE

ONE would think, the hectoring, the ſtorming, the ſullen, and all the different ſpecies and ſubordinations of the angry, ſhould be cured by knowing they live only as pardoned men: and, how pitiful is the condition of being only ſuffered?—But I am interrupted, by the pleaſanteſt ſcene of anger, and the diſappointment of it, that I have ever known; which I overheard at a French bookſeller's while I was writing.

THERE came into the ſhop, a very learned man, with an erect ſolemn air; and, tho' a perſon of great parts otherwiſe, ſlow in underſtanding any thing which makes againſt himſelf. The compoſure of the faulty man, and the whimſical perplexity of him that was juſtly angry, is perfectly new. After turning over many volumes, ſaid the ſeller to the buyer—Sir, you know I have long aſked you to ſend me back the firſt volume of French ſermons I formerly lent you. Sir, ſaid the chapman, I have often looked for it, but cannot find it: it is certainly loſt; and I know not to whom I lent it, it is ſo many years ago. Then, Sir, here is the other volume; I'll ſend you home that, and pleaſe to pay for both. My friend, replied he, can'ſt thou be ſo ſenſeleſs, as not to know, that one volume is as imperfect, in my library, as in your ſhop? Yes, Sir; but it is you have loſt the firſt volume; and, to be ſhort, I will be paid. Sir, anſwered the chapman, you are a young man; your book is loſt; and, learn, by this little loſs, to bear much greater adverſities, which you muſt expect to meet with. Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I muſt; but I have not loſt now, for I ſay you have it, and ſhall pay me. Friend, you grow warm: I tell you the book is loſt; and, I foreſee, in the courſe, even of a proſperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if

if you cannot bear this trifle. Sir, there is, in this caſe, no need of bearing; for you have the book. I ſay, Sir, I have not the book: but your paſſion will not let you hear enough, to be informed that I have it not. Learn reſignation, betimes, to the diſtreſſes of this life. Nay do not fret and fume: it is my duty to tell you, that you are of an impatient ſpirit: and an impatient ſpirit, is never without woe. Was ever any thing like this?—Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loſs is but a trifle; but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the leaſt pain: therefore, let me adviſe you, be patient, the book is loſt; but do not you, for that reaſon, loſe yourſelf.

XXIV.

STORY OF LE FEVER.

WHILE my uncle Toby was one evening getting his ſupper, with Trim ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſide-board, the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glaſs or two of ſack:—'tis for a poor gentleman, I think, of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, nor had a deſire to taſte any thing, till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt—"I think," ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead, "it would comfort me."——If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy ſuch a thing, added the landlord, I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill. I hope he

he will ſtill mend continued he: we are all of us concerned for him.

THOU art a good-natured ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou ſhalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf: and take a couple of bottles, with my ſervice; and tell him, he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

THOUGH I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle Toby, as the landlord ſhut the door, that he is a very compaſſionate fellow, Trim; yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his gueſt too. There muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that, in ſo ſhort a time, ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt—and of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him. Step after him, ſaid my uncle Toby; do, Trim, and aſk if he knows his name.

I have quite forgot it, truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; but I can aſk his ſon again. Has he a ſon with him, then? ſaid my uncle Toby. A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father: he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day: he has not ſtirred from the bed-ſide theſe two days.

MY uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thruſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took them away, without ſaying one word; and, in a few minutes after, brought him his pipe and tobacco.

STAY

STAY in the room a little, ſaid my uncle Toby. Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and ſmoaked about a dozen of whiffs. Trim came in front of his maſter and made a bow. My uncle Toby ſmoaked on, and ſaid no more. Corporal! ſaid my uncle Toby. The corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finiſhed his pipe.

TRIM! ſaid my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman. I am not at reſt in my mind, Trim, ſince the account the landlord has given me. I wiſhed had not known ſo much of this affair, added my uncle Toby, or that I had known more of it: how ſhall we manage it? Leave it, an't pleaſe your honour, to me, quoth the corporal: I'll take my hat and ſtick, and go to the houſe, and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour. Thou ſhalt go, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby; and here's a ſhilling for thee, to drink with his ſervant. I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the corporal, ſhutting the door.

IT was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe, that Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I deſpaired, at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor ſick lieutenant.—Is he in the army then? ſaid my uncle Toby. ——He is; ſaid the corporal.——And in what regiment? ſaid my uncle Toby.——I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing ſtraight forward, as I learnt it. Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, ſaid my uncle Toby, and not interrupt

terrupt thee till thou haſt done: ſo ſit down at thy eaſe, Trim, in the window ſeat, and begin the ſtory again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally ſpoke, as plain as a bow could ſpeak it, 'Your honour is good:' and, having done that, he ſat down, as he was ordered, and began the ſtory to my uncle Toby, over again, in pretty nearly the ſame words.

I deſpaired, at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his ſon: for, when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing every thing which was proper to be aſked.—That's a right diſtinction, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby—I was anſwered, an't pleaſe your honour, that he had no ſervant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horſes, which, upon finding himſelf unable to proceed (to join, I ſuppoſe, the regiment) he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, ſaid he, as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man, we can hire horſes from hence. But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, ſaid the landlady to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long: and, when he dies, the youth, his ſon, will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing the account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of—but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth. Pray let me ſave you the trouble, young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the purpoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down upon by the fire, whilſt I did it. I believe, Sir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf. I am ſure,

am ſure, ſaid I, his honour will not like the toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by an old ſoldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears. Poor youth! ſaid my uncle Toby; he has been bred up, from an infant, in the army; and the name of a ſoldier, Trim, ſounded in his ears, like the name of a friend: I wiſh I had him here.

WHEN I gave him the toaſt, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him, I was Captain Shandy's ſervant; and that your honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that, if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar—(and thou mighteſt have added my purſe too, ſaid my uncle Toby)—he was heartily welcome to it.—He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour) but no anſwer, for his heart was full: ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt. I warrant you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.

WHEN the lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived; and ſent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that, in about ten minutes, he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs. I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers; for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-ſide, and, as I ſhut the door, I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion.

WHEN I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed, with his head raiſed upon his hand, his elbow reſting upon the pillow, and a clean white handerchief beſide it. The youth was juſt ſtooping down to take up the cuſhion, upon which, I ſuppoſed, he

he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed; and, as he roſe, in taking up the cuſhion with one hand, he reached out his other to take the book away at the ſame time.—Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the lieutenant.

HE did not offer to ſpeak to me, till I had walked up cloſe to his bed-ſide. If you are Captain Shandy's ſervant, ſaid he, you muſt preſent my thanks to your maſter, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courteſy to me. You will be ſo good as tell him, that the perſon his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fever, a lieutenant in Angus's——but he knows me not, ſaid he, muſing; poſſibly he may my ſtory, added he—pray tell the captain, I was the enſign at Breda, whoſe wife was moſt unfortunately killed with a muſket ſhot, as ſhe lay in my arms in my tent. I remember the ſtory, an't pleaſe your honour, ſaid I, very well. Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; then, well may I! In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which ſeemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kiſſed it twice: here, Billy, ſaid he. The boy flew acroſs the room to the bed-ſide; and, falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiſſed it too; then, kiſſed his father; and ſat down upon the bed, and wept.

I wiſh ſaid my uncle Toby, with a deep ſigh,—I wiſh, Trim, I was aſleep.

YOUR honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned: ſhall I pour your honour out a glaſs of ſack to your pipe? Do, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.

I remember, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſighing again, the ſtory of the enſign and his wife, with a circumſtance

ſtance his modeſty omitted; and particularly well that he, as well as ſhe, upon ſome account or other (I forget what) was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment: but finiſh the ſtory.—'Tis finiſhed already, ſaid the corporal, for I could ſtay no longer; ſo wiſhed his honour a good night. Young Le Fever roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs; and, as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders: but, alas! ſaid the corporal, the lieutenant's laſt day's march is over. Then, what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

THOU haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed; and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to Le Fever, as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou kneweſt he was but a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt, as well as himſelf, out of his pay, that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf. Your honour knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders. True, quoth my uncle Toby: thou didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier; but, certainly, very wrong as a man.

IN the ſecond place, for which indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle Toby, when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe, thou ſhouldſt have offered him my houſe too. A ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, Tri and if we had him with us, we could tend and l to him. Thou art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, Tri and, what with thy care of him, and the old wom

and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, he might march. He will never march, an't please your honour, in this world, said the corporal. He will march, said my uncle Toby; rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off. An't please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march, but to his grave. He shall march, cried my uncle Toby; marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch: he shall march to his regiment. He cannot stand it, said the corporal. He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby. He'll drop at last, said the corporal; and what will become of his boy? He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. A-well-o'day, do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die. He shall not die, by ***.——The accusing spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word—and blotted it out, for ever.

MY uncle Toby went to his bureau; put his purse into his pocket; and, having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed, and fell asleep.

THE sun looked bright, the morning after, to every eye in the village, but Le Fever's and his afflicted son's. The hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had got up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair, by the bed-side; and, independently of all modes and customs, opened

the

the curtain, in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and aſking him how he did; how he had reſted in the night; what was his complaint; where was his pain; and what he could do to help him: and, without giving him time to anſwer any one of theſe inquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan, which he had been concerting with the corporal, the night before, for him.—You ſhall go home directly, Le Fever, ſaid my uncle Toby, to my houſe; and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter; and we'll have an apothecary; and the corporal ſhall be your nurſe; and I'll be your ſervant, Le Fever.

THERE was a frankneſs in my uncle Toby, not the effect of familiarity, but the cauſe of it, which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature: to this, there was ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, ſuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that, before my uncle Toby had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.

THE blood and ſpirits of Le Fever, which, were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart, rallied back: the film forſook his eyes for a moment: he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle Toby's face: then caſt a look upon his boy: and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.—Nature inſtantly el[illegible] again—the film returned to its place—— the [illegible] fluttered—ſtopped went on—throbbed—ſtopp[illegible] gain—moved—ſtopped—ſhall I go on?—No.

XXV.

HOTSPUR READING A LETTER.

" BUT, for mine own part, my lord, I could " be well contented to be there, in reſpect of " the love I bear your houſe."—— He could be contented to be there! Why is he not then?—In reſpect of the love he bears our houſe! He ſhews in this, he loves his own barn, better than he loves our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. " The purpoſe you under- " take is dangerous." Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower ſafety. " The purpoſe you under- " take is dangerous; the friends you have named, " uncertain; the time, itſelf, unſorted; and your " whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo " great an oppoſition."—Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this! Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a froſty-ſpirited rogue this is? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general courſe of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this raſcal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myſelf; lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, beſides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? And are there not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan raſcal is

this! an infidel!—Ha! you ſhall ſee now, in very ſincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myſelf, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of ſkimmed milk with ſo honourable an action. Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared. I will ſet forward to-night.

XXVI.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

THE regularity of the motions and revolutions of the ſun, the moon, and numberleſs ſtars; with the diſtinction, variety, beauty, and order of celeſtial objects; the ſlighteſt obſervation of which, ſeems ſufficient to convince every beholder, that they cannot be the effect of chance; theſe afford a proof of a Deity, which ſeems irrefragable. If he, who ſurveys an academy, a palace, or a court of juſtice, and obſerves regularity, order, and œconomy, prevailing in them, is immediately convinced, that this regularity muſt be the effect of authority and diſcipline, ſupported by perſons properly qualified; how much more reaſon has he, who finds himſelf ſurrounded by ſo many and ſuch ſtupendous bodies, performing their various motions and revolutions, without the leaſt deviation from perfect regularity, through the innumerable ages of paſt duration; how much more reaſon has he to conclude, that [illegible] amazing revolutions are governed by ſuperior [illegible] and power!

Is it not, therefore, aſtoniſhing, that any man ſhould ever have dreamed of the poſſibility, that a beautiful and magnificent ſyſtem might ariſe from the fortuitous concourſe of certain bodies, carried towards one another, by I know not what imaginary impulſe? I ſee not, why he, who is capable of aſcribing the production of a world to a cauſe ſo inadequate, may not expect, from the fortuitous ſcattering about of a ſet of letters of ivory or metal, a regular hiſtory to appear. But, I believe, he who hopes to produce, in this way, one ſingle line, will find himſelf for ever diſappointed. If the caſual concourſe of atoms has produced a whole univerſe, how comes it, that we never find a city, a temple, or ſo much as a portico, produced in the ſame manner? One would imagine, they who prate ſo abſurdly about the origination of the world, had no eyes, or had never opened them, to view the glories of this immenſe theatre.

THE reaſonings of Ariſtotle, on this point, are excellent.—"Let us ſuppoſe," ſays he, "certain perſons to have been born, and to have lived to mature age, under ground, in habitations, accommodated with all the conveniences, and even magnificence of life, except the ſight of this upper world. Let us ſuppoſe thoſe perſons to have heard, by fame, of ſuperior beings, and wonderful effects produced by them. Let the earth be imagined ſuddenly to open, and expoſe to the view of thoſe ſubterraneans, this fair world, which we inhabit. Let them be imagined to behold the face of the earth, diverſified with hills and vales, with rivers and woods; the v e extended ocean; the lofty ſky; and the clouds, c ed along by the winds. Let them behold the ſ and obſerve his tranſcendent brightneſs, and

wonderful influence, as he pours down the flood of day over the whole earth, from eaſt to weſt. And, when night covered the world with darkneſs, let them behold the heavens, adorned with innumerable ſtars. Let them behold the various appearances of the moon; now horned, then full, then decreaſing. Let them have leiſure to mark the riſing and ſetting of the heavenly bodies; and to underſtand, that their eſtabliſhed courſes, have been going on from age to age.——When they had ſurveyed and conſidered all theſe things, what could they conclude, but that the accounts they had heard in their ſubterranean habitation, of the exiſtence of ſuperior beings, muſt be true; and that theſe prodigious works, muſt be the effect of their power?"

THUS Ariſtotle. To which I will add, that it is only our being accuſtomed to the continual view of theſe glorious objects, that prevents our admiring them, and endeavouring to come to right concluſions concerning the author of them; as if novelty were a better reaſon for exciting our enquiries, than beauty and magnificence.

XXVII.

DEMOSTHENES TO THE ATHENIANS.

WHEN I compare, Athenians, the ſpeech of ſome amongſt us, with their actions am at a loſs to reconcile what I ſee, with wha hear. Their proteſtations are full of zeal againſt public enemy; but their meaſures are ſo inconſiſt

that all their professions become suspected. By confounding you with a variety of projects, they perplex your resolutions; and lead you from executing what is in your power, by engaging you in schemes not reducible to practice.

'TIS true, there was a time, when we were powerful enough, not only to defend our own borders, and protect our allies, but even to invade Philip in his own dominions. Yes, Athenians, there was such a juncture; I remember it well. But, by neglect of proper opportunities, we are no longer in a situation to be invaders: it will be well for us, if we can provide for our own defence, and our allies. Never did any conjuncture require so much prudence as this. However, I should not despair of seasonable remedies, had I the art to prevail with you to be unanimous in right measures. The opportunities, which have so often escaped us, have not been lost, through ignorance, or want of judgment; but through negligence, or treachery.—If I assume, at this time, more than ordinary liberty of speech, I conjure you to suffer, patiently, those truths, which have no other end, but your own good. You have too many reasons to be sensible, how much you have suffered, by hearkening to sycophants. I shall, therefore, be plain, in laying before you the grounds of past miscarriages, in order to correct you in your future conduct.

YOU may remember, it is not above three or four years, since we had the news of Philip's laying siege to the fortress of Juno in Thrace. It was, as I think, in October, we received this intelligence. We voted an immediate supply of threescore talents: forty men of war were ordered to sea: and so zealous we were, that

preferring the neceſſities of ſtate to our very laws, our citizens above the age of five and forty years, were commanded to ſerve. What followed?—A whole year was ſpent idly, without any thing done; and it was but the third month of the following year, a little after the celebration of the feaſt of Ceres, that Charedemus ſet ſail, furniſhed with no more than five talents, and ten galleys not half-manned.

A rumour was ſpread, that Philip was ſick. That rumour was followed by another, that Philip was dead. And, then, as if all danger died with him, you dropped your preparations: whereas, then, then was your time to puſh, and be active; then was your time to ſecure yourſelves, and confound him at once. Had your reſolutions, taken with ſo much heat, been as warmly ſeconded by action, you had then been as terrible to Philip, as Philip, recovered, is now to you. "To what purpoſe, at this time, theſe reflections? What is done, cannot be undone." But, by your leave, Athenians, though paſt moments are not to be recalled, paſt errors may be repeated. Have we not, now, a freſh provocation to war? Let the memory of overſights, by which you have ſuffered ſo much, inſtruct you to be more vigilant in the preſent danger. If the Olynthians are not inſtantly ſuccoured, and with your utmoſt efforts, you become aſſiſtants to Philip, and ſerve him more effectually, than he can help himſelf.

IT is not, ſurely, neceſſary to warn you, that votes alone, can be of no conſequence. Had your reſolutions, of themſelves, the virtue to compaſs what you intend, we ſhould not ſee them multiply every day, as they do, and upon every occaſion, with ſo little effect: nor would Philip be in a condition to

brave

brave and affront us in this manner.—Proceed, then, Athenians, to ſupport your deliberations with vigour. You have heads, capable of adviſing what is beſt; you have judgment and experience, to diſcern what is right; and you have power and opportunity, to execute what you determine. What time ſo proper for action? What occaſion ſo happy? And when can you hope for ſuch another, if this be neglected? Has not Philip, contrary to all treaties, inſulted you in Thrace? Does he not, at this inſtant, ſtraiten and invade your confederates, whom you have ſolemnly ſworn to protect? Is he not an implacable enemy? a faithleſs ally? the uſurper of provinces, to which he has no title nor pretence? a ſtranger, a barbarian, a tyrant? and, indeed, what is he not?

OBSERVE, I beſeech you, men of Athens, how different your conduct appears, from the practices of your anceſtors. They were friends to truth and plain dealing, and deteſted flattery and ſervile compliance. By unanimous conſent, they continued arbiters of all Greece, for the ſpace of forty-five years, without interruption: a public fund, of no leſs than ten thouſand talents, was ready for any emergency: they exerciſed over the kings of Macedon, that authority which is due to barbarians; obtained both by ſea and land, in their own perſons, frequent and ſignal victories; and by their noble exploits, tranſmitted to poſterity, an immortal memory of their virtue, ſuperior to the reach of malice and detraction. It is to them we owe that great number of public edifices, by which the city of Athens exceeds all the reſt of the world, in beauty and magnificence. It is to them we owe ſo many ſtately temples, ſo richly embelliſhed; but, above all, adorned with the ſpoils of vanquiſhed enemies.—But, viſit their own private habitations. Viſit the houſes of

Ariſtides, Miltiades, or any other of thoſe patriots of antiquity; you will find nothing, not the leaſt mark or ornament, to diſtinguiſh them from their neighbours. They took part in the government, not to enrich themſelves, but the public; they had no ſchemes or ambition, but for the public; nor knew any intereſt, but the public. It was by a cloſe and ſteady application to the general good of their country; by an exemplary piety toward the immortal gods; by a ſtrict faith, and religious honeſty, betwixt man and man; and a moderation, always uniform, and of a piece; they eſtabliſhed that reputation, which remains to this day, and will laſt to utmoſt poſterity.

SUCH, O men of Athens! were your anceſtors: ſo glorious in the eye of the world; ſo bountiful and munificent to their country; ſo ſparing, ſo modeſt, ſo ſelf-denying to themſelves. What reſemblance can we find, in the preſent generation, of theſe great men? At a time, when your ancient competitors have left you a clear ſtage; when the Lacedemonians are diſabled; the Thebans employed in troubles of their own; when no other ſtate whatever is in a condition to rival or moleſt you; in ſhort, when you are at full liberty; when you have the opportunity and the power to become once more the ſole arbiters of Greece; you permit, patiently, whole provinces to be wreſted from you; you laviſh the public money to ſcandalous and obſcure uſes; you ſuffer your allies to periſh in time of peace, whom you preſerved in time of war; and, to ſum up all, you yourſelves, by your mercenary, court, and ſervile reſignation to the will and pleaſure of deſigning, inſidious leaders, abet, encourage, and ſtrengthen the moſt dangerous and formidable of your enemies. Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourſelves are the contrivers

of your own ruin. Lives there a man who has confidence enough to deny it? let him ariſe, and aſſign, if he can, any other cauſe of the ſucceſs and proſperity of Philip. "But," you reply, "what Athens may have loſt in reputation abroad, ſhe has gained in ſplendor at home. Was there ever a greater appearance of proſperity; a greater face of plenty? Is not the city enlarged? Are not the ſtreets better paved, houſes repaired and beautified?"—Away with ſuch trifles! Shall I be paid with counters? An old ſquare new vamped up! a fountain! an aqueduct! Are theſe acquiſitions to brag of? Caſt your eye upon the magiſtrate, under whoſe miniſtry you boaſt theſe precious improvements. Behold the deſpicable creature, raiſed, all at once, from dirt, to opulence; from the loweſt obſcurity, to the higheſt honours. Have not ſome of theſe upſtarts built private houſes and ſeats, vying with the moſt ſumptuous of our public palaces? And how have their fortunes and their power increaſed, but as the commonwealth has been ruined and impoveriſhed!

To what are we to impute theſe diſorders; and to what cauſe aſſign the decay of a ſtate, ſo powerful and flouriſhing in paſt time?—The reaſon is plain. The ſervant is now become the maſter. The magiſtrate was then ſubſervient to the people: puniſhments and rewards, were properties of the people: all honours, dignities, and preferments, were diſpoſed by the voice and favour of the people. But the magiſtrate, now, has uſurped the right of the people, and exerciſes an arbitrary authority over his ancient and natural lord. You miſerable people! the mean while, without money, without friends; from being the ruler, are become the ſervant; from being the maſter, the dependent; happy that theſe governors, into whoſe hands you have thus reſigned

your own power, are ſo good, and ſo gracious, as to continue your poor allowance to ſee plays.

BELIEVE me, Athenians, if, recovering from this lethargy, you would aſſume the ancient freedom and ſpirit of your fathers; if you would be your own ſoldiers, and your own commanders, confiding no longer your affairs in foreign or mercenary hands; if you would charge yourſelves with your own defence, employing abroad, for the public, what you waſte in unprofitable pleaſures at home; the world might, once more, behold you making a figure worthy of Athenians. "You would have us then "(you ſay) do ſervice in our armies, in our own "perſons; and for ſo doing, you would have the "penſions we receive in time of peace, accepted as "pay in time of war. Is it thus we are to under-"ſtand you?"—Yes, Athenians, 'tis my plain meaning. I would make it a ſtanding rule, that no perſon, great or little, ſhould be the better for the public money, who ſhould grudge to employ it for the public ſervice. Are we in peace? the public is charged with your ſubſiſtence. Are we in war, or under a neceſſity, as at this time, to enter into a war? let your gratitude oblige you to accept, as pay, in defence of your benefactors, what you receive, in peace, as mere bounty.——Thus, without any innovation; without altering or aboliſhing any thing, but pernicious novelties, introduced for the encouragement of ſloth, and idleneſs; by converting only for the future, the ſame funds, for the uſe of the ſerviceable, which are ſpent, at preſent, upon the unprofitable; you may be well ſerved in your armies; your troops regularly paid; juſtice duly adminiſtered; the public revenues reformed, and increaſed; and every member of the commonwealth, rendered

rendered useful to his country, according to his age and ability, without any further burden to the state.

THIS, O men of Athens! is what my duty prompted me to represent to you upon this occasion. —May the gods inspire you, to determine upon such measures, as may be most expedient, for the particular and general good of our country!

XXVIII.

THE PERFECT SPEAKER.

IMAGINE to yourselves, a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point, whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations, depended.—How awful such a meeting! How vast the subject! Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate—yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost, in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents.—With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions!—To effect this, must be the utmost effort, of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed: not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch.

pitch. All his internal powers, are at work: all his external, teſtify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the paſſions, are all buſy: without, every muſcle, every nerve, is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but ſpeaks. The organs of the body attuned to the exertions of the mind, thro' the kindred organs of the hearers, inſtantaneouſly, and, as it were, with an electrical ſpirit, vibrate thoſe energies from ſoul to ſoul.—— Notwithſtanding the diverſity of minds in ſuch a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one maſs the whole aſſembly, actuated in one and the ſame way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice.—The univerſal cry is ——LET US MARCH AGAINST PHILIP —LET US FIGHT FOR OUR LIBERTIES—LET US CONQUER—OR DIE!

PART

PART II.

LESSONS

IN

VERSE.

SECTION I.

LESSON I.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities, liv'd a ſwain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain.
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage:
In ſummer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold:
His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wiſdom, and his honeſt fame,
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)
The ſhepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

WHENCE is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight-oil?

Haſt

Haſt thou old Greece and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy ſoul refin'd,
And haſt thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wiſe Ulyſſes, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Haſt thou through many cities ſtray'd,
Their cuſtoms, laws, and manners weigh'd?

THE ſhepherd modeſtly reply'd——
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd:
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws, and arts;
For man is practis'd in diſguiſe;
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes:
Who, by that ſearch, ſhall wiſer grow,
When we ourſelves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from ſimple nature drain'd:
Hence my life's maxims took their riſe;
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.

THE daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry.
Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And, in my ſervice, copy Tray.
In conſtancy, and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who, from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care;
And every fowl, that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.

FROM nature, too, I take my rule,
To ſhun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In converſation over-bear:
Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For, who talks much, muſt talk in vain:
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who liſtens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I, with felonious ſlight,
By ſtealth, invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deſerve their fate.
Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the toad and ſerpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and ſpite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation,
Can furniſh hints for contemplation;
And, from the moſt minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

THY fame is juſt, the ſage replies:
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe.
Pride often guides the author's pen,
Books, as affected are, as men:
But, he who ſtudies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe, without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

II.

THE FAN.

THE fan ſhall flutter in all female hands,
And various faſhions ſhew, of various lands.
For this, ſhall elephants their ivory ſhed,
And poliſh'd ſticks the waving engine ſpread;
His clouded mail the tortoiſe ſhall reſign,
And, round the rivet, pearly circles ſhine.
On this, ſhall Indians all their art employ,
And, with bright colours, ſtain the gaudy toy.
Their paint ſhall here in wildeſt fancies flow,
Their dreſs, their cuſtoms, their religion ſhew:
So ſhall the Britiſh fair their minds improve,
And, on the fan, to diſtant regions rove.
Here China's ladies ſhall their pride diſplay,
And ſilver figures gild their looſe array.
This, boaſts her little feet, and winking eyes;
That, tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies:
Here, croſs-legg'd nobles, in rich ſtate, ſhall dine;
There, in bright mail, diſtorted heroes ſhine.
The peeping fan, in modern times, ſhall riſe,
Through which, unſeen, the female ogle flies;
This ſhall, in temples, the fly maid conceal,
And ſhelter love, beneath devotion's veil.
As learned orators, that touch the heart,
With various action raiſe their ſoothing art,
Both head and hand affect the liſt'ning throng,
And humour each expreſſion of the tongue;
So ſhall each paſſion, by the fan, be ſeen,
From noiſy anger, to the ſullen ſpleen.

III.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happieſt ſwain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

PURE ſtream! in whoſe tranſparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents ſtain thy limpid ſource;
No rocks impede thy dimpling courſe,
That ſweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, poliſh'd pebbles ſpread;
While, lightly pois'd, the ſcaly brood,
In miriads, cleave thy cryſtal flood:
The ſpringing trout, in ſpeckled pride;
The ſalmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthleſs pike, intent on war;
The ſilver eel, and motled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges, flower'd with eglantine.

STILL on thy banks, ſo gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be ſeen;
And laſſes, chanting o'er the pail;
And ſhepherds, piping in the dale;
And ancient faith, that knows no guile,
And induſtry, imbrown'd with toil;
And hearts reſolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The bleſſings they enjoy, to guard.

IV.

INVITATION TO THE FEATHERED RACE.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Freſh verdure decks the grove;
Each bird, with vernal rapture, glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers! hither fly,
And ſhun the noon-tide heat:
My ſhrubs, a cooling ſhade ſupply;
My groves, a ſafe retreat.

Here, freely hop, from ſpray to ſpray;
Or weave the moſſy neſt:
Here, rove and ſing the live-long day;
At night, here ſweetly reſt.

Amid this cool tranſlucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the ſhade.

No ſchool-boy rude, to miſchief prone,
E'er ſhews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a ſtone,
In this ſequeſter'd place.

Hither the vocal thruſh repairs;
Secure, the linnet ſings;
The goldfinch dreads no ſlimy ſnares,
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt,
Yon diſtant woods among,

And, round my friendly grotto, chant
Thy ſweetly plaintive ſong.

Let not the harmleſs red-breaſt fear,
Domeſtic bird, to come,
And ſeek a ſure aſylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artleſs tribe!
Shall ſtore of fruit preſerve:
O! let me thus your friendſhip bribe;
Come feed without reſerve.

For you, theſe cherries I protect;
To you, theſe plums belong:
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd;
But, ſweeter far, your ſong.

Let, then, this league betwixt us made,
Our mutual intereſts guard:
Mine, be the gift of fruit and ſhade;
Your ſongs, be my reward.

V.

RURAL CHARMS.

SWEET AUBURN! lov'lieſt village of the plain!
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring ſwain;
Where ſmiling ſpring its earlieſt viſit paid,
And parting ſummer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and eaſe!
Seats of my youth, when every ſport could pleaſe!
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happineſs endear'd each ſcene:

How

How often have I paus'd on every charm—
The ſhelter'd cot, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, the buſy mill;
The decent church, that topt the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn buſh, with ſeats beneath the ſhade,
For talking age and whiſpering lovers made:
How often have I bleſs'd the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their ſports, beneath the ſpreading tree;
While many a paſtime circled in the ſhade,
The young contending as the old ſurvey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And ſlights of art, and feats of ſtrength, went round;
And ſtill, as each repeated pleaſure tir'd,
Succeeding ſports the mirthful band inſpir'd:
The dancing pair, that ſimply, ſought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The ſwain, miſtruſtleſs of his ſmutted face,
While ſecret laughter titter'd round the place;
The baſhful virgin's ſide-long looks of love;
The matron's glance, that would thoſe looks reprove.

SWEET was the ſound, when oft, at ev'ning's cloſe,
Up yonder hill, the village murmur roſe.
There, as I paſs'd, with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoften'd from below:
The ſwain, reſponſive as the milk-maid ſung;
The ſober herd, that low'd to meet their young;
The noiſy geeſe, that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children, juſt let looſe from ſchool;
The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whiſp'ring w
And the loud laugh, that ſpoke the vacant mind:
Theſe, all, in ſoft confuſion, ſought the ſhade,
And fill'd each pauſe the nightingale had made.

VI.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MASON.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my ſoul holds dear:
Take that beſt gift, which heav'n ſo lately gave.
To Briſtol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form. She bow'd to taſte the wave—

And died. Does Youth, does Beauty read the line?
Does ſympathetic fear their breaſt alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a ſtrain divine:
Ev'n from the grave, thou ſhalt have power to charm.

Bid them be chaſte, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them, in duty's ſphere, as meekly move:
And, if as fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendſhip, and as fond in love.

Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die!
('Twas ev'n to thee) yet, the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlaſting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

VII.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age, a rev'rend hermit grew.
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd the days;
Pray'r, all his buſineſs; all his pleaſure, praiſe.

A life

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So, when a smooth expanse receives, impress,
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks; the trees, depending, grow;
And skies, beneath, with answering colours glow:
But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side;
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt; to know the world by sight;
To find, if books, or swains, report it right;
(For, yet, by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before:
Then, with the sun, a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

THE morn was wasted in the pathless grass;
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass:
But, when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And, soft, in graceful ringlets, wav'd his hair.
Then, near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
And, hail, my son! the rev'rend sire replied:
Words follow'd words; from question, answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till, each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.

Thus ſtands an aged elm, in ivy bound;
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.

Now ſunk the ſun: the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey:
Nature, in ſilence, bid the world repoſe;
When, near the road, a ſtately palace roſe:
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home:
Yet, ſtill, the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the liv'ry ſervants wait:
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
An all is more than hoſpitally good.
Then, led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn; and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals, the zephyrs play;
Freſh, o'er the gay parterres, the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighbouring wood, to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe—
His cup was vaniſh'd; for, in ſecret guiſe,
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who ſees a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd, ſtops, to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;

So seem'd the fire; when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner shew'd.
He stopp'd with silence; walk'd with trembling heart;
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part:
Murm'ring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds;
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain;
And beasts, to covert, scud a-cross the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground;
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind, and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts, with sudden fury, blew;
The nimble lightning, mix'd with show'rs, began;
And, o'er their heads, loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here, long they knock; but knock, or call, in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length, some pity warm'd the master's breast;
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest);
Slow creaking, turns the door, with jealous care;
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair.
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And, when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark, the pond'ring hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude:

And

And why ſhould ſuch (within himſelf he cry'd)
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But, what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In ev'ry ſettling feature of his face,
When, from his veſt, the young companion bore
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely, with the precious bowl,
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul!

BUT, now, the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The ſun, emerging, opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat;
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.

WHILE hence they walk, the pilgrim's boſom wrought,
With all the travel of uncertain thought.
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear:
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here.
Deteſting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.

Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky;
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie;
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around; the manſion neat;
And, neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind;
Content, and, not for praiſe, but virtue, kind.

HITHER the walkers turn, with weary feet;
Then, bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies—

WITHOUT a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part:

From him you come; for him accept it here;
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke; and bid the welcome table ſpread:
Then, talk'd of virtue, till the time of bed;
When the grave houſhold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with pray'r.

AT length, the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil; the dappled morn aroſe.
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.

CONFUS'D, and ſtruck with ſilence, at the deed,
He flies; but, trembling, fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues. The country lay
Perplex'd with roads: a ſervant ſhew'd the way.
A river croſs'd the path. The paſſage o'er
Was nice to find: the ſervant trod before.
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd;
And, deep, the waves, beneath the bending, glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in:
Plunging, he falls; and, riſing, lifts his head;
Then, flaſhing, turns, and ſinks among the dead.

WILD, ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch!——But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtranger partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;

Fair

Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back, their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form ethereal burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

THOUGH loud, at firſt, the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surpriſe, in ſecret chains, his words ſuſpends;
And, in a calm, his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence, here, the beauteous angel broke:
The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke.

THY pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial, riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind.
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky—
Nay, ceaſe to kneel—Thy fellow-ſervant I.

THEN, know the truth of government divine;
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.

THE Maker juſtly claims that world he made;
In this the right of Providence is laid:
Its ſacred majeſty through all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends.
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uſes; nor controuls your will;
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.

WHAT ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet, taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt;
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt.

THE great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food;
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;

Who

Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine;
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt;
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.

THE mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind,
That heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl;
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head:
In the kind warmth, the metal learns to glow;
And, looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.

LONG had our pious friend in virtue trod;
But, now, the child half-wean'd his heart from God:
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all, but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go;
And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns, in tears, the puniſhment was juſt.

BUT, how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back?
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal;
And what a fund of charity would fail?

THUS heav'n inſtructs thy mind. This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.

ON ſounding pinions, here the youth withdrew;
The ſage ſtood wond'ring, as the ſeraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha, when, to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky:

The

The fiery pomp, aſcending, left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.

THE bending hermit, here a pray'r begun——
"Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done."
Then, gladly turning, ſought his antient place,
And paſs'd a life, of piety, and peace.

VIII.

CHARACTER OF BELINDA.

HER lively looks a ſprightly mind diſcloſe,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe:
Favours to none, to all ſhe ſmiles extends;
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the ſun, her eyes the gazers ſtrike;
And, like the ſun, they ſhine on all alike.
Yet graceful eaſe, and ſweetneſs void of pride,
Might hide her faults—if *belles* have faults to hide.
If, to her ſhare, ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face—and you'll forget them all.

IX.

CHARACTER OF LADY LYTTLETON.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes:
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wiſe:
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as ſhe the world had never ſeen:

The

The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderneſs combin'd.
Her ſpeech, was the melodious voice of love;
Her ſong, the warbling of the vernal grove:
Her eloquence, was ſweeter than her ſong,
Soft as her heart, and as her reaſon ſtrong.
Her form, each beauty of her mind expreſs'd,
Her mind, was virtue, by the graces dreſt.

X.

BLESSINGS OF INDUSTRY.

ALL is the gift of induſtry! whate'er
Exalts, embelliſhes, and renders life
Delightful!—In th' unconſcious breaſt, while ſlept
The powers of man, he, roving, mixed with brutes;
Or, for his acorn-meal, fought the fierce bear:
A ſhiv'ring wretch! aghaſt and comfortleſs,
When the bleak north, with winter charg'd, let fly
Hail, rain, or ſnow, or bitter breathing froſt:
Then, to the ſhelter of the cave he fled;
And the wild ſeaſon, ſordid, pin'd away.
Even deſolate in crouds, his tedious days
Rolled heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along,
A waſte of time! till induſtry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miſerable ſloth;
His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where laviſh nature the directing hand
Of art demanded; ſhew'd him how to raiſe
His feeble force by the mechanic powers;
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth;

On

On what to turn the piercing rage of fire;
On what, the torrent, and the gather'd blaſt;
Gave the tall ancient foreſt to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the ſtone,
Till, by degrees, the finiſh'd frabric roſe;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly veſtment warm,
Or bright in gloſſy ſilk, and flowing lawn;
With wholeſome viands fill'd his table; pour'd
The generous glaſs around, inſpir'd to wake
The life-refining ſoul of decent wit:
Nor ſtopp'd at barren bare neceſſity;
But, ſtill advancing bolder, led him on,
To pomp, to pleaſure, elegance and grace;
And, breathing high ambition thro' his ſoul,
Set ſcience, wiſdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the lord of all below.

XI.

MAN'S PERFECTION SUITED TO HIS PRESENT STATE.

—OF God above, or man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know?
Of man, what ſee we, but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,

What vary'd being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why heav'n has made us as we are.
But, of this frame, the bearings, and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or, can a part contain the whole?

In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond, too, ſome other uſe.
So man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.

When the proud ſteed ſhall know why man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then ſhall man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why,
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity?

Then, ſay not, man's imperfect, heav'n in fault;
Say, rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.

XII.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great firſt cauſe! leaſt underſtood,
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And, binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will;

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than heav'n purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For, God is paid, when man receives;
T' enjoy, is to obey.

Yet, not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At ought thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me, to feel another's woe;
To hide the fault I ſee:
That mercy, I to others ſhew,
That mercy, ſhew to me.

Mean tho' I am (not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath)
Oh! lead me, whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt, if beſt beſtow'd, or not:
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace;
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies;
One chorus let all being raiſe;
All nature's incenſe riſe.

XIII.

DESCRIPTION OF A CATARACT.

THUS, up the mount, in airy viſion rapt,
I ſtray, regardleſs whither; till the ſound
Of a near fall of water, every ſenſe
Wakes from the charm of thought. Swift-ſhrinking back,
I check my ſteps, and view the broken ſcene.
SMOOTH, to the ſhelving brink, a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where, collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the ſteep
It thundering ſhoots, and ſhakes the country round.
At firſt, an azure ſheet, it ruſhes broad;
Then, whit'ning by degrees, as prone it falls,
And, from the loud-reſounding rocks below,
Daſh'd in a cloud of foam, it ſends aloft
A hoary miſt, and forms a ceaſeleſs ſhower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repoſe:
But, raging ſtill amid the ſhaggy rocks,
Now flaſhes o'er the ſcatter'd fragments; now,
Aſſant the hollow'd channel, rapid, darts;
And, falling faſt from gradual ſlope to ſlope,
With wild infracted courſe, and leſſen'd roar,
It gains a ſafer bed; and ſteals, at laſt,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

XIV.

XIV.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

NEAR yonder copſe, where, once, the garden ſmil'd,
And, ſtill, where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.

A man he was, to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich—with forty pounds a-year.
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race;
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change his place:
Unpractis'd he, to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More ſkill'd to raiſe the wretched, than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train:
He chid their wand'rings; but reliev'd their pain.
The long remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard, deſcending, ſwept his aged breaſt:
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd:
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.

THUS, to relieve the wretched was his pride;
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's ſide:

But,

But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

BESIDE the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise;
And his last falt'ring accents, whisper'd praise.

AT church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.
To them, his heart, his love, his griefs were given;
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and, mid-way, leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

XV.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

THE bliſs of man (could pride that bleſſing find)
Is, not to act, or think, beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body, or of ſoul, to ſhare,
But what his nature, and his ſtate, can bear.
Why has not man a mircroſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, man is not a fly.
Say what th' uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike, in what it gives, and what denies?

FAR as creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental powers aſcends.
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs!
What modes of ſight, betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam!
Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green!
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood!

The

The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.
In the nice bee, what ſenſe, ſo ſubtly true!
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew.:
How inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reaſon, what a nice barrier!
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near.
Remembrance, and reflection, how ally'd!
What thin partitions ſenſe from thought divide!
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all, ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?

WHAT, if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What, if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To ſerve meſe engines to the ruling mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame;
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains,
The great directing mind of all ordains.

CEASE, then, nor order imperfection name;
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſs'd as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

ALL nature, is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canſt not ſee;

All diſcord, harmony not underſtood;
All partial evil, univerſal good;
And ſpite of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear—Whatever is, is right.

XVI.

Epitaph on Gay.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; ſimplicity, a child:
With native humour, temp'ring virtue's rage;
Form'd to delight, at once, and laſh the age;
Above temptation, in a low eſtate;
And uncorrupted, even among the great:
Theſe are thy honours! not that here thy buſt
Is mix'd with heroes, and with kings thy duſt;
But, that the worthy and the good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms——Here lies Gay.

XVII.

Baucis and Philemon.

In ancient times, as ſtory tells,
The ſaints would often leave their cells,
And ſtroll about; but hide their quality,
To try good people's hoſpitality.

It happen'd, on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,

Two

Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd, from door to boor, in vain;
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.

OUR wand'ring saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,
Called in the neighbourhood, Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And, then, the hospitable fire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he, from out the chimney, took
A flich of bacon, off the hook,
And, freely, from the fattest side,
Cut out large slices to be fry'd:
Then stepp'd aside, to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas still replenished to the top,
As if they had not touch'd a drop.

THE good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry—What art!
Then softly turn'd aside, to view
Whether the lights were turning blue.

The gentle pilgrims, ſoon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand.
"Good folks, you need not be afraid;
"We are but ſaints," the hermits ſaid;
"No hurt ſhall come to you or yours:
"But, for that pack of churliſh boors,
"Not fit to live on Chriſtian ground,
"They, and their houſes, ſhall be drown'd;
"While you ſhall ſee your cottage riſe,
"And grow a church before your eyes."

THEY ſcarce had ſpoke, when, fair and ſoft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after.
The chimney widened, and grew higher,
Became a ſteeple, with a ſpire.
The kettle to the top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſten'd to a joiſt;
With upſide down, doom'd there to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almoſt
Loſt, by diſuſe, the art to roaſt,
A ſudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new inteſtine wheels;
And, ſtraight, againſt the ſteeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and ſtill adher'd:
And, now, in love to houſehold cares,
By a ſhrill voice, the hour declares,
Warning the houſe-maid, not to burn
The roaſt-meat, which it cannot turn.
The eaſy chair began to crawl,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall;
There, ſtuck aloft, in public view,
And, with ſmall change, a pulpit grew.

A bed-ſtead of the antique mode,
Made up of timber many a load,
Such as our anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into pews:
Which ſtill their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks diſpos'd to ſleep.

THE cottage, by ſuch feats as theſe,
Grown to a church by juſt degrees;
The hermits then deſir'd their hoſt
To aſk for what they fancy'd moſt.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely ſtile:
Then ſaid—"My houſe is grown ſo fine,
"Methinks I ſtill would call it mine:
"I'm old, and fain would live at eaſe—
"Make me the parſon, if ye pleaſe."

HE ſpoke—and, preſently, he feels
His grazier's coat falls down his heels:
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm, a pudding ſleeve;
His waiſtcoat to a caſſock grew;
And both aſſum'd a ſable hue:
But, being old, continued juſt
As thread-bare, and as full of duſt.
His talk was now of tithes and dues;
He ſmoak'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old ſermons next;
Vamp'd in the preface and the text:
At chriſt'nings, well could act his part;
And had the ſervice all by heart:
Found his head fill'd with many a ſyſtem:
But claſſic authors—he ne'er miſs'd 'em.

THUS, having furbiſh'd up a parſon,
Dame Baucis, next, they play'd their farce on.

Inſtead

Nor ſtand ſo much on your gentility;
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's duſt, and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make or hold it.

XIX.

MORNING PRAYER.

FOUNTAIN of light! from whom yon orient ſun
Firſt drew his ſplendor; ſource of life and love!
Whoſe ſmile now wakes, o'er earth's re-kindling face,
The boundleſs bluſh of ſpring; O firſt and beſt!
Thy eſſence, tho' from human ſight and ſearch,
Tho' from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himſelf,
Thy loweſt child of reaſon, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence ſupreme;
The maker's hand on all his works impreſs'd,
In characters coeval with the ſun,
And with the ſun to laſt; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, diſclos'd.
Hail, univerſal goodneſs! with full ſtream,
For ever flowing, from beneath the throne,
Thro' earth, air, ſea, to all things that have life:
From all that live on earth, in air, or ſea,
The great community of nature's ſons,
To, thee, firſt Father, ceaſeleſs praiſe aſcend!
And, in the reverend hymn, my grateful voice
Be duly heard; among thy works not leaſt,
Nor loweſt; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee, and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where virtue leads, to follow, and be bleſs'd.

O!

O! whether, by thy prime decree, ordain'd
To days of future life; or, whether, now
The mortal hour is inſtant, ſtill vouchſafe,
Parent and friend! to guide me, blameleſs, on,
Thro' this dark ſcene of error and of ill;
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to chear:
All elſe, of me unaſk'd, thy will ſupreme
Withhold or grant: and let thy will be done!

XX.

PLEASURES OF THE RURAL LIFE.

O KNEW he but his happineſs, of men
The happieſt! he, who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the rural life.

SURE peace is his: a ſolid life, eſtrang'd
To diſappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content: in nature's bounty rich;
In herbs and fruits. Whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven deſcends in ſhowers; or bends the bough,
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or, in the wint'ry glebe, whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richeſt ſap;
Theſe are not wanting: nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, ſpread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleeding mountains; nor the chide of ſtreams,
And hum of bees, inviting ſleep ſincere
Into the guiltleſs breaſt, beneath the ſhade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor ought beſides, of proſpect, grove, or ſong;

Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here, too, dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

THE rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.

HE, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breaths, in vain.

IN Summer, he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates, writes: and, oft, an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.

WHEN Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickl'd swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throws; and, through the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.

EVEN Winter wild, to him, is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night, the skies,

Disclos'd

Diſclos'd and kindled by refining froſt,
Pour every luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing,
O'er land and ſea, th' imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or, in his breaſt, heroic virtue burns.

THE touch of kindred, too, and love, he feels:
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Extatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
For, happineſs and true philoſophy,
Are of the ſocial ſtill, and ſmiling kind.

THIS is the life, which thoſe, who fret in guilt
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himſelf, with man.

XXI.

CHARACTER OF MAN.

KNOW thou thyſelf; preſume not God to ſcan:
The proper ſtudy of mankind, is man.
laced on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
being, darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
ith too much knowledge for the ſceptic ſide,
th too much weakneſs for the ſtoic's pride,

He hangs between; in doubt, to act, or reſt;
In doubt, to deem himſelf a God, or beaſt;
In doubt, his mind or body to prefer;
Born, but to die; and reas'ning, but to err:
Chaos of thought and paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd:
Created, half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all:
Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd;
The glory, jeſt, and riddle, of the world!

XXII.

CONTENT—A PASTORAL.

O'ER muirlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs ſees my deſpair,
And leads me, o'er lawns, to her home.

Yellow ſheafs, from Ceres, her cottage had crown'd;
Green ruſhes were ſtrew'd on her floor;
Her caſement, ſweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the ſod ſeats at her door.

We ſat ourſelves down to a cooling repaſt—
Freſh fruits!—and ſhe cull'd me the beſt:
While, thrown from my guard by ſome glances ſhe caſt,
Love ſlily ſtole into my breaſt.

I told my ſoft wiſhes: ſhe ſweetly reply'd—
(Ye virgins! her voice was divine)
"I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd:
"But take me, fond ſhepherd—I'm thine."

er

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek;
So ſimple, yet ſweet, were her charms;
I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek;
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now, jocund, together, we tend a few ſheep;
And if, by yon prattler, the ſtream,
Reclin'd on her boſom, I ſink into ſleep,
Her image ſtill ſoftens my dream.

Together, we range o'er the ſlow riſing hills,
Delighted with paſtoral views;
Or reſt on a rock whence the ſtreamlet diſtils,
And point out new themes for the muſe.

To pomp, or proud titles, ſhe ne'er did aſpire;
The damſel's of humble deſcent:
The cottager, Peace, is well known for her ſire,
And ſhepherds have nam'd her—Content.

XXIII.

NATURE'S CHILDREN ALL DIVIDE HER CARE.

HAS God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him, as kindly, ſpread the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures, ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.

Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer.
The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

KNOW, nature's children all divide her care:
The fur, that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon he muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

XXIV.

BEAUTY.

MAY my ſong ſoften, as thy daughters, I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, ſimplicity of life,
And elegance, and taſte; the faultleſs form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimſon, through the native white
Soft ſhooting, o'er the face, diffuſes bloom,
And ev'ry nameleſs grace; the parted lip,
Like the red-roſe bud moiſt with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or ſunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling breaſt;
The look reſiſtleſs, piercing to the ſoul,
And by the ſoul inform'd, when, dreſs'd in love,
She ſits, high ſmiling, in the conſcious eye.

XXV.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

BUT, if the rougher ſex, by this fierce ſport,
Is hurried wild, let not ſuch horrid joy
E'er ſtain the boſom of the Britiſh fair.
Far be the ſpirit of the chaſe from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeſeeming ſkill,
To ſpring the fence, to rein the prancing ſteed;
The cap, the whip, the maſculine attire,
In which, they roughen to the ſenſe, and all
The winning ſoftneſs of their ſex is loſt.
In them, 'tis graceful to diſſolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave,
Quick o'er the kindling cheek, the ready bluſh;
And, from the ſmalleſt violence, to ſhrink
Unequal; in their fears the loveliеſt.
O! may their eyes no miſerable ſight,
Save weeping lovers, ſee; a nobler game,
Thro' love's enchanting wiles purſued, yet fled,
In chaſe ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the looſe ſimplicity of dreſs;
And, faſhion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they, to ſeize the captivated ſoul,
In rapture warbled from love breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languiſh; with ſmooth ſtep,
Diſcloſing motion in its every charm,
To ſwim along and ſwell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the ſnowy lawn;
To guide the pencil; turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten nature's dainties; in their race,

To rear their graces into ſecond life;
To give ſociety its higheſt taſte;
Well-order'd home man's beſt delight to make;
And, by ſubmiſſive wiſdom, modeſt ſkill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
And ſweeten all the toils of human life.
This be the female dignity and praiſe.

XXVI.

ON HAPPINESS.

OH happineſs! our being's end and aim:
Good, pleaſure, eaſe, content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething, which ſtill prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die:
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe:
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow:
Fair op'ning to ſome court's propitious ſhrine;
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield;
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere;
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where.

ORDER is heav'n's firſt law: and, this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt;

More rich, more wise. But, who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense,
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness.
But mutual wants this happiness increase:
All nature's diff'rence keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing:
Bliss is the same, in subject, or in king;
In who obtain defence, or who defend;
In him who is, or him who finds, a friend.

FORTUNE her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

OH sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heav'n still, with laughter, the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

KNOW, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—Health, Peace, and Competence.

XXVII.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

STILL, shall unthinking man, substantial deem
The forms, that fleet through life's deceitful dream?
On clouds, where fancy's beam amusive plays,
Shall heedless hope the towering fabric raise?

Till, at death's touch, the fairy viſions fly,
And real ſcenes ruſh diſmal on the eye;
And, from Elyſium's balmy ſlumber torn,
The ſtartled ſoul awakes, to think, and mourn.

O YE! whoſe hours in jocund train advance,
Whoſe ſpirits to the ſong of gladneſs dance,
Who flowery vales in endleſs view ſurvey,
Glittering in beams of viſionary day,
O! yet, while fate delays th' impending woe,
Be rouſed to thought, anticipate the blow;
Leſt, like the lightning's glance, the ſudden ill
Flaſh to confound, and penetrate to kill;
Leſt thus encompaſs'd with funereal gloom,
Like me, ye bend o'er ſome untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in night's frighted ear,
And half pronounce heaven's ſacred doom ſevere.

WISE, beauteous, good! O every grace combined,
That charms the eye, or captivates the mind!
Fair, as the floweret opening on the morn,
Whoſe leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
Mild, as the ſtrains, that, at the cloſe of day,
Warbling remote, along the vales decay!——
Yet, why with theſe compared? What tints ſo fine,
What ſweetneſs, mildneſs, can be match'd with thine!
Why roam abroad? Since ſtill, to Fancy's eyes,
I ſee, I ſee, thy lovely form ariſe.
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the graces ſmile;
The ſoul-expreſſing eye, benignly bright,
Where meekneſs beams ineffable delight;
That brow, where wiſdom ſits enthroned ſerene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:

Still

Still let me liſten, while her words impart
The ſweet effuſions of the blameleſs heart,
Till all my ſoul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to virtue's eaſy ſway.

BY thee inſpir'd, O virtue! age is young,
And muſic warbles from the faltering tongue;
Thy ray, creative, cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with roſy glow;
Brightens the joyleſs aſpect, and ſupplies
Pure heavenly luſtre to the languid eyes:
But, when youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Reſiſtleſs on the view the glory ſtreams,
Love, wonder, joy, alternately alarm,
And beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

AH! whither fled?—ye dear illuſions! ſtay—
Lo! pale and ſilent lies the lovely clay.—
How are the roſes on that cheek decay'd,
Which late the purple light of youth diſplay'd!
Health on her form each ſprightly grace beſtow'd;
With life and thought each ſpeaking feature glow'd:
Fair was the flower, and ſoft the vernal ſky;
Elate with hope, we deem'd no tempeſt nigh;
When, lo!—a whirlwind's inſtantaneous guſt
Left all its beauties withering in the duſt.

ALL cold the hand, that ſooth'd woe's weary head!
And quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that ſhed!
And mute the voice, whoſe pleaſing accents ſtole,
Infuſing balm, into the rankled ſoul!
O death! why arm with cruelty thy power,
And ſpare the idle weed, yet lop the flower?
Why fly thy ſhafts in lawleſs error driven?
Is virtue, then, no more the care of heaven?——
But, peace, bold thought! be ſtill—my burſting heart!
We, not ELIZA, felt the fatal dart.

*Scap'd

'Scap'd the dark dungeon, does the ſlave complain,
Nor bleſs the hand that broke the galling chain?
Say, pines not virtue for the lingering morn,
On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn?
Where reaſon's meteor-rays, with ſickly glow,
O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimm'ring throw;
Diſcloſing, dubious, to th' affrighted eye,
O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
Black billowy ſeas in ſtorm perpetual toſs'd,
And weary ways in wildering labyrinths loſt?
● happy ſtroke! that burſt the bonds of clay;
Darts, through the rending gloom, the blaze of day;
And wings the ſoul, with boundleſs flight, to ſoar,
Where dangers threat, and fears alarm no more.

TRANSPORTING thought! Here let me wipe away
The tear of grief, and wake a bolder lay.—
But, ah! the ſwimming eye o'erflows anew:
Nor check the ſacred drops to pity due,
Lo! where, in ſpeechleſs, hopeleſs anguiſh, bend
O'er her lov'd duſt, the parent brother, friend:
How vain the hope of man!—But, ceaſe thy ſtrain;
Nor ſorrow's dead ſolemnity profane:
Mix'd with yon drooping mourners, on her bier,
In ſilence, ſhed the ſympathetic tear.

XXVIII.

ON PROCRASTINATION.

BE wiſe to-day. 'Tis madneſs to defer.
Next day the fatal precedent will plead:
Thus on—till wiſdom is puſh'd out of life.

Procraſtination is the thief of time:
Year after year it ſteals, till all are fled;
And, to the mercies of a moment, leaves
The vaſt concerns of an eternal ſcene.

ALL promiſe is poor dilatory man;
And that thro' every ſtage. When young, indeed,
In full content, we, ſometimes, nobly reſt,
Un-anxious for ourſelves; and only wiſh,
As duteous ſons, our fathers were more wiſe.
At thirty, man ſuſpects himſelf a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan:
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to reſolve:
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Reſolves, and re-reſolves—then dies the ſame!

XXIX.

INVITATION TO A MORNING-WALK.

AWAKE, my fair! the morning ſprings;
The dew-drops glance around:
The heifer lows; the blackbird ſings;
The echoing hills reſound.

The ſimple ſweets, would Stella taſte,
That breathing morning yields;
The fragrance of the flow'ry waſte,
And freſhneſs of the fields;

By uplands, and the green-wood ſide,
We'll take our early way,

And,

And view the valley, ſpreading wide,
And opening with the day.

Nor, uninſtructive, ſhall the ſcene
Unfold its charms in vain:
The fallow brown, the meadow green,
The mountain and the plain;

Each dew-drop, gliſt'ning on the thorn,
And trembling to its fall;
Each bluſh, that paints the cheek of morn,
In fancy's ear ſhall call;

"O ye! in youth and beauty's pride,
"Who lightly dance along;
"While laughter frolics at your ſide,
"And rapture tunes your ſong;

"What, though each grace around you play,
"Each beauty bloom for you,
"Warm as the bluſh of riſing day,
"And ſparkling as the dew:

"The bluſh, that glows ſo gaily now,
"But glows to diſappear;
"And, quiv'ring, from the bending bough,
"Soon breaks the pearly tear:

"So paſs the beauties of your prime,
"That ev'n in blooming die;
"So, ſhrinking at the blaſt of time,
"The treach'rous graces fly."

Let thoſe, my Stella, ſlight the ſtrain,
Who fear to find it true!
Each fair, of tranſient beauty vain,
Any doubt, as tranſient too!

With charms, that win beyond the ſight,
And hold the willing heart,
My Stella ſhall await their flight;
Nor ſigh, when they depart.

Still graces ſhall remain behind,
And beauties ſtill controul;
The graces of the poliſh'd mind,
And beauties of the ſoul.

XXX.

WINTER.

SEE! Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and ſad, with all his riſing train,
Vapours, and clouds, and ſtorms. Be theſe my theme;
Theſe, that exalt the ſoul to ſolemn thought,
And heavenly muſing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! With frequent foot,
Pleas'd, have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When, nurs'd by careleſs ſolitude, I liv'd,
And ſung of nature with unceaſing joy,
Pleas'd, have I wander'd through your rough domain;
Trod the poor virgin-ſnows, myſelf as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burſt;
Or ſeen the deep fermenting tempeſt brew'd
In the grim evening-ſky. Thus paſs'd the time,
Till, through the lucid chambers of the ſouth,
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and ſmil'd.

XXXI.

ODE TO SPRING.

YOUTH of the year, delightful Spring!
Thy bleſt return, on genial wing,
Inſpires my languid lays:
No more I ſleep in ſloth ſupine,
When all creation at thy ſhrine,
Its annual tribute pays.

Eſcap'd from Winter's freezing pow'r,
Each bloſſom greets thee, and each flow'r;
And, foremoſt of the train,
By nature (artleſs handmaid!) dreſt,
The ſnow-drop comes, in lillied veſt,
Prophetic of thy reign.

The lark now ſtrains her tuneful throat,
And ev'ry loud and ſprightly note
Calls Echo from her cell—
Be warn'd, ye maids that liſten round;
A beauteous nymph became a ſound;
The nymph, who lov'd too well.

The bright-hair'd ſun with warmth benign,
Bids tree, and ſhrub, and ſwelling vine,
Their infant buds diſplay:
Again the ſtreams refreſh the plains,
Which winter bound in icy chains,
And, ſparkling, bleſs his ray.

Life-giving zephyrs breathe around,
And, inſtant, glows th' enamell'd ground,
With nature's varied hues—

Not ſo returns our youth, decay'd:
Alas! nor air, nor ſun, nor ſhade,
The ſpring of life renews.

The ſun's too quick revolving beam
Apace diſſolves the human dream,
And bring's th' appointed hour:
Too late we catch his parting ray,
And mourn the idly waſted day,
No longer in our pow'r.

Then, happieſt he! whoſe lengthen'd ſight
Purſues, by virtue's conſtant light,
A hope beyond the ſkies;
Where frowning Winter ne'er ſhall come,
But roſy ſpring for ever bloom,
And ſuns eternal riſe.

XXXII.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

IN that ſoft ſeaſon, when deſcending ſhowers,
Call forth the greens, and wake the riſing flowers;
When op'ning buds ſalute the welcome day,
And earth, relenting, feels the genial ray;
As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While pureſt ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms, in wild order, roſe,
And, join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.

I ſtood, methought, betwixt the earth and ſkies;
The whole creation open to mine eyes.

In

In air, ſelf-balanc'd, hung the globe below,
Where mountains riſe, and circling oceans flow:
Here, naked rocks, and empty waſtes, were ſeen;
There, towery cities, and wild foreſts green:
Here, ſailing ſhips delight the wand'ring eyes;
There, trees and intermingled temples riſe:
Now, a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays;
The tranſient landſcape, now, in clouds decays.

O'ER the wide proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow ſhore:
Then, gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whoſe towering ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High, on a rock of ice, the ſtructure lay;
Steep its aſcent, and ſlippery was the way.
The wond'rous rock, like Parian marble, ſhone,
And ſeem'd, to diſtant ſight, of ſolid ſtone.
Inſcriptions, here, of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hoſtile time ſubdued;
Yet wide was ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
And poets, once, had promis'd they ſhould laſt.
Some, freſh engrav'd, appear'd, of wits renown'd—
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I ſaw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd;
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays,
Not more by envy, than exceſs of praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like cryſtal, faithful to the graving ſteel;

The

The rock's high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorms invade.
Their names, inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt,
From time's firſt birth, with time itſelf ſhall laſt:
Theſe, ever new, nor ſubject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter, with the length of days.

The temple ſhakes: the ſounding gates unfold;
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Rais'd on a thouſand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd.
The maſſy columns in a circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the ſkies:
Scarce to the top I ſtretch my aching ſight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height.
Full in the midſt, proud Fame's imperial ſeat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great:
The vivid em'ralds, there, revive the eye;
The flaming rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye;
Bright azure rays, from lively ſapphires, ſtream;
And lucid amber caſts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement ſhone;
And, all on fire, appear'd the glowing throne:
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.

WHEN on the goddeſs firſt I caſt my ſight,
Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature of a cubit's height;
But, ſwell'd to larger ſize, the more I gaz'd,
Till, to the roof, her towering front ſhe rais'd.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told:
Wings raiſe her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thouſand buſy tongues the goddeſs bears,
A thouſand open eyes, and liſt'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful nine
(Her virgin handmaids) ſtill attend the ſhrine:

With

With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they ſing;
For Fame they raiſe the voice, and tune the ſtring:
With time's firſt birth, began the heavenly lays,
And laſt eternal, through the length of days.

AROUND theſe wonders, as I caſt a look,
The trumpet ſounded, and the temple ſhook;
And all the nations, ſummon'd at the call,
From different quarters, fill the ſpacious hall:
Of various tongues, the mingled ſounds were heard;
In various garbs, promiſcuous throngs appear'd:
Millions of ſuppliant crowds the ſhrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddeſs bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the ſage,
And boaſting youth, and narrative old age.

FIRST at the ſhrine, the learned world appear,
And, to the goddeſs, thus prefer their prayer—
"Long have we ſought t' inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
"With ſtudies pale, with midnight vigils blind:
"But, thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
"We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne;
"On wit and learning the juſt prize beſtow,
"For fame is all we muſt expect below."—
The goddeſs heard; and bade the muſes raiſe
The golden trumpet of eternal praiſe.
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound,
And fill the circuit of the world around:
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes, at firſt, were rather ſweet than loud:
By juſt degrees, they every moment riſe;
Spread round the earth, and gain upon the ſkies.

NEXT theſe, the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thus, on their knees, addreſs the ſacred fane—
"Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
"And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,

" Do thou, juſt goddeſs! call our merits forth,
" And give each deed th' exact intrinſic worth."
" Not with bare juſtice ſhall your acts be crown'd,
" (Said Fame) but high above deſert renown'd:
" Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
" And the loud clarion labour in your praiſe."

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore;
And proud defiance in their looks they bore.—
" For thee (they cry'd) amidſt alarms and ſtrife,
" We ſail'd, in tempeſts, down the ſtream of life;
" For thee, whole nations fill'd with fire and blood,
" And ſwam to empire through the purple flood.
" Thoſe ills, we dar'd, thy inſpiration own;
" What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee alone."—
" Ambitious fools! (the queen reply'd and frown'd)
" Be all your deeds in dark oblivion drown'd:
" There, ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone;
" Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown."—
A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.

THEN came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen:
Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their mien—
" Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
" The praiſe of merit, nor aſpire to fame;
" But, ſafe in deſerts, from th' applauſe of men,
" Would die unheard-of, as we liv'd unſeen.
" 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight,
" Thoſe acts of goodneſs, which themſelves requite.
" O! let us, ſtill, the ſecret joy partake,
" To follow virtue, ev'n for virtue's ſake."——
" And live there men, who ſlight immortal fame?
" Who, then, with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
" But, mortals, know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride,
" To blaze thoſe virtues, which the good would hide.

" Riſe,

" Riſe, muſes! riſe! add all your tuneful breath!
" Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs, and in death."
She ſaid—In air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
So ſoft, tho' high; ſo loud, and yet ſo clear;
Ev'n lift'ning angels lean from heav'n to hear:
To fartheſt ſhores th' ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.

WHILE thus I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear—
" What could thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
" Art thou, fond youth, ! a candidate for praiſe?"—
'Tis true, ſaid I, not void of hopes I came;
For, who ſo fond, as youthful bards, of fame?
But, if the purchaſe coſt ſo dear a price,
As ſoothing folly, or exalting vice;
And, if the muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway;
And follow ſtill, where fortune leads the way;
Or, if no baſis bear my riſing name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then, teach me, Heav'n! to ſcorn the guilty bays;
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe.
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown—
O! grant me honeſt fame—or grant me none.

SEC-

SECTION II.

LESSON I.

ODE ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF LORD HAY, NOW EARL OF ERROL.

A MUSE, unskill'd in venal praise,
Unstain'd with flattery's art;
Who loves simplicity of lays,
Breath'd ardent from the heart;
While gratitude and joy inspire,
Resumes the long-unpractis'd lyre,
To hail, O HAY! thy natal morn.
No gaudy wreath of flowers she weaves,
But twines with oak the laurel-leaves,
Thy cradle to adorn.

For, not on beds of gaudy flowers
Thine ancestors reclin'd,
Where sloth dissolves, and spleen devours,
All energy of mind:
To hurl the dart, to ride the car,
To stem the deluges of war,

And

And ſnatch from fate a ſinking land;
Trample th' invader's lofty creſt,
And, from his graſp, the dagger wreſt,
And deſolating brand;

'Twas this, that raiſed th' illuſtrious line
To match the firſt in fame:
A thouſand years have ſeen it ſhine
With unabated flame;
Have ſeen thy mighty ſires appear
Foremoſt in glory's high career,
The pride and pattern of the brave:
Yet, pure from luſt of blood their fire,
And from ambition's wild deſire;
They triumph'd but to ſave.

The muſe, with joy, attends their way
The vales of peace along;
There, to its Lord, the village gay
Renews the grateful ſong.
Yon caſtle's glittering towers contain
No pit of woe, nor clanking chain,
Nor to the ſuppliant's wail reſound:
The open doors the needy bleſs,
Th' unfriended hail their calm receſs,
And gladneſs ſmiles around.

There, to the ſympathetic heart,
Life's beſt delights belong;
To mitigate the mourner's ſmart,
To guard the weak from wrong.
Ye ſons of luxury! be wiſe:
Know, happineſs for ever flies
The cold and ſolitary breaſt:
Then, let the ſocial inſtinct glow;
And learn to feel another's woe,
And, in his joy, be bleſs'd.

O!

O! yet, ere pleaſure plant her ſnare
For unſuſpecting youth;
Ere flattery her ſong prepare
To check the voice of truth;
O! may his country's guardian power
Attend the ſlumbering infant's bower,
And bright, inſpiring dreams impart,
To rouſe the hereditary fire,
To kindle each ſublime deſire,
Exalt, and warm the heart.

Swift, to reward a parent's fears,
A parent's hopes to crown,
Roll on in peace, ye blooming years,
That rear him to renown:
When, in his finiſh'd form and face,
Admiring multitudes ſhall trace
Each patrimonial charm combin'd;
The courteous, yet majeſtic mien;
The liberal ſmile; the look ſerene;
The great and gentle mind.

Yet, though thou draw a nation's eyes,
And win a nation's love,
Let not thy towering mind deſpiſe
The village and the grove.
No ſlander, there, ſhall wound thy fame;
No ruffian take his deadly aim;
No rival weave the ſecret ſnare:
For innocence, with angel ſmile;
Simplicity, that knows not guile;
And love, and peace are there.

When winds the mountain oak aſſail,
And lay its glories waſte,
Content may ſlumber in the vale,
Unconſcious of the blaſt.

Through ſcenes of tumult while we roam,
The heart, alas! is ne'er at home;
It hopes, in time, to roam no more:
The mariner, not vainly brave,
Combats the ſtorm, and rides the wave,
To reſt, at laſt, on ſhore.

Ye proud! ye ſelfiſh! ye ſevere!
How vain your maſk of ſtate?
The good, alone, have joy ſincere;
The good, alone, are great:
Great, when, amid the vale of peace,
They bid the plaint of ſorrow ceaſe,
And hear the voice of artleſs praiſe;
As when, along the trophy'd plain,
Sublime, they lead the victor train,
While ſhouting nations gaze.

II.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
To ſuffer, nay, encourage truth:
And blame me not for diſreſpect,
If I the flatt'rer's ſtyle reject.

THE tree's diſtinguiſh'd by the fruit:
Be virtue then, your firſt purſuit:
Set your great anceſtors in view:
Like them, deſerve the title too.
Like them, ignoble actions ſcorn:
Let virtue prove you greatly born.

THOUGH with leſs plate their ſide-board ſhone,
Their conſcience always was their own.

They

They ne'er at Levees meanly fawn'd;
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd:
Their hands, by no corruption ſtain'd,
The miniſterial bribe diſdain'd:
They ſerv'd the crown with loyal zeal;
Yet, jealous of the public weal,
They ſtood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cauſe:
By neither place nor penſion bought,
They ſpoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your ſires adorn their ſeat;
And ſuch, alone, are truly great.

IF you the paths of learning ſlight,
You're but a dunce in ſtronger light:
In foremoſt rank, the coward, plac'd,
Is more conſpicuouſly diſgrac'd.
If you, to ſerve a paltry end,
To knaviſh jobs can condeſcend,
We pay you the contempt that's due:
In that you have precedence too.
Whence had you this illuſtrious name?
From virtue and unblemiſh'd fame.
By birth, the name alone deſcends:
Your honour on yourſelf depends.
Think not your coronet can hide
Aſſuming ignorance and pride:
Learning, by ſtudy, muſt be won;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from ſon to ſon.
Superior worth your rank requires:
For that mankind reveres your ſires.
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your diſgrace.

III.

CONTINENCE OF SCIPIO.

WHEN, to his glorious firſt eſſay in war,
New Carthage fell; there all the flower of Spain
Were kept in hoſtage; a full field preſenting
For Scipio's generoſity to ſhine.— A noble virgin,
Conſpicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
Was mark'd the general's prize. She wept, and bluſh'd;
Young, freſh, and blooming, like the morn. An eye,
As when the blue ſky trembles thro' a cloud
Of pureſt white. A ſecret charm combin'd
Her features, and infus'd inchantment thro' them.
Her ſhape was harmony.—But eloquence
Beneath her beauty fails; which ſeem'd on purpoſe,
By nature laviſh'd on her, that mankind
Might ſee the virtue of a hero tried,
Almoſt beyond the ſtretch of human force.
Soft as ſhe paſs'd along, with downcaſt eyes,
Where gentle ſorrow ſwell'd, and, now and then,
Dropp'd o'er her modeſt cheeks a trickling tear,
The Roman legions languiſh'd, and hard war
Felt more than pity: even their chief himſelf,
As on his high tribunal rais'd he ſat,
Turn'd from the dang'rous ſight; and, chiding, aſk'd
His officers, if, by this gift, they meant
To cloud his glory in its very dawn.

SHE, queſtion'd of her birth, in trembling accents,
With tears, and bluſhes, broken, told her tale.
But, when he found her royally deſcended;
Of her old captive parents the ſole joy;
And that a hapleſs Celtiberian prince,

Her

Her lover and belov'd, forgot his chains,
His loſt dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender ſoul; ſudden the heart
Of this young, conqu'ring, loving, godlike Roman,
Felt all the great divinity of virtue.
His wiſhing youth ſtood check'd, his tempting power,
Reſtrain'd by kind humanity.—At once
He for her parents and her lover call'd.
The various ſcene imagine. How his troops
Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant;
While, ſtretch'd below, the trembling ſuppliants lay,
Rack'd by a thouſand mingling paſſions—fear,
Hope, jealouſy, diſdain, ſubmiſſion, grief,
Anxiety, and love in every ſhape.
To theſe as different ſentiments ſucceeded,
As mix'd emotions, when the man divine
Thus the dread ſilence to the lover broke.
" We both are young; both charm'd. The right of war
" Has put thy beauteous miſtreſs in my power;
" With whom, I could, in the moſt ſacred ties,
" Live out a happy life. But, know, that Romans,
" Their hearts, as well as enemies, can conquer.
" Then, take her to thy ſoul: and, with her, take
" Thy liberty and kingdom. In return,
" I aſk but this—When you behold theſe eyes,
" Theſe charms with tranſport, be a friend to Rome."
Ecſtatic wonder held the lovers mute;
While the loud camp, and all the cluſt'ring croud
That hung around, rang with repeated ſhouts.
Fame took the alarm, and through reſounding Spain
Blew faſt the fair report; which, more than arms,
Admiring nations to the Romans gain'd.

IV.

LADY RANDOLPH'S SOLILOQUY.

YE woods and wilds! whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart—
Farewell a while. I will not leave you long:
For, in your shades, I deem some spirit dwells;
Who, from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
Still hears, and answers to Matilda's moan.
Oh, Douglas! Douglas! if departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art;
And, with the passion of immortals, hear'st
My lamentation: hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep, for her husband slain, her infant lost.
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,
Who perished with thee on this fatal day.
To thee I lift my voice; to thee address
The plaint, which mortal ear has never heard.
Oh! disregard me not. Though I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.

V.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND JUPITER.

OE'RSPENT with toil, beneath the shade,
A peasant rested, on his spade.
"How hard," he cries, "it is to bear
"This load of life from year to year!

"Soon

" Soon as the morning ſtreaks the ſkies,
" Induſtrious labour bids me riſe ;
" With ſweat I earn my homely fare,
" And every day renews my care."

JOVE heard the diſcontented ſtrain,
And thus rebuk'd the murm'ring ſwain.
" Speak out your wants, then, honeſt friend :
" Unjuſt complaints the gods offend.
" If you repine at partial fate,
" Inſtruct me what could mend your ſtate,
" Mankind, in every ſtation, ſee.
" What wiſh you ? Tell me what you'd be."
So ſaid, upborne upon a cloud,
The clown ſurvey'd the anxious crowd.
" Yon face of care," ſays Jove, " behold :
" His bulky bags are fill'd with gold.
" See with what joy he counts it o'er !
" That ſum, to-day, hath ſweell'd his ſtore."
" Were I that man," (the peaſant cry'd)
" What bleſſing could I aſk beſide ?"
" Hold," ſays the god ; " firſt, learn to know
" True happineſs from outward ſhow.
" This optic glaſs of intuition —
" Here, take it, view his true condition."
He look'd, and ſaw the miſer's breaſt,
A troubled ocean, ne'er at reſt ;
Want ever ſtares him in the face,
And fear anticipates diſgrace.
With conſcious guilt, he ſaw him ſtart ;
Extortion gnaws his trobbing heart ;
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breaſt admits one happy gleam.
" May Jove," he cries, " reject my pray'r,
" And guard my life from guilt and care.

" My ſoul abhors that wretch's fate:
" Oh! keep me in my humble ſtate.
" But, ſee, amidſt a gaudy crowd,
" Yon miniſter ſo gay and proud;
" On him what happineſs attends,
" Who thus rewards his grateful friends!"—
" Firſt take the glaſs," the god replies;
" Man views the world with partial eyes."
" Defend me from this hideous ſight,"
Exclaims aloud the ſtartled wight:
" Corruption, with corroſive ſmart,
" Lies cank'ring on his guilty heart:
" I ſee him, with polluted hand,
" Spread the contagion o'er the land.
" Now av'rice, with inſatiate jaws,
" Now rapine, with her hapy claws,
" His boſom tears. His conſcious breaſt
" Groans, with a load of crimes oppreſt.
" See him, mad and drunk with power,
" Stand tott'ring on ambition's tower.
" Sometimes, in ſpeeches vain and proud,
" His boaſts inſult the nether crowd;
" Now, ſeiz'd with giddineſs and fear,
" He trembles leſt his fall is near.
" Was ever wretch like this? he cries:
" Such miſery, in ſuch diſguiſe!
" The change, O Jove, I diſavow;
" Still be my lot the ſpade and plough."
He, next, confirm'd by ſpeculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
For, he the ſtateſman ſeem'd in part,
And bore ſimilitude of heart.
Nor did the Soldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirſt of ſpoil and fame:

The

The miseries of war he mourned;
Whole nations into deserts turn'd.

THUS, weighing life in each condition,
The clown withdrew his rash petition.

WHEN thus the god—"How mortals err!
"If you true happiness prefer,
"'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
"But dwells in every honest mind.
"Be justice, then, your sole pursuit;
"Plant virtue, and content's the fruit."

So Jove, to gratify the clown,
Where first he found him, set him down.

VI.

INVOCATION TO PARADISE LOST.

OF man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heav'nly muse! that, on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning, how the heav'ns and earth
Rose out of chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous song,
That, with no middle flight, intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhime.

And, chiefly thou, O Spirit! that doſt prefer
Before all temples, th' upright heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for thou know'ſt; thou, from the firſt,
Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread,
Dove-like ſat'ſt brooding on the vaſt abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low raiſe and ſupport;
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may aſſert eternal providence,
And juſtify the ways of God to men.

VII.

ON RETIREMENT.

SWEET AUBURN! parent of the bliſsful hour!
Thy glades, forlorn, confeſs the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my ſolitary rounds,
Amidſt thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds;
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where, once, the cottage ſtood, the hawthorn grew;
Here, as with doubtful penſive ſteps, I range,
Trace every ſcene, and wonder at the change;
Remembrance wakes, with all her buſy train,
Swells at my breaſt, and turns the paſt to pain.

IN all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my ſhare—
I ſtill had hopes, my lateſt hours to crown,
Amidſt theſe humble bowers to lay me down;
My anxious day to huſband near the cloſe,
And keep life's flame from waſting, by repoſe:

I ſtill

I ſtill had hopes (for pride attends us ſtill)
Amidſt the ſwains, to ſhew my book-learn'd ſkill;
Around my fire, an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I ſaw:
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns purſue,
Pants to the place, from whence, at firſt, ſhe flew,
I ſtill had hopes, my long vexations paſt,
Here to return—and die at home at laſt.

O BLEST retirement! friend to life's decline!
Retreats from care that never muſt be mine!
How bleſt is he, who crowns, in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour, with an age of eaſe:
Who quits a world, where ſtrong temptations try,
And, ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him, no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands, in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from his gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave, with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the ſlopes the way;
And, all his proſpects bright'ning to the laſt,
His heaven commences, ere the world be paſt!

VIII.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waſte the wakeful night,
Intent, with endleſs view, to pore
The ſchoolmen and the ſages o'er:

Their

Their books from wiſdom widely ſtray;
Or point, at beſt, the longeſt way.
I'll ſeek a readier path, and go
Where wiſdom's ſurely taught, below.

How deep yon azure dyes the ſky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie;
While, thro' their ranks, in ſilver pride,
The nether creſcent ſeems to guide.
The ſlumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe;
The lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Where, once again, the ſpangled ſhow,
Deſcends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the view retire:
The left, preſents a place of graves,
Whoſe wall the ſilent water laves.
That ſteeple guides thy doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There, paſs, with melancholy ſtate,
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate,
And think, as ſoftly ſad you tread,
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like thee, they life poſſeſs'd;
"And time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt."

Those with bending oſier bound,
That, nameleſs, have the crumbled ground,
Quick, to the glancing thought, diſcloſe
Where toil and poverty repoſe.

The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name,
The chiſſel's ſlender help to fame
(Which, ere our ſet of friends decay,
The frequent ſteps may wear away)
A middle race of mortals own;
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

THE marble tombs, that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs and bones,
Theſe (all the poor remains of ſtate)
Adorn the rich, or praiſe the great;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the fame they give.

HA! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades;
The burſting earth unveils the ſhades:
All flow, and wan, and wrapt with ſhrouds,
They riſe, in viſionary crowds;
And all, with ſober accent, cry,
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."

Now, from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, ceaſe your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time reſound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the bones.

"WHEN men my ſcythe and darts ſupply,
"How great a king of fears am I!
"They view me like the laſt of things:
"They make, and, then, they dread, my ſtings.
"Fools! if you leſs provok'd your fears,
"No more my ſpectre-form appears.
"Death's but a path that muſt be trod,
"If man would ever paſs to God;
"A port of calms, a ſtate of eaſe,
"From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas.
"Why, then, thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
"Deep pendent cypreſs, mourning poles,

"Looſe-

" Looſe ſcarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
" Long palls, drawn hearſes, cover'd ſteeds,
" And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
" Nod o'er the 'ſcutcheons of the dead?
" Nor can the parted body know,
" Nor wants the ſoul, theſe forms of woe.
" As men, who long in priſon dwell,
" With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
" Whene'er their ſuff'ring years are run,
" Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring ſun;
" Such joy, tho' far tranſcending ſenſe,
" Have pious ſouls at parting hence.
" On earth, and in the body plac'd,
" A few, and evil years they waſte:
" But, when their chains are caſt aſide,
" See the glad ſcene unfolding wide,
" Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
" And mingle with the blaze of day."

IX.

BATTLE OF ANGELS.

—NOW ſtorming fury roſe,
And clamour, ſuch as heard in heav'n till now,
Was never. Arms on armour, claſhing, bray'd
Horrible diſcord; and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd. Dire was the noiſe
Of conflict. Over-head, the diſmal hiſs
Of fiery darts, in flaming vollies flew;
And, flying, vaulted either hoſt with fire.
So, under fiery cope, together ruſh'd

Both

Both battles main, with ruinous assault,
And unextinguishable rage. All heaven
Resounded; and, had earth been then, all earth
Had, to her center, shook.

X.

ON VERSIFICATION.

MANY, by numbers, judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong.
In the bright muse, tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus, but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' of the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes.
Where-e'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers thro' the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

LEAVE such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;

And

And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's ſtrength, and Waller's ſweetneſs join.

TRUE eaſe, in writing, comes from art, not chance;
As thoſe move eaſieſt, who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough, no harſhneſs gives offence;
The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe.
Soft is the ſtrain, when zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream, in ſmoother numbers flows:
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow:
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.

HEAR, how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurpriſe,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove,
Now, burns with glory; and, then, melts with love:
Now, his fierce eyes, with ſparling fury glow;
Now, ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found;
And the world's victor—ſtood ſubdu'd by Sound!

XI.

DOUGLAS TO RANDOLPH.

MY name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal ſwain,
Whoſe conſtant cares were to increaſe his ſtore,
And keep his only ſon, myſelf, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd

To follow to the field ſome warlike lord;
And heav'n ſoon granted, what my ſire deny'd.
This moon which roſe, laſt night, round as my ſhield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Ruſh'd, like a torrent, down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The ſhepherds fled
For ſafety and for ſuccour. I, alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took: then, haſted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty choſen men,
I met advancing. The purſuit I led,
'Till we o'ertook the ſpoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought—and conquer'd. Ere a ſword was drawn,
An arrow, from my bow, had pierc'd their chief;
Who wore, that day, the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I diſdain'd
The ſhepherd's ſlothful life: and, having heard,
That our good king had ſummon'd his bold peers,
To lead their warriors to the Carron ſide,
I left my father's houſe, and took with me
A choſen ſervant to conduct my ſteps——
Yon trembling coward who forſook his maſter.
Journeying with this intent, I paſs'd theſe towers;
And, heaven-directed, came, this day, to do
The happy deed, that gilds my humble name.

XII.

XII.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-penſive contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloiſa, yet, muſt kiſs the name.

DEAR fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd;
Nor paſs theſe lips, in holy ſilence ſeal'd.
Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where, mixt with God's, his lov'd idea lies.
O, write it not, my hand!—the name appears
Already written!—waſh it out, my tears—
In vain, loſt Eloiſa weeps and prays;
Her heart ſtill dictates, and her hand obeys.

RELENTLESS walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains;
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns! ſhagg'd with horrid thorn;
Shrines! where their vigils pale ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep;
Though cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.
All is not Heaven's, while Abelard has part;
Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart:
Nor prayers, nor faſts, its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain;
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.

METHINKS,

METHINKS, from yonder ſhrine, a ſpirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
"Come, ſiſter, come!" (it ſays, or ſeems to ſay)
"Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!
"Once, like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd;
"Love's victim then, tho' now a ſainted maid:
"But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
"Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep:
"Even ſuperſtition loſes every fear;
"For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bowers,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flowers;
Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow.
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſage to the realms of day:
Ah! then, thy once-lov'd Eloiſa ſee;
It will be, then, no crime to gaze on me:
See, from my cheek, the tranſient roſes fly;
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye;
Till every motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er,
And ev'n my Abelard—be lov'd no more.

XIII.

COMBAT OF THE ANGEL MICHAEL AND SATAN.

THEY ended parle; and both addreſs'd for fight
Unſpeakable: for, who, tho' with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conſpicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to ſuch height

Of

Of godlike pow'r? for likeſt gods they ſeem'd,
Stood they, or mov'd; in ſtature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great heaven.
Now wav'd their fiery ſwords, and, in the air,
Made horrid circles. Two broad ſuns their ſhields
Blaz'd oppoſite, while expectation ſtood
In horror. From each hand, with ſpeed, retir'd,
Where erſt was thickeſt fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field; unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion—ſuch as, to ſet forth
Great things by ſmall, if nature's concord broke,
And 'mongſt the conſtellations war were ſprung,
Two planets, ruſhing from aſpect malign
Of fierceſt oppoſition, in mid ſky
Should combat, and their jarring ſpheres confound.

TOGETHER both, with next t' almighty arm,
Up-lifted imminent. Nor odds appear'd
In might or ſwift prevention: but the ſword
Of Michael, from the armoury of God,
Was giv'n him, temper'd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt its edge. It met
The ſword of Satan, with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer: nor ſtay'd;
But, with ſwift wheel reverſe, deep ent'ring, ſhar'd
All his right ſide. Then Satan firſt knew pain.
Forthwith, on all ſides, to his aid was run
By angels many and ſtrong, who interpos'd
Defence; while others bore him, on their ſhields,
Back to his chariot, where it ſtood retir'd
From off the files of war. There they him laid,
Gnaſhing for anguiſh and deſpite and ſhame,
To find himſelf not matchleſs, and his pride
Humbled by ſuch rebuke, ſo far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.

XIV.

XIV.

STORY OF LAVINIA.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpleſs years, depriv'd of all,
Of every ſtay, ſave innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty conceal'd.
Together, thus, they ſhunn'd the cruel ſcorn,
Which virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy paſſion and low-minded pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common bounty fed:
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.

HER form was freſher than the morning roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or, when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs: for lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament;
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the moſt.

As in the hollow breaſt of Appenine,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild:
So flouriſh'd, blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet Lavinia; till, at length compell'd
By ſtrong neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean Palemon's fields.—The pride of ſwains
Palemon was; the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life, in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as Arcadian ſong
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He, then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his raper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze.
He ſaw her charming; but he ſaw not half
The charms her down-caſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
(Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn)
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;
And thus, in ſecret, to his ſoul he ſigh'd.

" What pity! that ſo delicate a form;
" By beauty kindled; where enlivening ſenſe,
" And more than vulgar goodneſs, ſeem to dwell;
" Should be devoted to the rude embrace
" Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
" Of old Acaſto's line; and to my mind

" Recalls that patron of my happy life,
" From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
" Now to the duſt gone down; his houſes, lands,
" And once fair-ſpreading family diſſolv'd.
" 'Tis ſaid, that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
" Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
" Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
" His aged widow and his daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find.
" Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!"

WHEN, ſtrict enquiring, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acaſto, who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions, that ſurpriz'd his heart,
And, through his nerves, in ſhivering tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And, as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties flush'd a higher bloom;
And thus Palemon, paſſionate, and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.

" AND art thou, then, Acaſto's dear remains?
" She, whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought
" So long in vain?—O yes! the very ſame;
" The ſoften'd image of my noble friend:
" Alive, his every feature, every look,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than ſpring!
" Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
" That nouriſh'd up my fortune! ſay, ah! where,
" In what ſequeſter'd deſert, haſt thou drawn
" The kindeſt aſpect of delighted heaven?
" Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair,
" Though poverty's cold wind, and ruſhing rain,

" Beat

" Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years.
" Oh! let me, now, into a richer ſoil,
" Tranſplant thee ſafe, where vernal ſuns and ſhowers,
" Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence;
" And, of my garden, be the pride and joy!
" Ill it befits thee, oh! it ill befits
" Acaſto's daughter; his, whoſe open ſtores,
" Though vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
" The father of a country; thus to pick
" The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt-fields,
" Which, from his bounteous friendſhip, I enjoy.
" Then, throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
" But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk:
" The fields, the maſter, all, my fair, are thine;
" If, to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
" Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
" That deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!"

HERE ceas'd the youth: yet, ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul;
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy, divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate.
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joys ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening-hours;
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

XV.

XV.

JUPITER TO THE INFERIOR DEITIES.

AURORA, now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roſy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the ſenate of the ſkies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops ariſe.
The ſire of gods his awful ſilence broke:
The heav'ns, attentive, trembled as he ſpoke.
"Celeſtial ſtates! immortal gods! give ear:
Hear our decree; and rev'rence what ye hear:
The fix'd decree, which not all heav'n can move:
Thou, Fate! fulfil it; and ye, Pow'rs! approve.—
What god ſhall enter yon forbidden field?
Who yields aſſiſtance, or but wills to yield,
Back to the ſkies, with ſhame, he ſhall be driv'n,
Gaſh'd with diſhoneſt wounds, the ſcorn of heav'n:
Or, from our ſacred hill, with fury thrown
Deep, in the dark Tartarean gulph ſhall groan;
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
As deep beneath th' infernal center hurl'd,
As from that center to th' etherial world.
Let each, ſubmiſſive, dread thoſe dire abodes,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the God of gods.
League all your forces, then, ye pow'rs above:
Your ſtrength unite, againſt the might of Jove.
Let down our golden everlaſting chain,
Whoſe ſtrong embrace holds heav'n, and earth, and main.
Strive, all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag by this the thund'rer down to earth.—

Ye ſtrive in vain. If I but ſtretch this hand,
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land.
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vaſt world hangs trembling in my ſight.
For ſuch I reign unbounded, and above;
And ſuch are men, and gods, compar'd to Jove."

XVI.

DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER IN WHICH HE LEARNED THE ART OF WAR.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the moſt remote
And inacceſſible by ſhepherds trod,
In a deed cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring ſwains.
Auſtere and lonely, cruel to himſelf,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the ſhepherd's alms.
I went to ſee him, and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and pity. Mild he ſpake.
And, entering on diſcourſe, ſuch ſtories told,
As made me oft reviſit his ſad cell.
For he had been a ſoldier in his youth
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Againſt th' uſurping infidel diſplay'd
The bleſſed croſs, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His ſpeech ſtruck from me, the old man would ſhake
His years away, and act his young encounters.

T

Then, having ſhewn his wounds, he'd ſit him down,
And, all the live-long day, diſcourſe of war.
To help my fancy, in the ſmooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marſhall'd hoſts;
Deſcrib'd the motions, and explain'd the uſe,
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The ſquare, the creſcent, and the phalanx firm:
For, all that Saracen or Chriſtian knew
Of war's vaſt art, was to this hermit known.

XVII.

CELADON AND AMELIA.

——YOUNG Celadon,
And his Amelia, were a matchleſs pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace;
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone:
Hers, the mild luſtre of the blooming morn;
And his, the radiance of the riſen day.

THEY lov'd. But ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As, in the dawn of time, inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undiſſembling truth.
'Twas friendſhip, heighten'd by the mutual wiſh:
Th' enchanting hope, and ſympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf;
Supremely happy, in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the ſhades,
Still, in harmonious intercourſe, they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart;
Or ſigh'd, and look'd, unutterable things.

So paſs'd their life; a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far, and where its mazes ſtray'd,
While, with each other bleſt, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden ſmile around.
Heavy with inſtant fate, her boſom heav'd
Unwonted ſighs; and, ſtealing oft a look
Tow'rds the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſorder'd cheek.
In vain, aſſuring love, and confidence
In heaven, repreſs'd her fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict; and, as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he ſaid,
"Sweet innocence! thou ſtranger to offence,
"And inward ſtorm! He, who yon ſkies involves
"In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee, the ſecret ſhaft,
"That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmleſs: and that very voice,
"Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
"With tongues of ſeraphs, whiſpers peace to thine.
"'Tis ſafety to be near thee, ſure, and thus
"To claſp perfection!"—From his void embrace,
(Myſterious heaven!) that moment to the ground,
A blacken'd corſe, was ſtruck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he ſtood,
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement; hating life;
Speechleſs; and fix'd in all the death of woe!

XVIII.

XVIII.

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought, but the torrent is heard on the hill;
And nought, but the nightingale's song, in the grove:
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain afar,
A hermit his song of the night thus began;
No more with himself, or with nature, at war,
He thought as a sage, while he felt as a man.

"Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
"Why thus, lonely Philomel, flow thy sad strain?
"For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
"And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
"Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah! cease not thy lay;
"Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to moura:
"O! soothe him, whose pleasures, like thine, pass away—
"Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now, gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
"The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays:
"But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
"She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
"Roll on, thou fair orb! and, with gladness, pursue
"The path that conducts thee to splendor again—
"But man's faded glory no change shall renew:
"Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain.

"'Tis night; and the landscape is lovely no more.
"I mourn; but, ye woodlands! I mourn not for you:
"For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
"Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.

" Nor, yet, for the ravage of winter I mourn;
" Kind nature the embryo bloſſom will ſave—
" But. when ſhall ſpring viſit the mouldering urn?
" O! when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave?"

'Twas thus, by the glare of falſe ſcience betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind.
My thoughts wont to roam, from ſhade onward to ſhade,
Deſtruction before me, and ſorrow behind.
" O! pity, great Father of light!" then I cry'd,
" Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee.
" Lo! humbled in duſt, I relinquiſh my pride:
" From doubt, and from darkneſs, thou only canſt free."

And darkneſs, and doubt, are now flying away,
No longer I roam, in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and aſtray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph deſcending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's firſt bloom!
On the cold cheek of death, ſmiles and roſes are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb!

XIX

DIFFERENCE OF TASTES.

——DIFF'RENT minds
Incline to diff'rent objects. One purſues
The vaſt alone, the wonderful, the wild:
Another ſighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentleſt beauty.—Hence, when lightning fires
The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock the ground;

When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air;
And ocean, groaning from the loweſt bed,
Heaves his tempeſtuous billows to the ſky:
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakeſpeare looks abroad
From ſome high cliff, ſuperior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of ſome flow'ry ſtream,
To ſpread his careleſs limbs, amid the cool
Of plantane ſhades; and, to the liſt'ning deer,
The tale of ſlighted vows, and love's diſdain,
Reſound, ſoft warbling all the live-long day.
Conſenting zephir ſighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale, with all their ecchoes mourn.—
Such, and ſo various, are the taſtes of men.

XX.

SPEECHES IN THE ROMAN SENATE.

CATO.

FATHERS! we once again are met in council.
Cæſar's approach has ſummon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our reſolves.
How ſhall we treat this bold aſpiring man?
Succeſs ſtill follows him, and backs his crimes.
Pharſalia gave him Rome. Egypt has ſince
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæſar's.
Why ſhould I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning ſands
Still ſmoke with blood. 'Tis time we ſhould decree

What courſe to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n Lybia's ſultry deſerts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts. Are they ſtill fix'd
To hold it out and fight it to the laſt?
Or, are your hearts ſubdu'd, at length, and wrought,
By time and ill ſucceſs, to a ſubmiſſion;—
Sempronius, ſpeak.

SEMPRONIUS.

My voice is ſtill for war.
Gods! can a Roman ſenate long debate
Which of the two to chooſe, ſlavery or death?
No—Let us riſe at once; gird on our ſwords;
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe; break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions; and charge home upon him.
Perhaps, ſome arm, more lucky than the reſt,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Riſe, Fathers, riſe! 'Tis Rome demands your help:
Riſe, and revenge her ſlaughter'd citizens,
Or ſhare their fate! The corpſe of half her ſenate
Manure the fields of Theſſaly, while we
Sit here, delib'rating in cold debates,
If we ſhould ſacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in ſervitude and chains.
Rouſe up, for ſhame! Our brothers of Pharſalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—to battle!
Great Pompey's ſhade complains that we are ſlow;
And Scipio's ghoſt walks unreveng'd amongſt us!

CATO.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the bounds of reaſon.
True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits,

That

That juſtice warrants, and that wiſdom guides:
All elſe, is tow'ring frenzy and diſtraction.
Are not the lives of thoſe who draw the ſword
In Rome's defence, entruſted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of ſlaughter,
Might not th' impartial world, with reaſon, ſay,
We laviſhed, at our deaths, the blood of thouſands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?—
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUCIUS.

My thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans. Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remoteſt regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome.
'Tis time to ſheath the ſword, and ſpare mankind.
It is not Cæſar, but the gods, my fathers!
The gods declare againſt us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild deſpair)
Were to refuſe th' awards of Providence,
And not to reſt in Heaven's determination.
Already have we ſhewn our love to Rome:
Now, let us ſhew ſubmiſſion to the gods.
We took up arms not to revenge ourſelves,
But free the commonwealth. When this end fails,
Arms have no further uſe. Our country's cauſe,
That drew our ſwords, now wreſts 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably ſhed. What men could do,
Is done already. Heaven and earth will witneſs,
If Rome muſt fall, that we are innocent.

CATO.

LET us appear, not raſh, nor diffident.
Immod'rate valour ſwells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treaſon. Let us ſhun 'em both.—
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our affairs
Are grown thus deſp'rate. We have bulwarks round us.
Within our walls, are troops inured to toil
In Afric heats, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun.
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to riſe at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not diſtruſt the gods:
But wait, at leaſt, till Cæſar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late,
To ſue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why ſhould Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No—let us draw our term of freedom out
In its full length, and ſpin it to the laſt:
So ſhall we gain ſtill one day's liberty.
And, let me periſh; but, in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.

XXI.

OVERTHROW OF THE REBEL ANGELS.

SO ſaid, he, o'er his ſcepter bowing, roſe
From the right hand of glory, where he ſat;
And the third ſacred morn began to ſhine,
Dawning thro' heav'n. Forth ruſh'd, with whirlwind ſound,

The

The chariot of paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames; wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubic shapes: four faces each
Had wond'rous; as with stars, their bodies all,
And wings, were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels
Of beril; and careering fires between:
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch.

He, in celestial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended. At his right hand, victory
Sat eagle-winged: beside him, hung his bow
And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stor'd:
And, from about him, fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
He onward came; far off, his coming shone:
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen.
He, on the wings of cherub, rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd;
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen. Them unexpected joy surpris'd,
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heaven:
Under whose conduct, Michael soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head embodied all in one.
Before him, pow'r divine his way prepar'd.
At his command, th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place: they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious. Heav'n his wonted face renew'd;

And,

And, with freſh flow'rets, hill and valley ſmil'd.—
This ſaw his hapleſs foes, but ſtood obdur'd;
And, now, to battle drew, diſdaining flight,
Or faint retreat: when the great Son of God,
To all his hoſt, on either hand, thus ſpoke.

STAND ſtill in bright array, ye ſaints; here ſtand,
Ye angels arm'd: this day, from battle reſt.
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearleſs in his righteous cauſe:
And, as ye have receiv'd, ſo have ye done,
Invincibly. But, of this curſed crew,
The puniſhment to other hand belongs.
Vengeance is his, or whoſe he ſole appoints.
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude. Stand only, and behold
God's indignation on theſe godleſs pour'd
By me. Not you, but me, they have deſpis'd;
Yet envied. Againſt me, is all their rage;
Becauſe the Father, t' whom, in heav'n ſupreme,
Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory, appertains,
Hath honour'd me according to his will.
Therefore, to me, their doom he hath aſſign'd;
That they may have their wiſh, to try, with me,
In battle, which the ſtronger proves; they all,
Or I alone againſt them; ſince by ſtrength
They meaſure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels:
Nor other ſtrife with them do I vouchſafe.

So ſpoke the Son: and into terror chang'd
His count'nance, too ſevere to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once, the four ſpread out their ſtarry wings,
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the ſound

Of

Of torrent floods, or of a numerous hoſt.
He, on his impious foes, right onward drove,
Gloomy as night. Under his burning wheels
The ſtedfaſt empyrean ſhook throughout,
All but the throne itſelf of God. Full ſoon
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
Graſping ten thouſand thunders, which he ſent
Before him, ſuch as in their ſouls infix'd
Plagues. They aſtoniſh'd all reſiſtance loſt,
All courage: down their idle weapons dropt:
O'er ſhields, and helms, and helmed heads, he rode,
Of thrones and mighty ſeraphim proſtrate,
That wiſh'd the mountains, now, might be again
Thrown on them, as a ſhelter from his ire.
Nor leſs, on either ſide, tempeſtuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-viſag'd four
Diſtinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Diſtinct alike with multitude of eyes:
One ſpirit in them rul'd; and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
Among the accurs'd, that wither'd all their ſtrength,
And of their wonted vigour, left them drain'd,
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth; but check'd
His thunder in mid volley: for he meant,
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of heaven.
The overthrown he rais'd: and, as a herd
Of goats, or timorous flock, together throng'd,
Drove them before him, thunder-ſtruck, purſued
With terrors, and with furies, to the bounds
And cryſtal wall of heav'n; which opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a ſpacious gap diſclos'd
Into the waſteful deep. The monſtrous ſight

Struck

Struck them, with horror, backward ; but far worſe
Urg'd them behind. Headlong themſelves they threw
Down from the verge of heav'n : eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomleſs pit.

XXII.

THE COUNTRY ALE-HOUSE.

NEAR yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where, once, the ſign-poſt caught the paſſing eye ;
Low lies that houſe, where nut-brown draughts inſpir'd ;
Where grey-beard mirth, and ſmiling toil retir'd ;
Where village-ſtateſmen, talk'd with looks profound ;
And news, much older than their ale, went round.
Imagination fondly ſtoops to trace
The parlour-ſplendours of that feſtive place :
The white-waſh'd wall ; the nicely ſanded floor ;
The varniſh'd clock, that click'd behind the door ;
The cheſt, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a cheſt of drawers by day ;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and uſe,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of gooſe ;
The heart, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aſpen boughs, and flowers, and fennel, gay ;
While broken tea-cups, wiſely kept for ſhow,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, gliſten'd in a row.

VAIN tranſitory ſplendours ! could not all
Reprieve the tottering manſion from its fall.
Obſcure it ſinks ; nor ſhall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart :

Thither,

Thither, no more, the peaſant ſhall repair
To ſweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more, the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more, the woodman's ballad, ſhall prevail;
No more, the ſmith, his duſky brow ſhall clear,
Relax his ponderous ſtrength, and lean to hear;
The hoſt himſelf, no longer, ſhall be found
Careful to ſee the mantling bliſs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be preſs'd,
Shall kiſs the cup, to paſs it to the reſt.

XXIII.

PART OF ÆNEAS'S ACCOUNT OF THE SACK OF TROY.

'TWAS, now, the dead of night; when ſleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares—
When Hector's ghoſt before my ſight appears:
Shrouded in blood he ſtood, and bath'd in tears,
Such as, when, by the fierce Pelides ſlain,
Theſſalian courſers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thruſt
Thro' the pierc'd limbs: his body black with duſt.
Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
Of war, triumphant in Æacian ſpoils;
Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
Hurling amidſt their fleets the Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard were clotted ſtiff with gore,
The gaſtly wounds, he for his country bore,
Now ſtream'd afreſh.

I wept,

I wept, to see the visionary man;
And, whilst my trance continu'd, thus began.

" O light of Trojans, and support of Troy!
" Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
" O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
" Art thou, so late, return'd to our defence?
" Alas! what wounds are these? what new disgrace
" Deforms the manly honours of thy face?"

THE spectre, groaning from his inmost breast,
This warning in these mournful words, express'd.

" HASTE, goddess-born! Escape, by timely flight,
" The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
" The foes, already, have possess'd our wall;
" Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
" Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
" Enough to country, and to deathless fame.
" If, by a mortal arm, my father's throne
" Could have been sav'd—this arm the feat had done.
" Troy, now, commends to thee her future state,
" And gives her gods companions of thy fate.
" Under their umbrage, hope for happier walls,
" And follow where thy various fortune calls."
He said; and brought, from forth the sacred choir,
The gods, and relics of th' immortal fire.

Now, peals of shouts came thund'ring from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud lament, and mingled war.
The noise approaches, though our palace stood
Aloof from streets, embosom'd close with wood.
Louder, and louder still, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
With frenzy seized, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms.
But, first, to gather friends, with whom t' oppose,
If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes;

By

By courage rous'd, by love of country fir'd,
With ſenſe of honour, and revenge, inſpir'd.

PANTHEUS, Apollo's prieſt, a ſacred name,
Had 'ſcap'd the Grecian ſwords, and paſs'd the flame,
With relics loaded, to my doors he fled,
And, by the hand, his tender grandſon led.—
" What hope, O Pantheus! whither can we run?
" Where make a ſtand? or, what may yet be done?"
Scarce had I ſpoke, when Pantheus, with a groan,
" Troy—is no more!—Her glories, now, are gone.
" The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
" When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
" Transfers the Trojan ſtate to Grecian hands:
" Our city's wrapt in flames: the foe commands.
" To ſev'ral poſts, their parties they divide:
" Some block the narrow ſtreets; ſome ſcour the wide:
" The bold, they kill; th' unwary, they ſurprize;
" Who fights, meets death; and death finds him, who
" flies."

XXIV.

FILIAL PIETY OF ÆNEAS.

BUT, now, the crackling flames appear on high,
And driving ſparkles dance along the ſky:
With dreadful rage, the riſing winds conſpire,
And, near our palace, roll the flood of fire.
" Haſte, my dear father, here no longer wait,
" But load my ſhoulders with a willing freight:
" Whate'er befals, your life ſhall be my care;
" One death, or one deliverance, we will ſhare.

" My

" My hand ſhall lead our little ſon—and you,
" My faithful conſort, ſhall our ſteps purſue."
Thus having ſaid, with trembling ſteps we ſtray,
Through every dark and every devious way.
I, who ſo bold and dauntleſs juſt before,
The Grecian darts and ſhocks of lances bore,
At every ſhadow, now, am ſeized with fear;
Not for myſelf, but for the load I bear.

XXV.

DOUGLAS'S SOLILOQUY IN THE WOOD.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here ſtands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How ſweet, and ſolemn, is this midnight ſcene!
The ſilver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' ſkies, where I could count each little ſtar:
The fanning weſt wind, ſcarcely ſtirs the leaves;
The river, ruſhing o'er its pebbled bed,
Impoſes ſilence with a ſtilly ſound.
In ſuch a place as this, at ſuch an hour,
If anceſtry can be in ought believed,
Deſcending ſpirits have convers'd with man,
And told the ſecrets of the world unknown.

EVENTFUL day! how haſt thou chang'd my ſtate!
Once, on the cold and winter-ſhaded ſide
Of a bleak hill, miſchance had rooted me:
Tranſplanted, now, to the gay ſunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flowers.—
Ye glorious ſtars! high heaven's reſplendent hoſt!
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,

Hear,

Hear, and record, my ſoul's unalter'd wiſh!
Dead, or alive, let me but be renown'd!
May heav'n inſpire ſome fierce gigantic Dane,
To give a bold defiance to our hoſt!
Before he ſpeaks it out, I will accept:
Like Douglas, conquer; or, like Douglas, die.

XXVI.

THE COMMON OBJECTS OF PURSUIT CONTEMPTIBLE.

HONOUR, and ſhame, from no condition riſe:
Act well your part; there all the honour lies.
Fortune, in men, has ſome ſmall difference made:
One flaunts in rags; one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd;
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more," you cry, "than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend!—a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.

BOAST the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But, by your father's worth, if your's you rate,
Count me thoſe only, who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood,
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood;
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools ſo long.

What

What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

LOOK next on greatneſs. Say, where greatneſs lies.
"Where, but among the heroes and the wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonian's madman to the Swede:
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make—an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward; onward ſtill he goes:
Yet ne'er looks forward—further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the politic and wiſe:
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes.
Men, in their looſe unguarded hours, they take:
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But, grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat:
'Tis phraſe abſurd, to call a villain great.
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who, noble ends, by noble means, obtains;
Or, failing, ſmiles in exile, or in chains;
Like good Aurelius, let him reign; or bleed,
Like Socrates; that man is great indeed.

WHAT'S fame?—a fancy'd life in others breath:
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas:
And more true joy, Marcellus, exil'd, feels,
Than Cæſar, with a ſenate at his heels.

IN parts ſuperior, what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all other faults, and feel our own;

Condemn'd

Condemn'd in bus'neſs, or in arts, to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge.
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.

BRING, then, theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount;
How much, of other, each is ſure to coſt;
How each, for other, oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſq'd, and always eaſe:
Think. And if ſtill ſuch things they envy call,
Say, wouldſt thou be the man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands, if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd;
The wiſeſt, brighteſt—meaneſt of mankind.
Or, raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlaſting fame.
If all, united, thy ambition call
From ancient ſtory—learn to ſcorn them all.

XXVII.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

RETIRE.—The world ſhut out.—Thy thoughts call home.—
Imagination's airy wing repreſs.—
Lock up thy ſenſes.—Let no paſſion ſtir.—

Wake

Wake all to reaſon.—Let her reign alone.—
Then, in thy ſoul's deep ſilence, and the depth
Of nature's ſilence, midnight, thus inquire.

WHAT am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,
But that I am: and, ſince I am, conclude
Something eternal. Had there e'er been nought,
Nought ſtill had been. Eternal there muſt be.—
But, what eternal? Why not human race,
And Adam's anceſtors without an end?
That's hard to be conceiv'd; ſince ev'ry link
Of that long-chain'd ſucceſſion is ſo frail—
Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?
Yet, grant it true; new difficulties riſe:
I'm ſtill quite out at ſea; nor ſee the ſhore.—
Whence earth, and theſe bright orbs?—Eternal too?
Grant matter was eternal; ſtill theſe orbs
Would want ſome other father. Much deſign
Is ſeen in all their motions, all their makes.
Deſign implies intelligence and art;
That can't be from themſelves—or man: that art
Man ſcarce can comprehend, could man beſtow?
And nothing greater, yet allow'd, that man.—
Who, motion, foreign to the ſmalleſt grain,
Shot through vaſt maſſes of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matters reſtive lump aſſume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? Then, each atom,
Aſſerting its indiſputable right
To dance, would form an univerſe of duſt.
Has matter none? Then whence theſe glorious forms,
And boundleſs flights, from ſhapeleſs, and repos'd?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd

In

In mathematics? Has it fram'd ſuch laws,
Which, but to gueſs, a Newton made immortal?—
If art, to form; and counſel, to conduct;
And, that, with greater far than human ſkill,
Reſides not in each block—a GODHEAD reigns.—
And, if a GOD there is—that GOD, how great!

XXVIII.

Hymn to the Deity.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! theſe,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth, in the pleaſing ſpring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderneſs and love.
Wide flush the fields; the ſoftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And every ſenſe, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the ſummer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy ſun
Shoots full perfection through the ſwelling year:
And, oft, Thy voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft, at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſpering gales.
Thy bounty ſhines in Autumn, unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In winter, awful Thou! with clouds and ſtorms
Around Thee thrown; tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd;
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding ſublime, Thou bidſt the world adore;
And humbleſt nature with Thy northern blaſt.

Myste-

MYSTERIOUS round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in theſe appear! A ſimple train:
Yet, ſo delightful mix'd; with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty, and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into ſhade;
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But, wandering oft, with brute unconſcious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring;
Flings from the ſun, direct, the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempeſt forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.

NATURE, attend! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general ſong!—To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe ſpirit in your freſhneſs breathes:
Oh, talk of Him, in ſolitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rage.
His praiſe, ye brooks attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye ſofter floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf;
Sound his ſtupendous praiſe; whoſe greater voice,

Or

Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall,
Soft roll your incenſe, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds, to Him, whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.
Ye foreſts bend, ye harveſts wave, to Him;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre.
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write, with every beam, his praiſe.—
The thunder rolls. Be huſh'd, the proſtrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye hills; ye moſſy rocks,
Retain the ſound; the broad reſponſive lowe,
Ye valleys, raiſe; for the great ſhepherd reigns;
And his unſuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves! and, when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela! charm
The liſtening ſhades, and teach the night his praiſe.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles;
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all;
Crown the great hymn. In ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled men, to the deep organ, join
The long-reſounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At ſolemn pauſes, thro' the ſwelling baſs;
And, as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardour, riſe to heaven.

Or, if you rather chooſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in every ſacred grove;
There, let the ſhepherds flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the God of ſeaſons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the ſummer-ray
Ruſſets the plain, inſpiring autumn gleams,
Or winter riſes in the black'ning eaſt—
Be my tongue mute; may fancy paint no more;
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the fartheſt verge
Of the green earth; to diſtant barbarous climes;
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic iſles; 'tis nought to me,
Since God is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte, as in the city full;
And, where he vital ſpreads, there muſt be joy.
When, even, at laſt, the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I chearful, will obey. There, with new powers,
Will riſing wonders ſing. I cannot go,
Where univerſal love not ſmiles around;
Suſtaining all yon orbs, and all their ſons;
From ſeeming evil, ſtill educing good;
And better thence again; and better ſtill;
In infinite progreſſion——But I loſe
Myſelf in Him, in light ineffable!
Come, then, expreſſive Silence—muſe His praiſe.

SEC-

SECTION III.

LESSON I.

Speech of Adam to Eve.

NOW, morn, her roſy ſteps in th' eaſtern clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd: ſo cuſtom'd; for his ſleep
Was airy light, from pure digeſtion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill matin ſong
Of birds on every bough. So much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet reſt. He, on his ſide
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamour'd; and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces. Then, with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus.—"Awake,

" My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found;
" Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
" Awake!—The morning shines, and the fresh field
" Calls us. We lose the prime: to mark how spring
" Our tended plants; how blows the citron grove;
" What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed;
" How nature paints her colours; how the bee
" Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet."

II.

MORNING.

WHEN, now, no more th' alternate twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews;
At first, faint-gleaming in the dappled east,
Till far o'er æther spreads the widening glow,
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And, from the bladed field, the fearful hare
Limps, awkward; while, along the forest-glade,
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes,
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And, thick, around the woodland, hymns arise.

Rous'd

Rous'd by the cock, the ſoon-clad ſhepherd leaves
His moſſy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And, from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taſte the verdure of the morn.

FALSELY luxurious, will not man awake;
And, ſpringing from the bed of ſloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
To meditation due and ſacred ſong?
For, is there aught in ſleep can charm the wiſe?
To lie in dead oblivion, loſing half
The fleeting moments of too ſhort a life!
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd ſoul!
Or elſe, to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and toſſing thro' diſtemper'd dreams!
Who would, in ſuch a gloomy ſtate, remain
Longer than nature craves? when every muſe,
And every blooming pleaſure, wait without,
To bleſs the wildly-devious morning walk.

BUT, yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the eaſt. The leſſening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aſſant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks, in boundleſs majeſty, abroad;
And ſheds the ſhining day, that, burniſh'd, plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering ſtreams,
High-gleaming from afar.—Prime chearer, light!
Of all material beings, firſt and beſt!
Efflux divine! nature's reſplendent robe!
Without whoſe veſting beauty, all were wrapt
In uneſſential gloom; and thou, O ſun!
Soul of ſurrounding worlds! in whom, beſt ſeen,
Shines out thy maker—may I ſing of thee?

III.

III.

EVENING.

NOW, came ſtill evening on; and twilight gray,
Had, in her ſober livery, all things clad.
Silence accompanied: for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts,
Were ſunk; all, but the wakeful nightingale.
She, all night long, her amorous deſcant ſung.
Silence was pleas'd.—Now, glow'd the firmament
With living ſapphires. Heſperus, that led
The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt; till the moon,
Riſing in clouded majeſty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And, o'er the dark, her ſilver mantle threw.

IV.

NIGHT.

NIGHT, ſable goddeſs! from her ebon throne,
In rayleſs majeſty, now, ſtretches forth
Her leaden ſceptre, o'er a ſlumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkneſs, how profound!
Nor eye, nor liſt'ning ear, an object finds.
Creation ſleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulſe
Of life ſtood ſtill, and nature made a pauſe,
An awful pauſe, prophetic of her end.

V.

V.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE bell ſtrikes one.—We take no note of time,
But from its loſs. To give it then a tongue,
Is wiſe in man. As if an angel ſpoke,
I feel the ſolemn ſound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they?—With the years beyond the flood.
It is the ſignal that demands diſpatch.
How much is to be done! My hopes, and fears,
Start up alarm'd; and, o'er life's narrow verge,
Look down—on what?—A fathomleſs abyſs!
A dread eternity!———————

How poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How paſſing wonder, He, who made him ſuch!
Who centred in our make ſuch ſtrange extremes!
From diff'rent natures marvellouſly mixt!
Connexion exquiſite of diſtant worlds!
Diſtinguiſh'd link in being's endleſs chain!
Mid-way from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, fully'd and abſorpt!
Though fully'd and diſhonour'd, ſtill divine!
Dim miniature of greatneſs abſolute!
An heir of glory! A frail child of duſt!
Helpleſs immortal! Inſect infinite!
A worm! A God!—I tremble at myſelf!—
What can preſerve my life? or, what deſtroy?
An angel's arm can't ſnatch me from the grave,
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

VI.

SOLILOQUY AND PRAYER OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE, BEFORE THE BATTLE OF POICTIERS.

THE hour advances, the decisive hour,
That lifts me to the summit of renown,
Or leaves me on the earth a breathless corse.
The buzz and bustle of the field before me;
The twang of bow-strings, and the clash of spears;
With ev'ry circumstance of preparation;
Strike with an awful horror!—Shouts are echo'd,
To drown dismay, and blow up resolution
Ev'n to its utmost swell.—From hearts so firm,
Whom dangers fortify, and toils inspire,
What has a leader not to hope?—And, yet,
The weight of apprehension sinks me down.—
"O, Soul of Nature! great eternal cause!
"Who gave, and govern'st all, that's here below!
"'Tis by the aid of thy almighty arm
"The weak exist, the virtuous are secure.
"If, to your sacred laws obedient ever,
"My sword, my soul, have owned no other guide;
"Oh! if your honour, if the rights of men,
"My country's happiness, my king's renown,
"Were motives worthy of a warrior's zeal,
"Crown your poor servant with success this day:
"And be the praise and glory all thy own."

VII.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

BESIDE yon ſtraggling fence, that ſkirts the way
With bloſſom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noiſy manſion, ſkill'd to rule,
The village-maſter taught his little ſchool.—
A man ſevere he was, and ſtern to view;
I knew him well; and every truant knew.
Well had the bodying tremblers learnt to trace
The day's diſaſters in his morning face:
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes—for many a joke had he:
Full well the buſy whiſper, circling round,
Convey'd the diſmal tidings, when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind; or, if ſevere in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew.
'Twas certain he could write—and cypher too:
Lands he could meaſure; terms and tides preſage;
And, even the ſtory ran, that he could—gauge.
In arguing too, the parſon own'd his ſkill;
For, ev'n though vanquiſh'd, he could argue ſtill:
While words of learned length and thund'ring ſound,
Amaz'd the gazing ruſtics rang'd around;
And ſtill they gazed, and ſtill the wonder grew,
That one ſmall head—could carry all he knew.

VIII.

THE EMIGRANT.

FAST by the margin of a mossy rill,
That wander'd, gurgling, down a heath-clad hill,
An ancient shepherd stood, oppress'd with woe,
And ey'd the ocean's flood that fum'd below;
Where, gently rocking, on the rising tide,
A ship's unwonted form was seen to ride.
Unwonted, well I ween, for ne'er before
Had touch'd one keel the solitary shore;
Nor had the swain's rude footsteps ever stray'd,
Beyond the shelter of his native shade.
His few remaining hairs were silver gray,
And his rough face—had seen a better day.
Around him, bleating, strayed a scanty flock;
And a few goats o'erhung the neighbouring rock.
One faithful dog his sorrows seemed to share,
And strove with many a trick, to ease his care.
While o'er his furrow'd cheek, the salt drops ran,
He tun'd his rustic reed, and thus began.—

"FAREWELL! Farewell! dear Caledonia's strand!
Rough though thou be, yet still my native land:
Exil'd from thee, I seek a foreign shore,
Friends, kindred, country, to behold no more.
By hard oppression driven, my helpless age,
That should, e'er now, have left life's bustling stage,
Is forc'd the ocean's boist'rous breast to brave,
In a far distant land to seek a grave.

"THOU dear companion of my happier life,
Now to the grave gone down, my virtuous wife!

'Twas

'Twas here you rear'd, with fond maternal pride,
Five comely sons: three for their country died;
Two yet remain, sad remnant of the wars,
Without one mark of honour—but their scars.
Contented still we rear'd, with sturdy hands,
The scanty produce of our niggard lands;
Scant as it was, no more our hearts desir'd;
Nor more from us, our generous lord requir'd.

"BUT ah, sad change! those blessed days are o'er,
And peace, content, and safety, charm no more:
Another lord now rules these wide domains,
The avaricious tyrant of the plains.
Far, far from hence, he revels life away,
In guilty pleasure our poor means must pay.
The mossy plains, the mountains barren brow,
Must now be tortur'd by the tearing plough,
And, spite of nature, crops be taught to rise,
Which, to these northern climes, wise heav'n denies.

"ON you, dear native land! from whence I part,
Rest the best blessing—of a broken heart.
If, in some future hour, the foe shall land
His hostile legions on Britannia's strand,
May she not, then, th' alarum sound in vain,
Nor miss her banish'd thousands on the plain.

"FEED on, my sheep: for though depriv'd of me,
My cruel foes shall your protectors be;
For their own sakes, shall pen your straggling flocks,
And save your lambkins from the rav'nous fox.

"FEED on, my goats: another now shall drain
Your streams, that heal disease, and soften pain.
No stream, alas! shall ever, ever flow,
To heal thy master's heart, or sooth his woe.

"BUT, hark! my sons loud call me from the vale;
And, lo! the vessel spreads her swelling sail

Fare-

Farewell!—Farewell!"—A while, his hands he wrung,
And, o'er his crook, in ſilent ſorrow, hung:
Then, caſting many a ling'ring look behind,
Down the ſteep mountain's brow began to wind.

IX.

DESCRIPTION OF SATAN.

——HE, above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tow'r. His form had, yet, not loſt
All her original brightneſs; nor appear'd
Leſs than arch-angel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
Of glory obſcur'd. As when the ſun, new riſen,
Looks through the horizontal miſty air
Shorn of his beams; or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipſe, diſaſtrous twillight ſheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs; darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all, th' arch-angel. But his face
Deep ſcars of thunder had entrench'd: and care
Sat on his faded cheek; but, under Brows
Of dauntleſs courage, and conſiderate pride,
Waiting revenge.

X.

X.

IMPERTINENCE OF SCRIBBLERS.

SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigued, I ſaid:
Tie up the knocker; ſay, I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The dog-ſtar rages! nay, 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

WHAT walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide:
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is ſacred; not the church is free;
Even Sunday ſhines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then, from the mint, walks forth the man of rhyme,
"Happy, to catch me—juſt at dinner-time."

FRIEND to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted—many an idle ſong)
What drop, or noſtrum, can this plague remove?
Or, which muſt end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm ſped:
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lie.
To laugh, were want of goodneſs, and of grace:
And, to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face.
I ſit, with ſad civility: I read,
With ſerious anguiſh, and an aking head:
Then, drop, at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel—"Keep your piece nine years."—

"Nine

"Nine years!" (cries he, who, high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by ſoft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Obliged by hunger—and requeſt of friends);
"The piece, you think, is incorrect. Why, take it.
"I'm all ſubmiſſion: what you'd have it, make it."

THREE things, another's modeſt wiſhes bound—
My friendſhip, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon ſends to me;—"You know his grace.
"I want a patron—aſk him for a place."
"Pitholeon libell'd me"—"But here's a letter
"Informs you, ſir, 'twas when he knew no better."

BLESS me! a packet!—"'Tis a ſtranger ſues;
"A virgin tragedy; an orphan muſe."
If I diſlike it—"Furies! death, and rage!"
If I approve—"Commend it to the ſtage."
There, thank my ſtars! my whole commiſſion ends:
The play'rs, and I, are luckily, no friends.
Fir'd, that the houſe reject him—"'Sdeath! I'll print it,
"And ſhame the fools—your int'reſt, Sir, with Lintot."
"Lintot (dull rogue!) will think your price too much"—
"Not if you, Sir, reviſe it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks.
At laſt, he whiſpers—"Do, and we go ſnacks."
Glad of a quarrel, ſtraight I clap the door—
"Sir, let me ſee you, and your works, no more."

YOU think this cruel?—take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
Thou, unconcern'd, canſt hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery, in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtandſt unſhook, amid'ſt a burſting world.
Who ſhames a ſcribbler? Break one cobweb through—
He ſpins the ſlight ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:

Deſtroy

Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry—in vain—
The creature's at his dirty work again.

ONE dedicates in high heroic proſe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One, from all Grub-ſtreet, will my fame defend;
And, more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend:
This, prints my letters; that, expects a bribe;
And others, roar aloud—"Subſcribe, ſubſcribe."

THERE are, who, to my perſon, pay their court:
I cough like Horace! and, tho' lean, am ſhort;
Ammon's great ſon one ſhoulder had too high;
Such Ovid's noſe; and—"Sir, you have an eye—"
Go on, obliging creatures; make me ſee
All that diſgrac'd my betters met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languiſhing in bed,
Juſt ſo, immortal Maro held his head:
And, when I die, be ſure you let me know,
Great Homer died—three thouſand years ago.

XI.

HENRY IV.'s SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

HOW many thouſands of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep!—O gentle ſleep!
Nature's ſoft nurſe! how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs!
Why rather, ſleep, lieſt thou in ſmoaky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber,

Than

Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god! why lieſt thou with the vile
In lothſome beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch
A watch-caſe to a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge,
And, in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlipp'ry ſhrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itſelf awakes?
Canſt thou, O partial ſleep! give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude,
And, in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?—Then, happy lowly clown!—
Uneaſy lies the head, that wears a crown.

XII.

REYNO AND ALPIN.

REYNO.

THE wind and rain are over. Calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hill, flies the inconſtant ſun. Red, thro' the ſtony vale, comes down the ſtream of the hill.—Sweet are thy murmurs, O ſtream! but more ſweet is the voice I hear.——It is the voice of Alpin, the ſon of ſong, mourning

mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye.—Alpin, thou ſon of ſong, why alone on the ſilent hill? Why complaineſt thou, as a blaſt in the wood—as a wave on the lonely ſhore?

ALPIN.

My tears, O Reyno! are for the dead—my voice for the inhabitants of the grave.—Tall thou art on the hill—fair among the ſons of the plain. But thou ſhalt fall, like Morar; and the mourner ſhall ſit on thy tomb. The hills ſhall know thee no more. Thy bow ſhall lie in the hall, unſtrung.——Thou wert ſwift, O Morar! as a roe on the hill——terrible as a meteor of fire.—Thy wrath was as the ſtorm—thy ſword, in battle, as lightning in the field.——Thy voice was like a ſtream after rain—like thunder on diſtant hills.——Many fell by thy arm——they were conſumed in the flames of thy wrath.——But, when thou didſt return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the ſun after rain—like the moon in the ſilence of night—calm as the breaſt of the lake, when the loud wind is huſhed into a calm.——Narrow is thy dwelling now——dark the place of thine abode. With three ſteps I compaſs thy grave, O thou, who waſt ſo great before! Four ſtones, with their heads of moſs, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with ſcarce a leaf——long graſs, whiſtling in the wind——mark to the hunter's eye, the grave of the mighty Morar.——Morar! thou art low indeed: thou haſt no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love: dead is ſhe that brought thee forth; fallen is the daughter of Morglan.——Who, on his ſtaff, is this? who this, whoſe head is white with age, whoſe eyes are galled with tears, who quakes at every ſtep?——It is thy father, O Morar! The father of no ſon, but thee.——Weep, thou father

father of Morar! weep; but thy ſon heareth thee not. Deep is the ſleep of the dead—low their pillow of duſt. No more ſhall he hear thy voice—no more awake at thy call.——When ſhall it be morn in the grave, to bid the ſlumberer awake?——Farewell! thou braveſt of men; thou conqueror in the field: but the field ſhall ſee thee no more; nor the gloomy wood be lightened with the ſplendor of thy ſteel.——Thou haſt left no ſon——but the ſong ſhall preſerve thy name.

XIII.

SATAN'S MEETING WITH SIN AND DEATH.

MEAN while, the adverſary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of higheſt deſign,
Puts on ſwift wings, and, towards the gates of hell,
Explores his ſolitary flight. Sometimes,
He ſcours the right hand coaſt; ſometimes, the left:
Now, ſhaves, with level wing, the deep; then, ſoars
Up to the fiery concave. At laſt, appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof.
Thrice threefold were the gates: three folds were braſs;
Three iron; three of adamantine rock:
Impenetrable; impal'd with circling fire;
Yet unconſum'd. Before the gates, there ſat,
On either ſide, a formidable ſhape.
The one, ſeem'd woman to the waiſt, and fair:
But ended foul in many a ſcaly fold

Voluminous

Voluminous and vaſt; a ſerpent, arm'd
With mortal ſting. The other ſhape
(If ſhape it might be call'd, that ſhape had none
Diſtinguiſhable, in member, joint, or limb;
Or ſubſtance might be call'd; that ſhadow ſeem'd;
For each ſeem'd either)—black it ſtood, as night;
Fierce, as ten furies; terrible, as hell;
And ſhook a dreadful dart. What ſeem'd his head,
The likeneſs of a kingly crown had on.—
Satan was, now, at hand; and, from his ſeat,
The monſter, moving onward, came as faſt,
With horrid ſtrides: hell trembled as he ſtrode.
Th' undaunted fiend, what this might be admir'd;
And, with diſdainful look, thus firſt began.

"WHENCE, and what art thou, execrable ſhape!
That dar'ſt, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miſcreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to paſs,
That be aſſur'd, without leave aſk'd of thee.
Retire—or taſte thy folly; and learn, by proof,
Hell-born! not to contend with ſpirits of heaven."

To whom the goblin, full of wrath, reply'd.
"Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who firſt broke peace in heav'n, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and, in proud rebellious arms,
Drew after him the third part of heav'ns ſons;
Conjur'd againſt the Higheſt; for which, both thou
And they, outcaſt from God, are here condemn'd
To waſte eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'ſt thou thyſelf with ſpirits of heaven,
Hell-doom'd; and breath'ſt defiance here, and ſcorn,
Where I reign king? and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord?—Back to thy puniſhment,

False

Falſe fugitive: and, to thy ſpeed, add wings;
Left, with a whip of ſcorpions, I purſue
Thy ling'ring; or, with one ſtroke of this dart,
Strange horror ſeize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

So ſpake the griſly terror; and, in ſhape,
So ſpeaking, and ſo threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On th' other ſide,
Incens'd with indignation, Satan ſtood,
Unterrify'd: and, like a comet, burn'd.
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown.—And, now, great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the ſnaky ſorcereſs, that ſat
Faſt by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and, with hideous outcry, ruſh'd between.

"O father! what intends thy hand (ſhe cry'd)
Againſt thy only ſon? What fury, O ſon,
Poſſeſſes thee, to bend that mortal dart
Againſt thy father's head? and know'ſt for whom——
For him, who ſits above, and laughs the while,
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls juſtice, bids:
His wrath; which, one day, will deſtroy ye both."

SHE ſpake: and thus, to her, Satan return'd.
"So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand,
Prevented, ſpares to tell thee, yet, by deeds,
What it intends; till, firſt, I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
In this infernal vale firſt met, thou call'ſt
Me father, and that phantaſm call'ſt my ſon.
I know thee not; nor ever ſaw, till now,
Sight more deteſtable than him and thee."

To

To whom thus the portreſs of hell-gate reply'd,
" Haſt thou forgot me, then? and do I ſeem,
Now, in thine eyes, ſo foul? once deem'd ſo fair
In heav'n, when, at th' aſſembly, and, in ſight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd,
Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright,
Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a goddeſs arm'd,
Out of thy head I ſprung?——Amazement ſeiz'd
All the hoſt of heav'n. Back they recoil'd, afraid
At firſt, and call'd me Sin; and, for a ſign
Portentous, held me. Mean while, war aroſe,
And fields were fought in heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could elſe?) to our almighty foe,
Clear victory; to our part, loſs and rout,
Through all the empyrean. Down they fell,
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
Into this deep; and, in the general fall,
I alſo: at which time, this pow'rful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
Theſe gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
Without my opening. In oppoſition ſits
Grim Death, my ſon and foe, begot by thee;
Who me, his parent, would full ſoon devour,
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows, that I
Should prove a bitter morſel, and his bane.
But thou, O father! I forewarn thee, ſhun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in thoſe bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly; for that mortal dart,
Save he who reigns above, none can reſiſt."

SHE finiſh'd, and the ſubtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder; and thus anſwer'd ſmooth.

" DEAR

"DEAR daughter, since thou claim'ſt me for thy ſire,
And my fair ſon here ſhew'ſt me; know, I come,
Not as an enemy, but to ſet free,
From out this dark and diſmal houſe of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly hoſt
Of ſpirits, that, in our juſt pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high. From them I go
This uncouth errand ſole; and, one for all,
Myſelf expoſe, with lonely ſteps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and, through the void immenſe,
To ſearch, with wand'ring queſt, a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring ſigns, are now
Created, vaſt and round; a place of bliſs
In the purlieus of heav'n; and therein plac'd
A race of upſtart creatures, to ſupply,
Perhaps, our vacant room; though more remov'd,
Leſt heav'n, ſurcharg'd with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or ought
Than this more ſecret, now deſign'd, I haſte
To know: and this once known, ſhall ſoon return,
And bring ye to the place; where thou and Death
Shall dwell at eaſe, and, up and down, unſeen,
Wing ſilently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odours: there ye ſhall be fed and fill'd
Immeaſurably; all things ſhall be your prey."

HE ceas'd: for both ſeem'd highly pleas'd; and Death
Grinn'd horrible, a ghaſtly ſmile, to hear
His famine ſhould be fill'd. No leſs rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus beſpake her ſire.

"THE key of this infernal pit, by due,
And by command of heav'n's all pow'rful king,
I keep; by him forbidden to unlock
Theſe adamantine gates. Againſt all force
Death ready ſtands, to interpoſe his dart,

Fearleſs

Fearleſs to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above,
Who hates me, and hath thither thruſt me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To ſit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of heav'n, and heav'nly-born,
Here, in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compaſs'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father; thou my author: thou
My being gav'ſt me. Whom ſhould I obey,
But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring me ſoon
To that new world of light and bliſs, among
The gods who live at eaſe, where I ſhall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beſeems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."

THUS ſaying—from her ſide the fatal key,
Sad inſtrument of all our woe, ſhe took;
And, ſtraight the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which, but herſelf, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd. Then every bolt and bar
Of maſſy iron, or ſolid rock, with eaſe
Unfaſtens.—On a ſudden, open fly,
With impetuous recoil, and jarring ſound,
Th' infernal doors; and, on their hinges, grate
Harſh thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of Erebus.

XIV.

XIV.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

OH, that this too, too ſolid fleſh, would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew!
Or, that the Everlaſting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter!——
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem, to me, all the uſes of this world!
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed: things rank and groſs in nature,
Poſſeſs it merely—That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; not two!—
So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr. So loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly.——Heav'n and earth!
Muſt I remember—why, ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: yet, within a month——
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little month!——or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears——why, ſhe, ev'n ſhe——
(O heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer—) married with mine uncle;
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes——

She

She married—Oh, moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt,
With ſuch dexterity, to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.—
But break, my heart—for I muſt hold my tongue.

XV.

DESCRIPTION OF QUEEN MAB.

SHE is the fancy's midwife and ſhe comes,
In ſhape no bigger than an agate-ſtone
On the fore-finger of an alderman;
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noſes, as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon-ſpokes, made of long ſpinners' legs;
The cover of the wings of graſhoppers;
The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the moon-ſhine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film;
Her waggoner, a ſmall grey-coated gnat:
Her chariot, is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirel, or old grub,
Time out of mind, the fairies' coach-makers.

AND, in this ſtate, ſhe gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains; and, then, they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees; that dream on curtſies ſtraight:
O'er lawyers' fingers; who ſtraight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips; who ſtraight on kiſſes dream:
And, ſometimes, comes ſhe, with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parſon, as he lies aſleep;

Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes, ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck;
And, then, he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, Spaniſh blades;
Of healths five fathom deep; and then, anon,
Drums in his ears; at which he ſtarts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two—
And ſleeps again.

XVI.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world—to darkneſs and to me.

Now, fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds;
Save, where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds:

Save, that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath theſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow, twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them, no more, the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her even care;
No children run, to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield;
Their furrow, oft, the ſtubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort, and ſimple annals, of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If mem'ry, o'er their tomb, no trophies raiſe,
Where, thro' the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected ſpot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celeſtial fire;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge, to their eyes, her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born, to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntleſs breaſt,
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood:
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may reſt;
Some Cromwell, guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade, through ſlaughter, to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide;
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame;
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride,
With incenſe, kindled at the muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet,

Yet, ev'n theſe bones, from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial, ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply;
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For, who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt, the parting ſoul relies;
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires:
Ev'n from the tomb, the voice of nature cries;
Ev'n in our aſhes, live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doſt, in theſe lines, their artleſs tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate,

Haply, ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay—
'Oft have we ſeen him, at the peep of dawn,
'Bruſhing, with haſty ſteps, the dews away,
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

'There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;

' Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
' Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

' One morn, I miſs'd him on the 'cuſtom'd hill.
' Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree.
' Another came; nor, yet, beſide the rill,
' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.

' The next, with dirges due, in ſad array,
' Slow thro' the church-way path, we ſaw him borne—
' Aproach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
' 'Grav'd on the ſtone, beneath yon aged thorn.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune, and to fame, unknown.
Fair ſcience frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere:
Heav'n did a recompenſe as largely ſend.
He gave to mis'ry all he had—a tear;
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd)—a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they, alike, in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his father and his God.

XVII.

XVII.

MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: thyſelf, how wondrous, then,
Unſpeakable! who ſit'ſt above theſe heavens,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and power divine.—
Speak, ye, who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and, with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne, rejoicing. Ye in heaven!—
On earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him, firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars! laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou, ſun! of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater: ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon! that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires! that move
In myſtic dance, not without ſong; reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs, call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements! the eldeſt birth
Of nature's womb, that, in quaternion, run

Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary, to our great Maker, ſtill new praiſe.
Ye miſts and exhalations! that now riſe
From hill or ſteaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author, riſe;
Whether to deck with clouds, th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing, or falling, ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines!
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip, wave.
Fountains! and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praiſe.—
Join voices, all ye living ſouls. Ye birds,
That, ſinging, up to heaven-gate aſcend,
Bear, on your wings, and in your notes, his praiſe.
Ye, that in waters glide! and ye, that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep!
Witneſs, if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.—
Hail, univerſal Lord! Be bounteous ſtill,
To give us only good: and, if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd—
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.

XVIII.

XVIII.

ADVANTAGES OF PEACE.

OH, firſt of human bleſſings, and ſupreme!
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful, thou!
By whoſe wide tie, the kindred ſons of men,
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unſuſpicious faith: while honeſt toil
Gives every joy; and, to thoſe joys, a right,
Which idle barbarous rapine but uſurps.
Pure is thy reign; when, unaccurs'd by blood,
Nought, ſave the ſweetneſs of indulgent ſhowers,
Trickling, diſtils into the vernant glebe;
Inſtead of mangled carcaſes, ſad ſeen,
When the blythe ſheaves lie ſcatter'd o'er the field;
When only ſhining ſhares, the crooked knife,
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land bluſhes with the roſe alone,
The falling fruitage, and the bleeding vine.
Oh, Peace! thou ſource, and ſoul of ſocial life;
Beneath whoſe calm inſpiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, art refines,
And ſwelling commerce opens all her ports—
Bleſs'd be the man divine, who gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet huſh his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who ſheades the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armory returns;
And, every vigour from the work of death,
To grateful induſtry converting, makes
The country flouriſh, and the city ſmile!
Unviolated, him the virgin ſings;

And him, the ſmiling mother, to her train.
Of him, the ſhepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chants; and, the treaſures of his labour ſure,
The huſbandman, of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him, the ſailor ſooths,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm, from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And ſhop to ſhop, reſponſive, rings of him.
Nor joys one land alone: his praiſe extends,
Far as the ſun rolls the diffuſive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace;
Till all the happy nations catch the ſong.

XIX.

PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

HECTOR now paſs'd, with ſad preſaging heart,
To ſeek his ſpouſe, his ſoul's far dearer part.
At home, he ſought her; but he ſought in vain:
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retir'd; and, with her ſecond joy,
The young Aſtyanax, the hope of Troy,
Penſive ſhe ſtood, on Ilion's tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and ſicken'd at the fight:
There, her ſad eyes, in vain, her lord explore;
Or weep the wounds—her bleeding country bore.

HECTOR, this heard; return'd without delay;
Swift, through the town, he took his former way,
Thro' ſtreets of palaces, and walks of ſtate;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.

With

With haſte, to meet him, ſprung the joyful fair,
His blameleſs wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir.
The nurſe ſtood near; in whoſe embraces preſs'd,
His only hope hung, ſmiling, at her breaſt;
Whom each ſoft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born ſtar that gilds the morn.
Silent, the warrior ſmil'd; and, pleas'd, reſign'd
To tender paſſions all his mighty mind.
His beauteous princeſs caſt a mournful look;
Hung on his hand; and, then, dejected, ſpoke.
Her boſom labour'd with a boding ſigh;
And the big tear—ſtood trembling in her eye:

"Too daring prince!—Ah! whither doſt thou run?
Ah! too forgetful of thy wife and ſon!
And think'ſt thou not, how wretched we ſhall be?
A widow I, an helpleſs orphan he!
For, ſure, ſuch courage length of life denies;
And thou muſt fall, thy virtue's ſacrifice.
Greece, in her ſingle heroes ſtrove in vain:
Now hoſts oppoſe thee—and thou muſt be ſlain.
Oh, grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can aſk of heav'n—an early tomb!
So ſhall my days, in one ſad tenor run,
And end with ſorrows, as they firſt begun.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger ſhare—
Oh! prove a huſband's, and a parent's care.
That quarter moſt the ſkilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.
Let others, in the field, their arms employ;
But ſtay, my Hector, here, and guard his Troy."

THE chief reply'd—"That poſt ſhall be my care:
Nor that alone; but all the works of war.

How

How would the ſons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whoſe garments ſweep the ground,
Attaint the luſtre of my former name,
Should Hector baſely quit the field of fame!
My early youth was bred to warlike pains:
My ſoul impels me to the martial plains.
Still foremoſt let me ſtand, to guard the throne,
To ſave my father's honours, and my own.—
Yet, come it will! the day decreed by fates!
(How my heart trembles, while my tongue relates!)
The day, when thou, imperial Troy!—muſt bend;
Muſt ſee thy warriors fall; thy glories end.
And, yet, no dire preſage ſo wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gaſping on the ſhore,
As thine, Andromache!—Thy griefs I dread!
I ſee thee, trembling, weeping captive led,
In Argive looms our battles to deſign,
And woes, of which ſo large a part was thine.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry—"Behold the mighty Hector's wife!"
Some Haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to ſee,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
The thoughts of glory paſt, and preſent ſhame,
A thouſand griefs, ſhall, waken at the name!—
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Preſs'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlaſting ſleep,
Shall neither hear thee ſigh, nor ſee thee weep."

THUS having ſpoke, th' illuſtrious chief of Troy,
Stretch'd his fond arms, to claſp the lovely boy.

The

The babe clung, crying, to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd with the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure, each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiss'd the child; and, lifting high in air,
Thus, to the gods, preferr'd a parent's pray'r.

"O Thou, whose glory fills th' etherial throne!
And all ye deathless pow'rs!—protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown;
To guard the Trojans; to defend the crown;
Against his country's foes the war to wage;
And rise the Hector of the future age.
So, when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say—This chief transcends his father's fame.
While, pleas'd, amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke: and, fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms.
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and, with a smile, survey'd.
The troubled pleasure, soon chastis'd with fear,
She mingled with the smile—a tender tear.
The soften'd chief, with kind compassion, view'd
And dry'd the falling drops: and thus pursu'd.

"Andromache! my soul's far better part!
Why, with untimely sorrows, heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
'Till fate condemn me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth.

No

No force can, then, reſiſt; no flight can ſave:
All ſink, alike; the fearful, and the brave.
No more—but haſten to thy taſks at home;
There, guide the ſpindle, and direct the loom.
Me glory ſummons to the martial ſcene;
The field of combat is the ſphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremoſt place I claim,
The firſt in danger, as the firſt in fame."

THUS having ſaid, th' undaunted chief reſumes
His pow'ry helmet, black with ſhading plumes.
His princeſs parts, with a prophetic ſigh;
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That ſtream'd at ev'ry look: then, moving ſlow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Thro' all her train, the ſoft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled ſorrows ſhed,
And mourn'd the living Hector, as the dead.

XX.

THE TOILET.

AND, now, unveil'd, the toilet ſtand diſplay'd,
Each ſilver vaſe in myſtic order laid.
Firſt, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the coſmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glaſs appears:
To that ſhe bends, to that her eye ſhe rears.
Th' inferior prieſteſs, at the altar's ſide,
Trembling, begins the ſacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treaſures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;

From

From each, she nicely culls, with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
The casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise, here, and elephant, unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white,
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair, each moment, rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face.

XXI.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOW prosp'rous gales the bending canvas swell'd;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held:
Beneath the glist'ning wave, the god of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow, a sudden darkness spread,
And, slowly floating o'er the masts' tall head,
A black cloud hover'd: nor appear'd from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star.
So deep a gloom, the lowering vapour cast,
Trasfix'd with awe, the bravest stood aghast.
Mean-while, a hollow bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds:
Nor had the black'ning wave, nor frowning heav'n,
The wonted signs of gath'ring tempests giv'n.
Amaz'd we stood.—"O thou, our fortune's guide!
"Avert this omen, mighty God!" I cried——

When,

When, lo! slow rising through the darken'd air,
Appall'd, we saw an hiedous phantom glare.
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
And, thwart our way, with sullen aspect lower'd:
An earthy paleness o'er his cheeks was spread;
Erect uprose his hairs of wither'd red:
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnashing teeths' blue rows:
His haggard beard flow'd quiv'ring in the wind;
Revenge and horror, in his mien, combin'd:
His clouded front, by with'ring lightning scar'd,
The inward anguish of his soul declar'd:
His red eyes, glowing from their dusky caves,
Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves,
His voice resounded, as the cavern'd shore,
With hollow groan, repeats the tempest's roar.
Our bristling hairs, and tott'ring knees, confess'd
Wild dread; the while, with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began.

"O you! the boldest of the nations, fir'd
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspir'd;
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Thro' these my waves advance your daring prows,
Regardless of the length'ning wat'ry way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway;
Who, mid surrounding rocks and shelves, explore
Where never hero brav'd my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus! who, with eyes profane,
Have view'd the secrets of my awful reign;
Have pass'd the bounds which jealous nature drew,
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view;
Hear from my lips, what direful woes attend,
And, bursting soon, shall o'er your race descend.

"WITH

"WITH ev'ry bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and ſtorms ſhall wage;
The next proud fleet, that, through my drear domain,
With daring ſearch, ſhall hoiſt the ſtreaming vane,
That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds toſs'd,
And raging ſeas, ſhall periſh on my coaſt.
Then he, who firſt my ſecret reign deſcried,
A naked corſe, wide floating o'er the tide,
Shall drive.—Unleſs my heart's full raptures fail,
O Luſus! oft ſhalt thou thy children wail;
Each year, thy ſhipwreck'd ſons ſhalt thou deplore;
Each year, thy ſheeted maſts ſhall ſtrew my ſhore."

HE paus'd—in act ſtill farther to diſcloſe
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes:
When, ſpringing onward, loud my voice reſounds,
And 'midſt his rage, the threat'ning ſhade confounds.
"Whart art thou, horrid form! that rid'ſt the air?
"By Heav'n's eternal light, ſtern fiend! declare!"—
His lips he writhes; his eyes around he throws;
And, from his breaſt, deep hollow groans aroſe.
Sternly aſkaunce he ſtood. With wounded pride
And anguiſh torn—"In me, behold!" he cried,
(While dark-red ſparkles from his eye-balls roll'd)
"In me—the ſpirit of the Cape behold!"——

HE ſpoke: and, deep, a lengthen'd ſigh he drew,
A doleful ſound—and vaniſh'd from the view.
The frighten'd billows gave a rolling ſwell,
And, diſtant far, prolong'd the diſmal yell;
Faint, and more faint, the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud, diſperſing, leaves the ſky.

XXII.

XXII.

BRUTUS'S SOLILOQUY ON CÆSAR'S AMBITION.

IT muſt be by his death—and yet, for my part,
I know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him.
He would be crown'd———
How that might change his nature—there's the queſtion.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder:
And that craves wary walking. Crown him—that—
And, then, I grant we put a ſting in him,
That, at his will, he may do danger with.
Th' abuſe of greatneſs, is, when it disjoins
Remorſe from power: tho' to ſpeak truth of Cæſar,
I have not known when his affections ſway'd
More than his reaſon. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But, when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He, then, unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend. So Cæſar may.——
Then, leſt he may, prevent.—And, ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Fa ion it thus: that, what he is, augmented,
Would run to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And, therefore, think him as a ſerpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind, grow miſchievous—
And kill him in the ſhell.——
The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give ſo much light that I may read by them.——
[*Opens a letter, and reads.*]
"Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt: awake and ſee thyſelf.
"Shall

"Shall Rome ——— ſpeak, ſtrike, redreſs."—
Such inſtigations have been dropp'd,
Where I have ta'en them up—
"Shall Rome" ——— thus muſt I piece it out:
"Shall Rome ſtand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
"Thy anceſtors did from the ſtreets of Rome
"The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, ſtrike, redreſs." ——— Am I entreated, then,
To ſpeak, and ſtrike?—O Rome! I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſs will follow, thou receiv'ſt
Thy full petition, at the hand of Brutus.

XXIII.

AN EVENING SCENE AT SEA.

NOW ſhooting o'er the flood his fervid blaze,
The red brow'd ſun withdraws his beamy rays.
Safe in the bay, the crew forget their cares,
And peaceful reſt their wearied ſtrength repairs.
Calm twilight, now, his drowſy mantle ſpreads,
And ſhade on ſhade, the gloom, ſtill deep'ning ſheds.
The moon, full orb'd, forſakes her watery cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave.
The ſnowy ſplendors of her modeſt ray
Stream o'er the gentle waves, and, quivering, play.
Around her, glittering on the heavens' arch'd brow,
Unnumber'd ſtars, inclos'd in azure, glow,
Thick as the dew drops of the purple dawn,
Or May-flowers, crowding o'er the daiſy-lawn.
The canvas whitens in the ſilvery beam;
And, with a paler red, the pendants gleam.

The

The masts tall shadows tremble o'er the deep.
The peaceful winds an holy silence keep.
The watchman's carol, echo'd from the prows,
Alone at times, awakes the still repose.

XXIV.

SPEECH OF HENRY V. AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with the English dead.
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility:
But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then, imitate the action of the tyger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage;
Then, lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon.———
Now, set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath; and bend up every spirit
To his full height. Now, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even, fought,
And sheath'd their swords, for lack of argument.—
I see you stand, like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.—The game's a-foot—
Follow your spirit—and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry, England, and St. George!

XXV.

DESCRIPTION OF NIGHT IN THE ENGLISH CAMP, BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

NOW, entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fill the wide veſſel of the univerſe.—
From camp to camp
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds,
That the fixed centinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch.
Fire anſwers fire; and, through their paly flames,
Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear. And, from the tents,
The armourers, accompliſhing the knights,
With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.—
The country cocks do crow: the clocks do toll:
And, the third hour of drowſy morning nam'd,
Proud of their numbers, and ſecure in ſoul.
The confident and over-haſty French
Do the low-rated Engliſh play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tedionſly away.—The poor condemned Engliſh,
Like ſacrifices by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger: and their geſture ſad,
Set forth in lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Preſenteth them, unto the gazing moon,

So

So many horrid ghoſts.——
The royal captain of this little band
Now hies him forth, and viſits all his hoſt:
Bids them good-morrow, with a modeſt ſmile;
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face, there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
But freſhly looks, and overbears complaint,
With chearful ſemblance, and ſweet majeſty,
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.

XXVI.

Speech of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt.

WHAT's he that wiſhes more men from England?
My couſin Weſtmoreland?—No, my fair couſin:
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loſs; and, if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
No, no, my Lord—wiſh not a man from England.
Rather proclaim it, Weſtmoreland, throughout my hoſt,
That he who hath no ſtomach to this fight,
May ſtraight depart: his paſſport ſhall be made;
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company.—
This day is called the feaſt of Criſpian.
He, that outlives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe, when this day is named,
And rouſe him, at the name of Criſpian.

He

He that outlives this day, and ſees old age,
Will, yearly on the vigil, feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay—To-morrow is Saint Criſpian:
Then, will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſcars.
Old men forget, yet ſhall not all forget,
What feats they did that day. Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as houſhold-words,
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Saliſbury and Glo'ſter,
Be, in their flowing cups, freſhly remembered.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon:
And Criſpian's day ſhall ne'er go by,
From this time to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For, he, to-day, that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he e'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themſelves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks
That fought with us upon Saint Criſpian's day.

XXVII.

Priam's application to Achilles for the body of Hector.

AH! think, thou favour'd of the powers divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
Thoſe ſilver hairs, that venerable face;

His

His trembling limbs, his helpleſs perſon, ſee!
In all my equal—but in miſery!
Yet now, perhaps ſome turn of human fate
Expels him, helpleſs, from his peaceful ſtate:
Think, from ſome powerful foe thou ſeeſt him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet, ſtill, one comfort in his ſoul may riſe;
He hears his ſon ſtill lives to glad his eyes:
And, hearing, ſtill may hope a better day
May ſend him thee, to chaſe that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain;
The beſt, the braveſt of my ſons are ſlain!
Yet, what a race, ere Greece to Ilion came!
The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame.
Nineteen one mother bore!—Dead! all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled?
Still one was left their loſs to recompenſe;
His father's hope, his country's laſt defence.
Him, too, thy rage has ſlain! beneath thy ſteel,
Unhappy! in his country's cauſe he fell!

THINK of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpleſs, and as old—
Tho' not ſo wretched: there, he yields to me,
The firſt of men—in ſov'reign miſery:
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
The ſcourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant, my childrens' murd'rer to implore,
And kiſs thoſe hands—yet reeking with their gore.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

TO be—or not be?——that is the queſtion.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And, by oppoſing, end them?—To die—to ſleep—
No more—and, by a ſleep, to ſay we end
The heart-ache, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to—'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die—to ſleep—
To ſleep—perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub.—
For, in that ſleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe.—There's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life.
For, who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pang of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus, conſcience does make cowards of us all:
And, thus, the native hue of reſolution

Is ſickly'd o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterpriſes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action.

XXIX.

DESCRIPTION OF A WINTER-EVENING IN THE VILLAGE AND CITY.

MEAN-TIME, the village rouzes up the fire:
While, well atteſted, and as well believ'd,
Heard ſolemn, goes the goblin-ſtory round;
Till ſuperſtitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent, in the ſounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Ruſtic mirth goes round.
The ſimple joke, that takes the ſhepherd's heart,
Eaſily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, ſincere;
The kiſs, ſnatch'd haſty from the ſide-long maid,
On purpoſe guardleſs, or pretending ſleep;
The leap, the ſlap, the haul; and ſhook to notes
Of native muſic, the reſpondent dance.
Thus, jocund, fleets, with them, the winter-night.

THE city ſwarms intenſe. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd diſcourſe,
Hums indiſtinct. The ſons of riot flow
Down the looſe ſtream of falſe-inchanted joy,
To ſwift deſtruction. On the rankled ſoul,
The gaming fury falls; and, in one gulph
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong ſink.
Up ſprings the dance along the lighted dome,

Mix'd,

Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thouſand ſprightly ways.
The glittering court effuſes every pomp.
The circle deepens. Beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and ſparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A ſoft efulgence o'er the palace waves:
While, a gay inſect, in his ſummer-ſhine,
The fop, light fluttering, ſpreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the ſcene, the ghoſt of Hamlet ſtalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her ſoul in love.
Terror alarms the breaſt. The comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek. Or elſe, the comic muſe
Holds to the world a picture of itſelf,
And raiſes, ſly, the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes, ſhe lifts her ſtrain, and paints the ſcenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil ſhew'd.

XXX.

Cato's soliloquy on the immortality of the soul.

It muſt be ſo—Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well!——
Elſe, whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or, whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?—
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us:
'Tis heav'n itſelf, that points out—an hereafter,
And intimates—eternity to man.

Eternity!—thou pleaſing—dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect lies before me—
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs, reſt upon it.—
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, muſt be happy.
But, when? or where? This world—was made for Cæſar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this muſt end them.

Thus I am doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This—in a moment, brings me to an end:
But this informs me, I ſhall never die.
The ſoul, ſecur'd in her exiſtence—ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
The wrecks of nature, and the cruſh of worlds.

XXXI.

ANTONY'S SPEECH ON CÆSAR'S MURDER.

O Pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with theſe butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the nobleſt man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand, that ſhed this coſtly blood!

Over

Over thy wounds, now, do I propheſy
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curſe ſhall light upon the line of men.
Domeſtic fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy.
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war:
All pity choaked with cuſtom of fell deeds.
And Cæſar's ſpirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his ſide, come hot from hell,
Shall, in thoſe confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry havock—and let ſlip the dogs of war.

XXXII.

DESCRIPTION OF A GAME AT OMBRE.

BELINDA, now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights;
At ombre, ſingly, to decide their doom;
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come.
Behold four kings, in Majeſty rever'd,
With hoary whiſkers, and a forky beard;
And four fair queens, whoſe hands ſuſtain a flow'r,
Th' expreſſive emblem of their ſofter pow'r;
Four knaves, in garbs ſuccinct, a truſty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a ſhining train;
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

THE skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
"Let spades be trumps!" she said—and trumps they were.

Now, move to war her sable matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors,
Spadilio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manilio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd; but, his fate more hard,
Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
With his broad sabre, next a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears;
Puts forth one manly leg to sight reveal'd
The rest his many-coloured robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage;
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade.

THUS far both armies to Belinda yield.
Now, to the baron, fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of spades.
The clubs' black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride.
What boots the regal circle on his head;
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe;
And, of all monarchs, only, grasps the globe!
The baron now, his diamonds pours apace.
Th' embroider'd king, who shews but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops, an easy conquest find:

Clubs,

Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous, ſtrew the level green.
Thus, when diſpers'd, a routed army runs,
Of Aſia's troops, and Afric's ſable ſons,
With like confuſion, different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various die,
The pierc'd batallions, diſunited fall
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of diamonds trys his wily arts;
And wins (oh ſhameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forſook;
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
She ſees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
And, now (as oft, in ſome diſtemper'd ſtate,
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate)
An ace of hearts ſteps forth; the king unſeen,
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen—
He ſprings to vengeance, with an eager pace,
And falls, like thunder, on the proſtrate ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with ſhouts the ſky;
The wall, the woods, and long canals reply.

XXXIII.

ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen—lend me your ears,
I come to bury Cæſar; not to praiſe him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good, is oft interred with their bones:

So let it be with Cæſar!—Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæſar was ambitious.
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault—
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here under leave of Brutus, and the reſt,
(For Brutus is an honourable man—
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me:
But Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this, in Cæſar, ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæſar hath wept:
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff.
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that on the Lupercal,
I, thrice, preſented him a kingly crown;
Which he did, thrice, refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke;
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once—not without cauſe:
What cauſe with-holds you, then, to mourn for him?—
O judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon—bear with me—
My heart is in the coffin there, with Cæſar—
And I muſt pauſe—till it come back to me.

If you have tears—prepare to ſhed them, now.
You all do know this mantle.—I remember

The

The firſt time ever Cæſar put it on;
'Twas on a ſummer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii——
Look! In this place, ran Caſſius' dagger through—
See what a rent the envious Caſca made—
Through this, the well-belov'd Brutus ſtabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæſar follow'd it!—
This, this, was the unkindeſt cut of all:
For, when the noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him. Then, burſt his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatue,
Great Cæſar fell.——————
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down;
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
Oh, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity. Theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls!—What! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæſar's veſture wounded? Look you here!—
Here is himſelf—marry'd, as you ſee, by traitors.

Good friends! ſweet friends! let me not ſtir you up
To any ſudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: they are wiſe and honourable.
And will, no doubt, with reaſon anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well,

That gave me public leave to ſpeak of him;
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utt'rance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood. I only ſpeak right on.
I tell you that, which you yourſelves do know—
Shew you ſweet Cæſar's wounds; poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them ſpeak for me.—But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus, Antony—there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæſar, that ſhould move
The ſtones of Rome to riſe and mutiny.

XXXIV.

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

MY liege, I did deny no priſoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword,
Came there a certain lord; neat; trimly dreſſed;
Freſh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd,
Shewed like a ſtubble-land at harveſt-home.
He was perfum'd like a milliner:
And, 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet box; which ever and anon,
He gave his noſe.———
And, ſtill, he ſmiled, and talked:
And, as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
He called them "untaught knaves, unmannerly,
"To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome corſe
"Betwixt the wind and his nobility."—

With

With many holiday and lady terms,
He queſtioned me: amongſt the reſt, demanded
My priſoners in your Majeſty's behalf.
I, then, all-ſmarting with my wounds, being gall'd
To be ſo peſtered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Anſwered, neglectingly—I know not what—
He ſhould, or ſhould not—for he made me mad;
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
A talk ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds;
And telling me, the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
Was parmacity for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villainous ſaltpetre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroyed
So cowardly: and, but for theſe vile guns—
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.

XXXV.

SOLILOQUY OF HAMLET'S UNCLE.

O H! my offence is rank: it ſmells to heav'n:
It hath the primal, eldeſt curſe upon't!—
A brother's murder!——Pray I cannot:
Though inclination be as ſharp as 'twill,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin—
And both neglect.—What if this curſed hand

Were

Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heav'ns,
To waſh it white as ſnow? Whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force;
To be foreſtalled, ere we come to fall;
Or pardon'd, being down?——Then, I'll look up.—
My fault is paſt.——But, oh! what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn?—Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murder;
My crown, my own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?—
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the laws. But, 'tis not ſo above.
There, is no ſhuffling: there, the action lies
In its true nature, and we ourſelves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What reſts?——
Try what repentance can—What can it not?——
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?——
Oh wretched ſtate!—oh boſom black as death!——
Oh limed ſoul! that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd!—Help, angels!—Make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees; and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

ALL the world's a ſtage;
And all the men and women, merely players.
They have their exits, and their entrances:
And one man, in his time, plays many parts;
His acts being ſeven ages.—At firſt, the Infant;
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms.——
And, then, the whining School-boy; with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning-face, creeping, like ſnail,
Unwillingly to ſchool.—And, then, the Lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow.—Then, a Soldier;
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honour; ſudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the canon's mouth.—And, then, the Juſtice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut;
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances:
And ſo he plays his part.—The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd Pantaloon;
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe, well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound.—Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond Childiſhneſs, and mere Oblivion;
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

XXXVII.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft, in awful ſtate,
The god-like hero ſate,
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows, with roſes, and with myrtle, bound:
So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais, by his ſide,
Sat like a blooming eaſtern bride,
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave, deſerves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers, touch'd the lyre.
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joys inſpire.——
The ſong began from Jove;
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant ſpheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,
And ſtamp'd an imagine of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.——

The

The liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound:
A preſent deity, they ſhout around;
A preſent deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.
With raviſh'd ears,
The monarch hears;
Aſſumes the god;
Affects to nod;
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

The praiſe of Bacchus, then, the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young.
The jolly god, in triumph, comes!
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums.
Fluſh'd with a purple grace,
He ſhews his honeſt face.
Now, give the hautboys breath—he comes! he comes!
Bacchus' ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure;
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure:
Rich the treaſure;
Sweet the pleaſure:
Sweet is pleaſure, after pain.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.——
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe;
His glowing cheeks; his ardent eyes:
And, while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.—
He choſe a mournful muſe,
Soft pity to infuſe.

He

He ſung Darius, great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies——
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With down-caſt look, the joyleſs victor ſat,
Revolving, in his alter'd ſoul,
The various turns of fate below:
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That love was in the next degree.
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move:
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending; ſtill beginning;
Fighting ſtill; and ſtill deſtroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.—
The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe:
So love was crown'd; but muſic won the cauſe.—
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care;

And

And ſigh'd, and look'd; ſigh'd, and look'd;
Sigh'd, and look'd; and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor—ſunk upon her breaſt.

Now, ſtrike the golden lyre again.
A louder yet; and yet, a louder ſtrain.
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder;
And rouze him—like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark!—the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead;
And, amaz'd, he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries—
See the furies ariſe!
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Theſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And, unbury'd, remain
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold! how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile gods!
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey;
And, like another Helen—fir'd another Troy.

Thus,

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow;
While organs yet were mute:
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage—or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt, divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame.
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds:
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize;
Or both divide the crown:
He—rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She—drew an angel down.

APPENDIX;

CONTAINING

Select Paſſages from Dramatic Writers,

EXPRESSIVE OF THE

PRINCIPAL EMOTIONS AND PASSIONS.

APPENDIX.

CLASS I.—JOY.

THEN is Oreſtes bleſt!—My griefs are fled!
Fled like a dream!—Methinks I tread in air!—
Surpriſing happineſs! unlook'd for joy!
Never let love deſpair! The prize is mine!——
Be ſmooth, ye ſeas; and, ye propitious winds,
Blow from Epirus to the Spartan coaſt!

MY charmed ears ne'er knew
A ſound of ſo much joy, of ſo much rapture!
Not voices, inſtruments, nor warbling birds;
Not winds, nor murmuring waters join'd in concert;
Not tuneful nature, nor th' according ſpheres;
Utter ſuch harmony, as when my Selima,
With down-caſt looks and bluſhes, ſaid—I love.

LET mirth go on; let pleaſure know no pauſe;
But fill up every minute of this day.
'Tis your's, my children, ſacred to your loves.
The glorious ſun himſelf for you looks gay:
He ſhines for altamont, and for Califta.—
Take care my gates be open. Bid all welcome.

All

All who rejoice with me, to-day, are friends.
Let each indulge his genius: each be glad,
Jocund and free, and ſwell the feaſt with mirth.
The ſprightly bowl ſhall chearfully go round.
None ſhall be grave, nor too ſeverely wiſe.
Loſſes and diſappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's inſolence, and great man's ſcorn,
In wine ſhall be forgotten all.

II. Grief.

I'LL go; and, in the anguiſh of my heart—
Weep o'er my child.—If he muſt die, my life
Is wrapt in his; I ſhall not long ſurvive.
'Tis for his ſake, that I have ſuffer'd life;
Groan'd in captivity: and out-liv'd Hector.—
Yes, my Aſtyanax! we'll go together;
Together—to the realms of night we'll go.

ALL dark, and comfortleſs!
Where are thoſe various objects, that but now,
Employ'd my buſy eyes? Where thoſe eyes?—
Dead are their piercing rays, that, lately, ſhot
O'er flow'ry vales to diſtant ſunny hills,
And drew with joy the vaſt horizon in.
Theſe groping hands are now my only guides,
And feeling—all my ſight.—
O miſery! what words can ſound my grief?
Shut from the living, whilſt among the living;
Dark as the grave, amidſt the buſtling world!
At once, from buſineſs, and from pleaſure barr'd!
No more to view the beauty of the Spring—
Nor ſee the face of kindred, or of friend!

III. PITY.

HADST thou but ſeen, as I did, how, at laſt,
Thy beauties Belvidera, like a wretch
That's doom'd to baniſhment, came weeping forth,
Whilſt two young virgins, on whoſe arms ſhe lean'd,
Kindly look'd up, and at her grief grew ſad!
Ev'n the lewd rabble, that were gather'd round
To ſee the fight, ſtood mute when they beheld her,
Govern'd their roaring throats—and grumbled pity.

AND, can ſhe bear it? Can that delicate frame
Endure the beating of a ſtorm ſo rude?
Can ſhe, for whom the various ſeaſons chang'd,
To court her appetite, and crown her board;
For whom the foreign vintages were preſs'd;
For whom the merchant ſpread his ſilken ſtores;
Can ſhe———
Entreat for bread, and want the needful raiment,
To wrap her ſhiv'ring boſom from the weather?—
When ſhe was mine, no care came ever nigh her:
I thought the gentleſt breeze, that awakes the ſpring,
Too rough to breathe upon her: chearfulneſs
Danc'd all the day before her; and, at night,
Soft ſlumbers waited on her downy pillow——
Now, ſad and ſhelterleſs, perhaps ſhe lies
Where piercing winds blow ſharp, and the chill rain
Dropt, from ſome pent-houſe, on her wretched head,
Drenches her locks—and kills her with the cold.

AS, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:

Even

Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did ſcowl on Richard. No man cried, God ſave him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;
Which, with ſuch gentle ſorrow, he ſhook off,
(His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience)
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt, perforce, have melted,
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.

IV. Fear.

COME on, Sir—here's the place——ſtand ſtill.—
How fearful 'tis to caſt one's eyes ſo low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles. Half way down,
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire—dreadful trade!
Methinks he ſeems no bigger than one's head.
The fiſhermen, that walk upon the beech,
Appear like mice: and yon tall anchoring bark,
Seems leſſen'd to a cock; her cock, a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high.——I'll look no more,
Leſt my brain turn, and the diſorder make me
Tumble down headlong.

For

V. Awe and Fear.

NOW, all is hush'd, and still as death.——
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aking sight. The tombs,
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice——
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

VI. Horror.

HARK!—the death-denouncing trumpet sounds
The fatal charge, and shouts proclaim the onset,
Destruction rushes dreadful to the field,
And bathes itself in blood. Havock, let loose,
Now, undistinguish'd, rages all around:
While ruin, seated on her dreary throne,
Sees the plain strew'd, with subjects truly hers,
Breathless and cold.

LAST night, between the hours of twelve and one,
In a lone isle o'the temple while I walk'd,
A whirlwind rose, that, with a violent blast,
Shook all the dome. The doors around me clapt.

The iron wicket, that defends the vault,
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burſt open——and diſclos'd the mighty dead.
From out each monument, in order plac'd,
An armed ghoſt ſtarts up. A peal of groans
Then follow'd; and a lamentable voice
Cry'd—"Egypt is no more."——My blood ran back;
My ſhaking knees againſt each other knock'd:
On the cold pavement, down I fell, entranc'd!
And ſo, unfiniſh'd, left the horrid ſcene.

VII. ANGER.

HEAR me, raſh man; on thy allegiance, hear me.
Since thou haſt ſtriven to make us break our vow,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can bear,
We baniſh thee for ever from our ſight
And kingdom. If, when three days are expir'd,
Thy hated trunk be found in our dominions,
That moment is thy death——Away!

HA! dare not?—Thou haſt rais'd my pond'rous rage;
And, now, it falls, to cruſh thee at a blow.
A guard there!—Seize, and drag him to his fate.——
Tyrant, I'll do a double juſtice on thee;
At once, revenge myſelf, and all mankind.

Theſe ſame noble Scots, that are my priſoners——
I'll keep them all——I will——that's flat.——
He ſaid, he would not ranſom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to ſpeak of Mortimer:

But

But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear, I'll holla——Mortimer!
Nay, I will have a ſtarling taught to ſpeak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.——
All ſtudies, here, I ſolemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke.
And that ſame ſword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance——
I'd have him poiſoned with a pot of ale.

VIII. EXECRATION.

CURS'D be your ſenate: curs'd your conſtitution:
The curſe of growing factions and diviſions,
Still vex your councils, ſhake your public ſafety,
And make the robes of government you wear,
Hateful to you——as theſe baſe chains to me.

WOULD curſes kill,
I would invent as bitter ſearching terms,
As curſt, as harſh, as horrible to hear,
Delivered ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many ſigns of deadly hate,
As lean-faced envy in her loathſome cave.
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in my earneſt words;
My eyes ſhould ſparkle, like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, like one diſtract:
Ay, every joint ſhould ſeem to curſe and ban:
And, even now, my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curſe them.——Poiſon be their drink:

Gall, worſe than gall, the daintieſt meat they taſte:
Their ſweeteſt ſhade, a grove of cypreſs trees:
Their faireſt proſpect, murdering baſiliſks:
Their ſofteſt touch, as ſharp as viper's teeth:
Their muſic, frightful as the ſerpent's his:
And boding ſcreech-owls make the concert full!—
Now, by the ground that I am baniſhed from,
Well could I curſe away a winter's night,
Though ſtanding naked on a mountain-top,
And think it but a minute ſpent in ſport.

IX. Revenge.

IF it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge. He hath diſgraced me, and hindered me of half a million, laughed at my loſſes, mocked at my gains, ſcorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies. And what's his reaſon? —I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes; hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? Is he not fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame means, warmed and cooled by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and, if you wrong us—ſhall we not revenge? If we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility?—Revenge. If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example?—why, revenge.——The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

X.

X. Admiration.

WHAT find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit!—What demi-god
Hath come ſo near creation! Move theſe eyes?
Or, whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion?—Here are ſever'd lips,
Parted with ſugar breath: ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends.—Here, in her hairs,
The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woven
A golden meſh t' intrap the hearts of men
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes——
How could he ſee to do them! having made one,
Methinks it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfiniſh'd!

I SAW young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuiſſes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground, like feathered Mercury;
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegaſus,
And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.

HEAR him but reaſon in divinity—
And, all admiring, with an inward wiſh,
You would deſire the king were made a prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs—
You'd ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy.
Liſt his diſcourſe of war—and you ſhall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in muſic.
Turn him to any cauſe of policy—
The Gordian knot of it he will unlooſe,

Familiar as his garter. When he ſpeaks—
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honey'd ſentences.

XI. HAUGHTINESS.

MAKE thy demands to thoſe that own thy power!
Know, I am ſtill beyond thee. And tho' fortune
Has ſtripp'd me of this train, this pomp of greatneſs,
This outſide of a king, yet ſtill my ſoul,
Fix'd high, and on herſelf alone dependant,
Is ever free and royal; and, even now,
As at the head of battle—does defy thee!

GIVE me leave to tell you, that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes;
The goats ran from the mountains; and the herds
Were ſtrangely clam'rous in the frighted fields.
Theſe ſigns have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the ſea
That chides the banks of England, Wales, or Scotland,
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's ſon,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

XII. CONTEMPT.

AWAY!—no woman could deſcend ſo low.
A ſkipping, dancing, worthleſs tribe you are;
Fit only for your yourſelves. You herd together;
And when the circling glaſs warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never ſaw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew.

GO, gentlemen, go; each man to his charge.
Let not babbling dreams affright our ſouls.
Conſcience is but a word that cowards uſe;
Deviſ'd, at firſt, to keep the ſtrong in awe.———
Remember whom you are to cope withal:
A ſort of vagabonds, of raſcals, runaways;
A ſcum of Britons, and baſe lackey-peaſants;
Whom their o'er cloy'd country vomits forth
To deſperate adventures and deſtruction.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne, at his mother's coſt?
A milk-ſop; one, that never in his life
Felt ſo much cold as over ſhoes in ſnow.
Let's whip theſe ſtragglers o'er the ſeas again;
Laſh hence theſe over-weening rags of France,
Theſe famiſh'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themſelves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us;
And not theſe baſtard Britons, whom our fathers
Have, in their own land, beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And left on record heirs of ſhame.

XIII. Resignation.

YET, yet endure—nor murmur, O my ſoul!
For, are not thy tranſgreſſions great and numberleſs?
Do they not cover thee, like riſing floods?
And preſs thee, like a weight of waters, down?
Does not the hand of righteouſneſs afflict thee?—
And who ſhall plead againſt it? who ſhall ſay,
To Pow'r Almighty, Thou haſt done enough;
Or bid his dreadful rod of vengeance ſtay?—
Wait, then, with patience, till the circling hours
Shall bring the time of thy appointed reſt,
And lay thee down in death.

XIV. Impatience.

OH! rid me of this torture, quickly there,
My Madam with the everlaſting voice.
The bells, in time of peſtilence, ne'er made
Like noiſe, or were in that perpetual motion.
——————All my houſe,
But now, ſteam'd like a bath, with her thick breath.
A lawyer could not have been heard, nor ſcarce
Another woman, ſuch a hail of words
She has let fall.

XV. Melancholy.

THERE is a ſtupid weight upon my ſenſes;
A diſmal ſullen ſtillneſs, that ſucceeds
The ſtorm of rage and grief, like ſilent death,
After the tumult and the noiſe of life.
Would it were death, as ſure 'tis wond'rous like it;

For

For I am ſick of living. My ſoul is pall'd:
She kindles not, with anger, or revenge.
Love was th' informing active fire within:
Now, that is quench'd; the maſs forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.

XVI. Remorse and Despair.

HENCEFORTH, let no man truſt the firſt falſe ſtep
Of guilt. It hangs upon a precipice,
Whoſe ſteep deſcent in laſt perdition ends.
How far am I plung'd down, beyond all thought
Which I this evening fram'd!——
Conſummate horror! guilt beyond a name!——
Dare not, my ſoul, repent. In thee, repentance
Were ſecond guilt; and 'twere blaſpheming Heav'n
To hope for mercy. My pain can only ceaſe
When gods want power to puniſh.—Ha! the dawn——
Riſe never more, O ſun!—let night prevail:
Eternal darkneſs cloſe the world's wide ſcene——
And hide me from myſelf.

WHY do they lay me on a couch of thorns?
How ſhould I reſt?—They bid me cloſe my eyes——
But, through the lids, I ſee a thouſand forms;
Numberleſs terrors!—I ſhut both ears——and yet
I hear infernal Howlings!—Death and deſpair
Have laid hold upon me!—Oh, miſerable that I am!
Wou'd I had died as innocent as Glouceſter!——
Let me think no more!——Is there no phyſician
Can cure the mind? Nothing to kill reflection?——
That I could drink oblivion down!—Oh! when
Shall I have reſt?

XVII. Distraction.

MERCY!—I know it not—for I am miſerable.
I'll give thee miſery—for here ſhe dwells,
This is her houſe——where the ſun never dawns;
The bird of night ſits ſcreaming o'er the roof;
Grim ſpectres ſweep along the horrid gloom;
And nought is heard, but wailings and lamenting.——
Hark!—ſomething cracks above!—it ſhakes! it totters!—
And ſee——the nodding ruin falls to cruſh me!——
'Tis fallen——'tis here!——I feel it on my brain!——
A waving flood of blueiſh fire ſwells o'er me!——
And now 'tis out——and I am drown'd in blood.——
Ha! what art thou? thou horrid headleſs trunk!——
It is my Haſtings——See, he wafts me on!
Away I go!——I fly!——I follow thee!

XVIII. Gratitude.

MY father!—Oh! let me unlade my breaſt;
Pour out the fulneſs of my ſoul before you;
Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful thought,
This wondrous goodneſs ſtirs. But, 'tis impoſſible,
And utt'rance all is vile; ſince I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

XIX. Intreaty.

REWARD him for the noble deed juſt Heavens!
For this one action, guard him, and diſtinguiſh him
With ſignal mercies, and with great deliverance.

Save

Save him from wrong, adverſity and Shame.
Let never-fading honours flouriſh round him;
And conſecrate his name, ev'n to time's end.
Let him know nothing elſe, but good on earth—
And everlaſting bleſſedneſs hereafter.

I BEG for pity and forgiveneſs.——
Remember I'm your daughter; by a mother
Virtuous and noble, faithful to your honour,
Obedient to your will, and kind to your wiſhes,
Dear to your arms.—By all the joys ſhe gave you,
When in her blooming years ſhe was your treaſure——
Look kindly on me!---In my face behold
The lineaments of hers you've kiſs'd ſo often,
Pleading the cauſe of your poor caſt-off child.

XX. COMMANDING.

——SILENCE, ye winds!
That make outrageous war upon the ocean:
And thou, old ocean! lull thy boiſt'rous waves.
Ye warring elements! be huſh'd as death,
While I impoſe my dread commands on hell.
And thou, profoundeſt hell! whoſe dreadful ſway
Is given to me by fate and demogorgon——
Hear, hear my powerful voice, through all thy regions;
And, from thy gloomy caverns—thunder the reply.

XXI. COURAGE.

A GENEROUS few, the vet'ran, hardy gleanings
Of many a hapleſs fight, with a fierce
Heroic fire, inſpirited each other;
Reſolv'd on death; diſdaining to ſurvive
Their deareſt country.—"If we fall," I cry'd,
"Let us not tamely fall, like paſſive cowards!
"No—let us live, or let us die—like men!—
"Come on, my friends. To Alfred we will cut
"Our glorious way: or as we nobly periſh,
"Will offer to the genius of our country—
"Whole hecatombs of Danes."—As if one ſoul
Had mov'd them all, around their heads they flaſh'd
Their flaming faulchions—"Lead us to thoſe Danes!
"Our country!—Vengeance!"—was the gen'ral cry.

THE ſoldiers are refreſh'd.
And, tho', perchance their laſt of meals,
Still joining hands, as oft they drain'd the bowl,
It ſeem'd ſo chearful as ſurpaſs'd my hope.
"Suceeſs to England's arms," was all the cry.
At length, a hoary vet'ran rais'd his voice,
And thus addreſs'd his fellows——"Courage, brothers!
"The French have never beat us; nor ſhall now.
"Our great third Edward's fortune waits our arms;
"And his brave ſon, whoſe formidable helmet
"Nods terror to our foes, directs the fight.
"In his black armour, we will ſoon behold him
"Piercing their throng'd battalions.—Shall not we,
"At humble diſtance, emulate his ardour?
"And gather laurels to adorn his triumph?"——
Then did they ſmile again, ſhake hands, and ſhout.

XXII.

XXII. BOASTING.

I WILL tell you, Sir, by the way of private, and under ſeal, I am a gentleman; and live here, obſcure, and to myſelf: but, were I known to his Majeſty, and the Lords, obſerve me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the ſtate, not only to ſpare the entire lives of his ſubjects in general, but to ſave the one half, nay three parts of his yearly charge, in holding war, and againſt what enemy ſoever. And how would I do it, think you?—Why thus, Sir.—I would ſelect nineteen more to myſelf, throughout the land; gentlemen they ſhould be; of good ſpirit, ſtrong and able conſtitution. I would chuſe them by an inſtinct that I have. And I would teach theſe nineteen the ſpecial rules; as your Punto, your Reverſo, your Stoccata, your Imbroccata, your Paſſada, your Montonto; till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myſelf. This done, ſay the enemy were forty thouſand ſtrong. We twenty, would come into the field, the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy: they could not, in their honour, refuſe us! Well—we would kill them: challenge twenty more—kill them: twenty more—kill them: twenty more:—kill them too. And, thus, would we kill, every man, his twenty a-day; that's twenty ſcore; twenty ſcore; that's two hundred: two hundred a day; five days, a thouſand: forty thouſand—forty times five; five times forty—two hundred days kill them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentleman-like carcaſe to perform (provided there be no treaſon practiſed upon) by fair and diſcreet manhood; that is, civilly, by the ſword.

MY

MY arm a nobler victory ne'er gain'd;
And I am prouder to have paſſed that ſtream,
Than that I drove a million o'er the plain,
Can none remember? Yes, I know, all muſt:
When glory, like the dazzling eagle ſtood
Perch'd on my beaver in the Granick flood;
When Fortune's ſelf my ſtandard, trembling, bore;
And the pale fates ſtood, frighten'd, on the ſhore;
When all th' immortals on the billows rode;
And I myſelf—appear'd the leading god.

XXIII. PERPLEXITY.

——LET me think—
What can this mean?—Is it to me averſion?
Or is it, as I fear'd, ſhe loves another?
Ha! yes—perhaps the king, the young count Tancred?
They were bred up together—ſurely that,
That cannot be—Has he not giv'n his hand,
In the moſt ſolemn manner, to Conſtantia?
Does not his crown depend upon the deed?
No—if they lov'd, and this old ſtateſman knew it,
He could not to a king prefer a ſubject.
His virtues I eſteem—nay more, I thruſt them—
So far as virtue goes—but could he place
His daughter on the throne of Sicily—
O! 'tis a glorious bribe; too much for man!—
What is it then?—I care not what it is.

XXIV. SUSPICION.

WOULD he were fatter---but I fear him not.
Yet, if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I ſhould avoid,
So ſoon as that ſpare Caſſius. He reads much---
He is a great obſerver---and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.
He loves no plays: he hears no muſic.
Seldom he ſmiles; and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit,
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
Whilſt they behold a greater than themſelves---
And, therefore, are they very dangerous.

XXV. RIDICULE.

I CAN as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery.---I ſaw Mark Antony offer him a crown; and, as I told you, he put it by once---but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then, he put it by again---but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And, then, he offered it a third time: he put it the third time by; and ſtill as he refuſed it, the rabblement ſhouted, and clapt their chopt hands, and threw up their ſweaty night-caps, and uttered ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath, becauſe Cæſar refuſed the crown, that it had almoſt choaked Cæſar; for he ſwooned, and fell down at it; and for mine own part, I durſt not laugh,

laugh for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

BEFORE he fell down, when he perceived the common herd were glad he refuſed the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut: an' I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues!—and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, "If he had done, or ſaid any thing "amiſs, he deſired their worſhips to think it was his "infirmity." Three or four wenches, where I ſtood, cried, Alas, good ſoul!—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæſar had ſtabbed their mothers, they would have done no leſs.

——————HERE's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſe of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and mountains, rocks and ſeas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs!
What cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon-fire, and ſmoke and bounce.
He gives the baſtonado with his tongue.
Our ears are cudgell'd. Not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fiſt of France.—
Zounds! I was never ſo bethumped with words,
Since I firſt called my Brother's father dad.

XXVI. Wit and Humour.

A Good ſherris-ſack hath a two-fold operation in it. ---It aſcends me into the brain. Dries me, there, all the fooliſh, dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehenſive, quick, inventive; full of nimble, fiery and delectable ſhapes, which, delivered over to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.---The ſecond property of your excellent ſherries, is, the warming of the blood: which, before, cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardice. But the ſherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the face, which, as a bacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and, then, the vital commoners, and inland petty ſpirits, muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage--and this valour comes of ſherries. So that ſkill in the weapon, is nothing without ſack; for that ſets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till ſack commences it, and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſteril, and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and tilled, with drinking good, and good ſtore of fertile ſherries.---If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt human principle I would teach them, ſhould be—To forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to ſack.

A plague on all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and amen! Give me a cup of ſack, boy---Ere I lead

lead this life long, I'll ſew nether ſocks, and mend them, and ſoot them too. A plague on all cowards! Give me a cup of ſack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*Drinks.*

You rogue! here's lime in this ſack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man. Yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it——Go thy ways, old Jack! die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help the while!—A plague on all cowards, I ſay ſtill!——Give me a cup of ſack. [*Drinks.*

I am a rogue if I were not at half-ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet; four through the hoſe; my buckler cut through and through; my ſword hacked like a hand-ſaw——*ecce ſignum!* I never dealt better ſince I was a man. All would not do. A plague on all cowards!——But I have peppered two of them; two, I am ſure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face; call me horſe.——Thou knoweſt my old ward. Here I lay; and thus I bore my point.——Four rogues in buckram let drive at me. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly truſt at me. I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.—Then, theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of, began to give me ground. But I followed me cloſe; came in foot and hand; and, with a thought---ſeven of theſe eleven I paid.——A plague on all cowards, ſay I!——Give me a cup of ſack.

[*Drinks.*

XXVII. PERTURBATION.

VENGEANCE! death! plague! confuſion!
Fiery? what quality?---Why, Gloſter, Gloſter!
I'd ſpeak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife
The king would ſpeak with Cornwall---the dear father
Would with his daughter ſpeak; commands her ſervice.
Are they inform'd of this?---My breath and blood!
Fiery? The fiery Duke? Tell the hot Duke——
No, but not yet: may be he is not well.
I beg his pardon; and I'll chide my raſhneſs,
That took the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit
For the ſound man.---But wherefore ſits he there?——
Death on my ſtate! this act convinces me,
That this retir'dneſs of the Duke and her
Is plain contempt.---Give me my ſervant forth.---
Go tell the Duke and's wife I'd ſpeak with 'em;
Now; inſtantly---Bid 'em come forth, and hear me;
Or, at their chamber-ſtoor, I'll beat the drum---
'Till it cry---Sleep to death.

HEAVENS, drop your patience down!
You ſee me here, ye gods! a poor old man,
As full of grief as age---wretched in both!——
I'll bear no more. No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall——I will do ſuch things——
What they are, yet I know not; but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth.---You think I'll weep——
This heart ſhall break into a thouſand pieces
Before I'll weep.---O gods! I ſhall go mad!

BLOW,

BLOW, winds, and burſt your cheeks—rage louder yet:
Fantaſtic lightning, ſinge, ſinge my white head.—
Spout cataracts, and hurricanoes fall;
Till you have drown'd the towns and palaces
Of proud ungrateful man.

RUMBLE thy fill; fight whirlwind, rain and fire——
Not fire, wind, rain, or thunder, are my daughters.
I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindneſs:
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children:
You owe me no obedience. Then, let fall
Your horrible pleaſure—here I ſtand your ſlave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man.
Yet I will call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters, join'd
Your high engender'd battle 'gainſt a head
So old and white as mine.—Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

LET the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now.—Tremble, thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undiſcover'd crimes.
Hide, hide, thou murd'rer, hide thy bloody hand.
Thou perjur'd villain, holy hypocrite,
That drink'ſt the widow's tears, ſigh now, and aſk
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace.——I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

MY wits begin to burn——
Come on, my boy; how doſt, my boy? Art cold?
I'm cold myſelf—ſhew me this ſtraw, fellow:
The art of our neceſſity is ſtrange,
And can make vile things precious.—My poor knave,
Cold as I am at heart, I've one place there
That's ſorry yet for thee.——

THOU think'ſt 'tis much that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin; ſo 'tis to thee:

But,

But, where the greater malady is fix'd,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt: the tempeſt in my mind
Does from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there.——Filial ingratitude!——
Is it not as this mouth ſhould tear this hand
For lifting food to't!——In ſuch a night
To ſhut me out!——Pour on, I will endure——
In ſuch a night as this?——O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all——
O that way madneſs lies! let me ſhun that——
No more of that.

Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm;
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads and unfed ſides
Suſtain this ſhock? your raggedneſs defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe?——
Oh! I have ta'en too little care of this.——
Take phyſic, Pomp!
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt caſt the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the Heav'ns more juſt.

YE amaranths! ye roſes, like the morn!
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!
Joy-giving, love-inſpiring, holy bow'r!
Know, in thy fragrant boſom thou receiv'ſt
A——murd'rer! Oh, I ſhall ſtain thy lilies,
And horror will uſurp the ſeat of bliſs.
——————Ha! ſhe ſleeps——
The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.
Then, take, my longing eyes, your laſt full gaze——
Oh, what a ſight is here! how dreadful fair!——
Who would not think that being innocent?——
Where ſhall I ſtrike?—Who ſtrikes her, ſtrikes himſelf—

My

My own life-blood will iſſue at her wound——
But, ſee, the ſmiles!—I never ſhall ſmile more——
It ſtrongly tempts me to a parting kiſs——
Ha! ſmile again?—She dreams of him ſhe loves.——
Curſe on her charms!—I'll ſtab her through them all.

WHAT noiſe is this!—not dead? not yet quite dead?—
'Tis Æmelia—by and by—ſhe's dead!—
'Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeak of Caſſio's death——
The noiſe was high—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall ſhe come in? were't good?—
I think ſhe ſtirs again——No—what's the beſt?——
If ſhe comes in, ſhe'll ſure ſpeak to my wife—
My wife! my wife!—what wife?—I have no wife.—
Oh, inſupportable! oh heavy hour!

WHAT a damn'd epicurean raſcal is this I! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who ſays this is improvident jealouſy? My wife hath ſent to him; the hour is fix'd; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a falſe woman! My bed ſhall be abuſed, my coffers ranſacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I ſhall not only receive this villanous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me wrong. Amaimon ſounds well, Lucifer well, Barbaſon well; yet they are devils additions, the names of fiends; but cuckold, wittol, cuckold—the devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name—Page is an aſs, a ſecure aſs—he will truſt his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather truſt a Flaming with my butter; parſon Hugh, the Welſhman, with my cheeſe; an Iriſhman with my aqua-vitæ bottle; or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herſelf. Then, ſhe plots; then, ſhe ruminates

minates; then, she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock is the hour. I will prevent this: detect my wife; be revenged on Falstaff; and laugh at Page. —I will about it. Better three hours too soon, than a minute too late.—Fy, fy, fy!—cuckold, cuckold, cuckold—O the devil!

HUM! ha! is this a vision? Is this a dream? Do I sleep?——Master Ford, awake; awake, Master Ford: there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! This 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!——Well, I will proclaim myself what I am. I will now take the letcher. He is at my house. He cannot 'escape me. 'Tis impossible he should. He cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box. But, lest the devil, that guides him, should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am, I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame. If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me—I'll be horn mad.

XXVIII. Chearfulness.*

NOW, every thing doth make a gleeful scene.
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the chearful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.

Under

* This article, and, the following, should have preceded the examples of *Joy*.

Under their ſweet ſhade let us ſit a while,
And hear the babbling echo mock the hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once.
Then, let us ſink into a golden ſlumber;
Whilſt hounds and horns, and ſweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurſe's ſong
Of lullaby, to bring her babe aſleep.

WISH'D morning's come! And, now, upon the plains
And diſtant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy ſhepherds leave their homely huts,
And, with their pipes, proclaim the new-born day.
The chearful birds too, on the tops of trees,
Aſſemble all in choirs, and, with their notes,
Salute and welcome up the riſing ſun.

XXIX. HOPE.

IN Belmont is a lady richly left,
Of wond'rous virtues. Sometime, from her eyes,
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in renowned ſuitors.
O, my Antonio! had I but means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift—
That I ſhould, queſtionleſs, be fortunate.

THE

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE.

WHEN Muſic, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece ſhe ſung,
The paſſions oft, to hear her ſhell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Poſſeſs'd beyond the Muſe's painting.
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Diſturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd.
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd,
From the ſupporting myrtles round
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,
Each (for madneſs rul'd the hour)
Would prove his own expreſſive pow'r.

FIRST, Fear, his hand, its ſkill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Even at the ſound himſelf had made.

NEXT, Anger ruſh'd, his eyes on fire:
In lightnings, own'd his ſecret ſtings.
In one rude claſh, he ſtruck the lyre—
And ſwept with hurry'd hands, the ſtrings.

WITH woeful meaſures, wan Deſpair———
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd:
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingl'd air:
'Twas ſad, by fits—by ſtarts, 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong;
And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on echo ſtill through all her ſong:
And, where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe;
And Hope, enchanted, ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had ſhe ſung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient roſe.
He three his blood-ſtain'd ſword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blaſt, ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic ſounds ſo full of woe.
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat:
And tho', ſometimes, each dreary pauſe between,
Dejected Pity, at his ſide,
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice apply'd,
Yet ſtill he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight—ſeem'd burſting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealouſy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate.
Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd:
And, now, it courted Love; now, raving, call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd;
And, from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes, by diſtance made more ſweet,

Pour'd

Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her penſive ſoul:
And, daſhing ſoft, from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound.
Thro' glades and glooms, the mingled meaſure ſtole,
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtreams, with fond delay,
(Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing)
In hollow murmurs died away.
But O, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
When Chearfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crown'd Siſters, and their chaſte-ey'd Queen,
Satyrs, and ſylvan Boys, were ſeen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear;
And Sport leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.

Last came Joy's ecſtatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
Firſt, to the lively pipe his hand addreſs'd;
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.
They would have thought, who heard the ſtrain,
They ſaw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amid the feſtal ſounding ſhades,
To ſome unweary'd minſtrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantaſtic round,
(Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound)
And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.

ODE,

ODE,

UPON DEDICATING A BUILDING, AND ERECTING A STATUE,

TO

SHAKESPEARE,

AT STRATFORD UPON AVON.

[Written and ſpoken by D. GARRICK, Eſq.*]

TO what bleſt genius of the iſle,
Shall gratitude her tribute pay,
Decree the feſtive day,
Erect the ſtatue, and devote the pile?
Do not your ſympathetic hearts accord,
To own the "boſom's lord?"
'Tis he! 'tis he!—that demi-god,
Who Avon's flow'ry margin trod,
While ſportive Fancy round him flew;
Where nature led him by the hand,
Inſtructed him in all ſhe knew,
And gave him abſolute command:
To him the ſong, the edifice we raiſe;
He merits all our wonder, all our praiſe!

Yet, ere impatient joy break forth,
In ſounds, that lift the ſoul from earth,
And, to our ſpell-bound minds, impart
Some faint idea of his magic art——
Let awful ſilence ſtill the air!
From the dark cloud the hidden light
Burſts tenfold bright!——
Prepare! prepare! prepare!——

Now,

* The leſs important parts of this and many other pieces, have been omitted, for a reaſon aſſigned in the Preface.

Now, ſwell at once the choral ſong;
Roll the full tide of harmony along;
Let rapture ſweep the trembling ſtrings;
And Fame, expanding all her wings,
With all her trumpet-tongues proclaim,
The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name!
SHAKESPEARE! SHAKESPEARE! SHAKESPEARE!

SWEETEST Bard that ever ſung!
Nature's glory, Fancy's child!
Never, ſure, did witching tongue,
Warble forth ſuch wood-notes wild.

Come, each Muſe, and ſiſter Grace;
Loves and Pleaſures, hither come:
Well you know this happy place;
Avon's banks were once your home.

Bring the laurel, bring the flow'rs,
Songs of triumph to him raiſe:
He united all your pow'rs;
All uniting, ſing his praiſe.

O, from his Muſe of fire,
Could but one ſpark be caught!
Then, might theſe humble ſtrains aſpire
To tell the wonders he has wrought:
To tell, how, ſitting on his magic throne,
Unaided and alone,
In dreadful ſtate,
The ſubject paſſions round him wait;
Whom, tho' unchain'd and raging there,
He checks, inflames—or turns their mad career
With that ſuperior ſkill
Which winds the fiery ſteed at will.

He

He gives the awful word——
And they, all foaming, trembling, own him for their lord.
With theſe his ſlaves--he can control
Or charm the ſoul.

So realiz'd are all his golden dreams
Of terror, pity, love, and grief,
Tho' conſcious that the viſion only ſeems,
The woe-ſtruck mind finds no relief.
Ingratitude would drop the tear;
Cold-blooded age take fire;
To ſee the thankleſs children of old Lear,
Spurn at their king and ſire;
With his, our reaſon, too, grows wild:
What nature had disjoin'd,
The poet's power combin'd—
Madneſs and age—ingratitude and child.

Ye guilty, lawleſs tribe,
Eſcap'd from puniſhment by art or bribe!
At SHAKESPEARE'S bar appear.
No bribing, ſhuffling, there——
His genius, like a ruſhing flood,
Cannot be withſtood':
Out burſts the penitential tear;
The look appall'd the crime reveals;
The marble-hearted monſter feels--
Whoſe hand is ſtain'd with blood.

BUT ſoon theſe horrors paſs away:
Through ſtorms and night, breaks forth the day.
He ſmiles—they vaniſh into air!
The buſkin'd warriors diſappear!
Mute the trumpets, mute the drums;
The ſcene is chang'd—Thalia comes,

Leading

Leading the nymph Euphroſyne,
Goddeſs of joy and liberty!
She and her ſiſters, hand in hand
Link'd to a num'rous frolic band,
With roſes and with myrtle crown'd,
O'er the green velvet lightly bound,
Circling the monarch of th' inchanted land.

Wild, frantic, with pleaſure,
They trip it in meaſure,
To bring him their treaſure,
The treaſure of joy.

How gay is the meaſure!
How ſweet is the pleaſure!
How great is the treaſure!
The treaſure of joy.

Like roſes freſh blowing,
Their dimpled cheeks glowing,
His mind is o'erflowing,
A treaſure of joy.

His rapture perceiving,
They ſmile while they're giving,
He ſmiles at receiving,
A treaſure of joy.

WITH kindling cheeks, and ſparkling eyes,
Surrounded thus, the Bard, in tranſport dies.
The little Loves, like bees,
Cluſt'ring and climbing up his knees,
His brows with roſes bind;
While Fancy, Wit, and Humour, ſpread
Their wings and hover round his head,
Impregnating his mind:

Which,

Which, teaming ſoon, as ſoon brought forth,
Not a tiny ſpurious birth,
But out of mountain came
A mountain of delight!
Laughter roar'd out to ſee the fight—
And *Falſtaff* was his name!

With ſword and ſhield, he puffing ſtrides;
The joyous revel rout
Receive him with a ſhout;
And modeſt nature holds her ſides.
No ſingle pow'r the deed had done,
But great and ſmall;
Wit, Fancy, Humour, Whim, and Jeſt,
The huge miſhapen heap, impreſs'd;
And lo—*Sir John!*
A compound of 'em all;
A comic world in one.

A world where all pleaſures abound,
So fruitful the earth,
So quick to bring forth—
And the world, too, is wicked and round.
As the well-teaming earth,
With rivers and ſhow'rs,
Will, ſmiling, bring forth
Her fruits and her flow'rs;
So *Falſtaff* will never decline:
Still fruitful and gay,
He moiſtens his clay;
And his rain, and his rivers are wine.

Of the World he has all, but its care:
No load, but of fleſh, will he bear:
He laughs off his pack;
Takes a cup of old ſack—
And away with all ſorrow and care:

THOU

THOU ſoft-flowing Avon! by thy ſilver ſtream,
Of Things more than mortal ſweet SHAKESPEARE would dream;
The fairies, by moon-light dance round his green bed—
For hallow'd the turf is, that pillow'd his head.

The love-ſtriken maiden, the ſoft-ſighing ſwain,
Here rove without danger, and ſigh without pain;
The ſweet bud of beauty, no blight ſhall here dread—
For hallow'd the turf is, that pillow'd his head.

Here youth ſhall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
And chearful old age--feel the ſpirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy, here poets ſhall tread---
For hallow'd the turf is, that pillow'd his head.

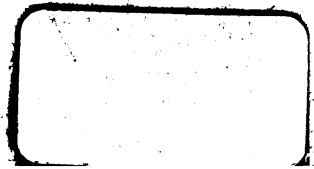
Flow, on, ſilver Avon! in ſong ever flow;
Be the ſwans on thy boſom ſtill whiter than ſnow:
Ever full be thy ſtream, like his fame may it ſpread---
And the turf ever hallow'd, that pillow'd his head.

THOUGH bards, with envy-aching eyes,
Behold a tow'ring eagle riſe,
And would his flight retard;
Yet, each to SHAKESPEARE's genius bows;
Each waves a garland for his brows,
To crown the heav'n diſtinguiſh'd Bard.

Nature had form'd him on her nobleſt plan;
And, to the *genius*---join'd the *feeling man*.

CAN Britiſh gratitude delay,
To him the glory of this iſle,
To give the feſtive day,
The ſong, the ſtatue, and devoted pile?

Shall the hero laurels gain,
For ravag'd fields, and thouſands ſlain?
And ſhall his brows no laurels bind,
Who charms to virtue human-kind?

We will his brows with laurel bind,
Who charms to virtue human-kind.—
Raiſe the pile, the ſtatue raiſe;
Sing IMMORTAL SHAKESPEARE's praiſe!—
The ſong will ceaſe, the ſtone decay;
But his name,
And undiminiſh'd fame,
Shall never—never paſs away.

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